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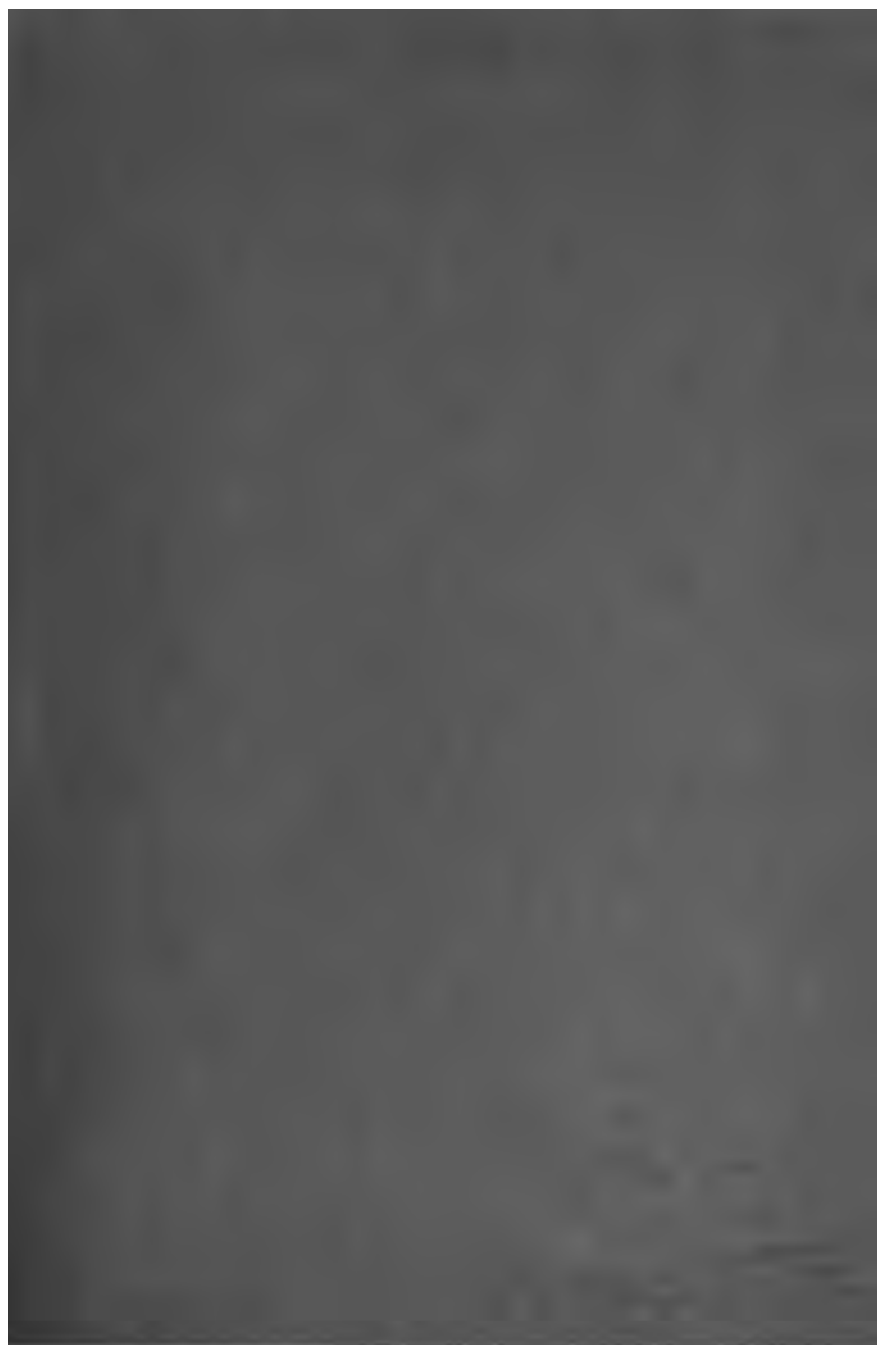
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ROMANCE IN STARLAND

And
Other
Stories

By Rev. Mrs. Charles Wilder Glass

kind

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Romance In Starland

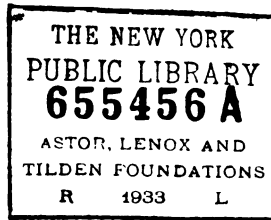


A Scientific Novel

By

REV. MRS. CHARLES WILDER GLASS

NEWS-HERALD PUBLISHING CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
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AUTHOR AND DAUGHTER

NEW YORK
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DEDICATION

It gives me great pleasure to dedicate this book to all that suffer; to my readers, and friends. I also dedicate it to my beloved father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Perkins; to my two dear brothers; to my three sweet, pure, lovely sisters; to my dear friends, Dr. Willard P. Burke and all his family and friends; to Dr. Benjamin Franklin Burke and his two children, Willard Franklin Burke and daughter, Millie Burke; to my beloved husband, Charles Wilder Glass, and to our only child, Jennie May Glass.

INTRODUCTION

I am going to try and express my love for suffering humanity in this work. I write this book to prove there is no death. Please bear in mind, my dear readers, this novel is not referring to any living person or edifice on earth now in existence. I have pictured it in a pleasing novel form simply to lighten the burden of life.

All that transpires in the unseen world is founded on facts. My mother and Benjamin Franklin Burke, M.D., inspired this book. He was born in Lake county, California, in 1863; he died in 1894 at Lytton Springs, Cal. I knew his folks, but not himself. My husband knew him well. Dr. Burke and my mother tell me some of the wonderful things they have experienced in other worlds. My mother died only a few years ago. She tells me of her new home in Heaven, of her clothes, jewels, etc., all of which I have seen, clairvoyantly, when visiting Mars, her home. My sweet little mother's name was Adelaide Elizabeth H. Perkins. She died December 6, 1912. Early, about the tenth day after her transmission, she came to me. I saw her distinctly; I felt her kiss me on my lips many times. I heard her talk to me lovingly and tenderly. Later, at sunrise, I saw her sweet face, as young as her girlhood pictures, materialize close to my own. My husband was sleeping in the room.

If you long to attract Christ and His Holy Angels and your unseen friends, you can if you develop the same as I do. To see angels as I do, you must diet, keep in perfect health, work and pray so evil, ignorant spirits cannot harm you. Be calm, sincere, aspirational; relax nerve and muscle. Evil thoughts will attract low spirits to you. To develop the soul one must keep very cheerful, knowing there is no death; cherish a fraternal, prayerful, angelic spirit. Keep your soul mounted high up on wings of faith; trust; love. Keep in an ecstasy of prayer with God and His Saints. Learn to attract real archangels from the highest planes by wise and good thoughts. "As one thinketh, so is he."

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I have proven in this book that there is no death; that sex is divine; that we never lose our sex or individuality in Heaven. The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and is very sacred. It is a crime to permit one girl on earth to fall, as that one soul is part of God.

I was a Baptist until lately. I still love that church and all other churches. I would give my life to make the world as happy as I am now, knowing that the Bible is true.

For years I was the worst type of skeptic. After developing the senses, some more than others, it is a fact I have established interplanetary communication. I am a Christian psychic. I believe in God, the Christ and His angels. I communicate with saints daily. I hear their sweet voices teaching me how to live a beautiful life. When I see my loved ones I am happy. It is a breath from Heaven to travel in dreams to other, brighter worlds. Yet often when I am wide awake, in the sunshine I see supernal visions that prove to my soul beyond a doubt that my dreams were true. The soul is immortal. Sacred thoughts attract my mother and other angels; as I gaze on them with rapture, my soul is filled with love and ecstasy. I have proven in this book there is no death. Dr. Burke and my mother and other invisible helpers have proven this to me a thousand times. Since I know there is no death, I worship God a thousand times more than ever.

The Bible tells us in many places of the great blessing God has in store for us. He loves us, protects us, works for us. He rules and watches over us, and sends our own loved ones back to comfort and protect us. Every one has beautiful guardian angels to protect them.

My dear readers, this romance is founded on facts. All journeys to other worlds are true experiences of my own. All journeys are emblems of immortality. This book was written to inspire love for God and humanity, to comfort and rest you. It is a guide to health, wealth and happiness. I want to unite all creeds in harmony, love and peace. Oh!

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if I could only calm and comfort the broken hearts and souls of all that suffer. We must bring about universal peace and sweet harmony to the weary, tired souls that mourn. Let us so love the world that we can make it a place of peace and ecstasy instead of a place of war, hate and poverty. Universal love and education will bring peace and plenty. I want to unite all creeds in harmony, love and peace. I respect all creeds, all churches, for we need them all. They bind our hearts closer together. If they would only know that Death is sweet, sacred and beautiful; it is the golden key to love and immortality. We are all one church, one universal family, all praying to our Father; all working to go to Heaven. God's glorious Heaven is for all. This fact alone makes us one large family. I believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. I know all sin is punished.

I have had hundreds of tests from the unseen world; each one is enough to prove there is no death. I have been in constant communication with my grandmother and dear invisible friends for over ten years. Now that I know we live again, my life is filled with sunshine, love and ecstasy. Long as I am here I intend to work for God and His Holy Angels. The world is beautiful since I no longer fear death. I know there is no death.

I thank God with all my soul for precious immortality. I pray daily for more wisdom and strength to work in His vineyard. Our Creator needs cheerful workers. Jesus longs for tender, earnest helpers now. What a blessed comfort to know His words are all true when you suffer and are abused by ignorant, heartless people. Pray to God for comfort; He will answer your prayers. Prayers will comfort and rest all over-worked souls. All farmers, housekeepers and every one that works mentally or physically should plan all work previously so as to have time for rest and study. Perfect health and order makes work attractive. We can be as happy in this world as our unseen helpers are in other worlds. I am happy working to make everyone rich and as happy as I am. I am working hard for

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international peace and universal liberty, wealth and harmony.

This book is a golden key that unlocks the pearly gates of Heaven if you live up to its teachings. If my book is carefully and intelligently read to the end, it will prove to the intelligent, scientific mind there is no death or immortal hell. Yet we must suffer for every sin.

Make a daily habit of hard study; develop the mentality, the soul, especially the sixth sense. Mind is immortal, so is the body. At birth we are born with a physical body, and a spiritual body that lives forever. To live a perfect, complete life, all should have a variety of work, study and pleasure. Constant drudgery dwarfs the soul and body. All work bends the beautiful form out of shape and makes us cruel and dangerous to society—yet idleness is a sin. We must be moderate in all things.

Love—Divine love—is the secret of salvation and happiness. God and His angels love you dearly. Heaven welcomes you. The mighty multitude of poor suffering humanity will all be saved some day. God made Heaven for every one He ever created. I know there is a terrible black purgatory waiting for those that disobey His Holy commandments. Some cruel, wicked earthbound spirits suffer in agony and darkness for thousands of years. Those that killed Jesus are still in total darkness, while He is in Heaven.

We can all make our souls the temples of truth and wisdom. It pays to be good. Life is too short to sin. "Be ye perfect." Walk in the golden footprints of Jesus. Learn to live in perfect ecstasy as they do in other worlds.

Some day we will all be translated from some grand, bright planet to Heaven. Sacred, universal love is the key to joy in Heaven. Love as you wish to be loved. Pray to Infinite Intelligence. God will hear your prayers when you learn to practice the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

Demonstrate that the existence and personal iden-

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tity of the individual continue after the change called death. Love, comfort and protect one another. Never kill, steal, lie or wrong yourself or others. Improve your mind daily. Be cheerful; bathe daily; keep free, busy and young. Marry only for love and children. Rejoice daily, for in Heaven your soul lives forever in love and ecstasy with your other half. In Heaven you worship God in love and perfect harmony. There is a holy joy in the higher rhythmical mode of working for Heaven. It is beautiful to live in perfect harmony with God and humanity. We must say Thy will be done, not ours.

Jesus taught us, "Blessed are the poor in spirit (the discouraged), for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." What a comfort to know all that Jesus said is true. Memorize His golden words, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." The way to Heaven is to keep His commandments. The best commandment is to love one another; this one alone will take you to Heaven. Please practice the Golden Rule with all if you want harmony. All roads and churches that reach toward God are beautiful. All work and prayer is divine. Love is the greatest principle in the universe.

How sweet to work for love;
Angels do in stars above.
To comfort others is sublime;
Never think a word unkind.
Work like the busy bee
For sad, ill humanity.

Light will drive away the night,
Schools move prisons out of sight.
Farming is a cure for war;
May God rule the earth once more.
Saints and all of Thee implore:
Peace on earth forevermore.

AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I

It is a beautiful night on the Rio Grande; the stars are shining brightly. All nature lulls her children to sleep. Each star proves there is a God, a man sees their images in the waters at his feet. "Why am I alone gazing down into the cold, sparkling water with the hope of seeing a fish to satisfy a hunger that I have suffered for days, instead of fish I see only cold, rugged stones nestling close to the green moss. Mirrored in the dark water I see faces peering up at me, sad faces that I once knew in the great city; in my fancy I see beautiful children lifting up their white arms begging for bread." He turned in sorrow away.

In the distance there was a camp fire burning brightly. How cheerful and inviting it looks. "Old Indians are sitting around the fire smoking peacefully, resting after hunting all day; the young folk are dancing merrily, all united as one happy family. What a contrast to myself alone in the world, a poor discouraged white man, highly educated, and ~~hunt~~ing employment. I asked for higher wages as a leader in the orchestra, was refused a respectable living, and I have walked from Boston to New Mexico. I gave my last copper for bread. The stars are shining above me in all their heavenly splendor, the golden moon is calm and beautiful, but cold as the hearts of selfish men. The moonbeams shed a pale, silvery light on the tents of the poor Indians. I will play my sweetest music for bread, then tramp on in the hopes of finding honest work." He tenderly lifted the dear old violin out of the case, as a mother draws her child up out of its cradle. He played old Indian music. How the Indians loved the music.

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A beautiful girl, with bright rosy cheeks and large black eyes, and jet black hair that hung to her shoulders, stepped out of her tent and asked her father to buy the violin for her. The chief offered rich turquoise, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones with a bright red, newly woven blanket. He refused the wool blanket and gems. "I could never part with this treasure, lady; it is all I have left on earth that is dear to me."

"I wish I were the violin," the girl sighed gently, looking up tenderly in his sad blue eyes.

"I am lonely, hungry and discouraged; my father gave me this valuable instrument on his dying bed; it has the sweetest tones I ever heard. It is my only comfort."

"Come, poor paleface," said the chief. "I will give you venison, corn cakes, goat's milk. Here is the pipe of peace to smoke with us. Welcome, stranger."

"God bless you. I never tasted anything so delicious in Boston. Chief, can you tell me where I can find work?"

"Big White Chief Le Roy live up the river. He give white man work. He heap good chief. My Lenona love him's girl. I send her to Boston. My girl get heap smart in think box. I own heap land, red stones and gold mines. Bright Star, my good spirit, get you work heap soon. She go with you. She come back soon to me an' my girl." As he said good-bye to the Indians they filled his old pockets with dried venison and pine nuts. They were so friendly that he spread his blanket near their warm camp fire, hugging his dear old violin close to his heart. He was surprised to see a large perfect golden star form on the black violin case. This beautiful perfect star stayed a few minutes, then faded away in the darkness. The star gave him new hope. He slept soundly until day break.

Mr. Le Roy gave him work in his store. He trusted and loved all men. He never turned a soul away hungry. The more one had suffered the more

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he would pay him. He found it a pleasure to work for love as well as money. He found happiness in his new work.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy owned a beautiful country home near Las Cruces, New Mexico. It was a large, handsome, sunny house on the hillside, surrounded with low green shrubbery peppered over with tiny red flowers. In front of the house stretched a long green lawn. A sandy walk led from the stone portico down to the Rio Grande, flowing peacefully near by. Red roses and white grew on each side of the walk.

Mr. Le Roy was called King among men. Everyone loved the family dearly. Mr. Le Roy was a big railroad contractor; he owned large saw mills, gold mines and small stores in Hillsborough and Kingston. He sold food and clothes to his helpers at cost. He was young, industrious, rich, good and handsome. His wife, Adelaide Le Roy, was a sweet, pretty little brunette, with large mild brown eyes and wonderful nut brown hair. Her complexion was as fair as a lily and her cheeks rosy. A tiny rosebud mouth was counterbalanced by a large, intelligent brow. She was a beautiful, good Christian mother and wife. The couple looked as if they were in their twenties, but they were older. He soon discovered that the secret of their health and youth was their great love for each other. The couple were proud of their five happy children. Mr. Le Roy kept a fine Mexican cook, with Indian maids and a pretty governess, Bee Rich, for his children. This governess was a talented young widow, a perfect blonde, dainty, pure and pretty. She taught Heloise, Ruth, Flora, Gloria and the boy, Hall. He was a beautiful child with big blue eyes. He loved music dearly. He could sing, at the age of four, any song he heard. It was a perfect Christian home of wealth, love, sunshine, music and flowers.

The home was furnished elegantly. Each child had a large sunny room, with a fireplace in it.

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The double parlors had an old-fashioned stone fireplace, a new piano and a carpet with pink roses in it. Mrs. Le Roy and her daughters played and sang beautifully. She taught all her children music, sewing, religion, and housework. Family prayers were held every night.

Heloise, the oldest child, had large, laughing, dark blue eyes, and golden brown hair; a heart-shaped face, a small nose with full red lips like those of her mother. Her pink and white complexion was perfect. She was considered the most beautiful girl in America. Heloise Le Roy was a prodigy. She sang and played exquisitely; she was a great student and poet. Her graceful dancing and charming individuality won her hosts of friends. Every sunny day she rode horseback with the boys and girls. There never was a horse that she could not ride. Even the Indians loved the family. The rich Lenona loved Heloise. She loved white folks better than her own tribe. She claimed to have graduated with the highest honors in Boston. With all her wealth and education she clung to her mother's old religion. She did it to please her father, for she loved his gold. Lenona enjoyed white society and low novels. A strange wild look often came in her eyes which was not understandable. She came to spend the night with Heloise in hopes of seeing the violinist. She often left her father for months, telling him she must travel for her health. No one knew where she went. Soon as her money was gone she would return to him.

"Girls, come to the hall, you have company. Children come and hear our new clerk play the violin. Lenona, I am surprised to see you again. You are dressed so beautifully. You look like a society queen. George, there will be a big surprise party here tonight; please stay and enjoy life. You have suffered so much. Here they come now." They danced in the big hall until midnight. Some

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went in the garden of roses and sang old love songs until the air was drowsy with the melody. At midnight all went to the big dining room and ate oysters, baked venison and fruit. The last course was a cooling sherbet. After the banquet Lenona whispered not to tell George that she payed for the refreshments. "I must have parties and excitement or I will die."

George played as he had never played before. He seemed to be inspired. His magical bow held the audience spellbound. Bee and Heloise sang old darkey melodies with him. "Bee, I am charmed by your sweet voice. Heloise, you are a nightingale. Heloise, come, sing some more old love songs for us, will you?"

"Mr. Morgan, shall I sing you some old Indian love songs?"

"Please do, Lenona. Pardon me for not asking you before."

Bee whispered: "Mr. Morgan, I am surprised at you; that ignorant girl cannot sing half so well as our Heloise. Lenona is rich and conceited, without any talent. Mr. Morgan, no one could ever love Lenona, she is so lazy, low and deceitful. I hate her. Her money alone keeps her in society."

"How do you like Las Cruces, Mr. Morgan?" inquired Lenona tenderly, ignoring Bee.

"I would love to live here forever in this home of music and song. Bee, will you sing to us again? I admire your sweet, rich, young voice."

"With pleasure, if you will play for me, George." Lenona's black eyes flashed with anger.

"Lenona, where did you study music?"

"In Boston, sir."

"You have no reason to be angry, Lenona dear, now that we are alone please sing softly that last dreamy love song again."

"George, I hope Bee will keep on dancing all night with that tall gentleman. I hate her; she loves Heloise and—she is so proud of her beauty and English blood."

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"Lenona, be happy and forget everything but your music and myself. Why do you sing so low, so passionately, so tenderly, so sadly and earnestly? Tell me why, Lenona?"

"Because I secretly love you madly. I must have you, George. I love your youth, I love your music, I am jealous of you. I know all ladies admire your talent and beauty. You are a handsome boy, so very attractive to me. Will you be my very own lover, dear? George, I love you more than I do my life. Please kiss me once, then I would die for you, dear."

He quickly took her in his arms and kissed her passionately again and again. He felt her slender form tremble against him like a quivering violin. She put her head on his breast and held his hands close to her beating heart. She slowly backed out of the open window in silent agony. "I love him," she whispered softly to herself, "he must never know all. I shall win him and keep my dark past a secret."

"Lenona, if you love me, why did you leave me alone?"

"George, I am very nervous; I am so tired. It is late—I must return to camp now. I am afraid to go alone."

"I will go with you, Lenona. Here is your cape."

They lingered on the bridge, silently watching the dark waters flowing below. They walked on the sandy banks of the Rio Grande and sang love songs in the tender, dim moonlight.

"Lenona, I remember how poor and lonely I was when I camped by these old rocks—how kind you were to me then."

"George, I wish you would camp here again, to-night, dear."

"We will, if you will softly sing me to sleep, dear."

Her strange, weird voice hypnotized him, her strange dark half-closed eyes bewitched him. He felt the tender arms of a dusky maiden entwined

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around his neck. He felt her warm, passionate kisses on his eager lips, woven in his dreams. He heard the soft strains of an Indian lullaby.

CHAPTER II

"I am so sorry, Adelaide, dear; George and I must go to Hillsborough next week to look after our gold mines. Would you like to go later?"

"Yes, darling, I will go where you do. I am lonely and ill when parted from you, dear."

"Adelaide, love, I will build you a fine new home in Hillsborough. I will hire a crew of men to begin the home at once. We will not be parted long, my love."

A month later all our helpers were busy packing. Our furniture went by wagons, we travel by stage.

"Mama, I love this beautiful scenery."

"This wonderful canyon is called Box Canyon."

We came to a sandy river. Near it was a long bed of yellow sand. The driver let us stop near large ant mounds. We picked up precious stones which the ants had brought to the surface. We found every kind of precious stone. Later we had them polished and set in rings. "Girls, here is some delicious cactus fruit."

We peeled them with a sharp hunting knife. How we enjoyed the red, delicious fruit. We ate pine nuts and wild fruit. Near the mesa we saw a row of adobe huts where Mexicans and Indians lived. Some of these adobe houses were calcimined pure white. We saw Indian women washing their clothes in the river. Some were spreading the clothes on wild sage brush.

"Girls, look at the stately mountains in the distance."

"See the dear little town below us."

"How slowly the stage is going down this incline. I am in a hurry to see our new home."

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Presently the driver stopped his four jet black horses in front of a large, handsome, white house, lighted up. People were already dancing. Papa came out and lifted us out of the big stage.

"Adelaide, love, this new home is all your very own."

"Papa, dear, it is just like you to surprise us with a party."

"Heloise, I hired a band from Albuquerque, so you could have good music to dance by. You can dance all night."

The music was perfectly grand; papa always gave us the best he could afford. God bless his dear soul, how we all love him. "Ruth, do you and Flora see that handsome young Spaniard dancing with Emma Kimberly? He dances so beautifully, I wish I could dance with him."

"Come, sister, I will introduce you, for he asked me to."

"Oh! Ruth, he can waltz to perfection. Here comes Francisco Parque now." He was a perfect brunette, with straight heavy blue-black hair, jet black eyes. He was tall, with broad shoulders, graceful and attractive. Mr. Parque bowed low as he asked me to waltz again.

"Flora, how beautifully our Heloise and Mr. Parque dance tonight. I fear he is in love with her."

"Ruth, she is too young to love."

"Miss Le Roy, may I call you Heloise? You are more beautiful than your name. Senorita, I adore your pretty name. What a dear, sweet, innocent child you are. How sweet you look tonight, all in white lace and those red roses. Your handsome red sash and tiny red slippers are adorable."

"Mr. Parque, my sash is Nile green embroidered with American Beauty roses."

"All I saw were the perfect red roses that match your beautiful red cheeks. Will you come out in the moonlight? I want to talk alone with you tonight. May I have one of your red roses, my

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child? May I pin this in your pretty golden brown hair? May I have another to wear next to my heart?"

"Certainly you may."

"I will cut off these thorns before I press your emblem of love to my heart."

"Oh, how cool, how lovely it is out here, Mr. Parque. How I enjoyed dancing with you."

"Thank you, Heloise, the pleasure is all my own. May I put my coat around you?" How pretty the red rose was that nestled partly on her snow-white neck. Her heavy hair was braided in two massive braids that hung below her slender waist. How white and pink she looked in the moonlight. He could not resist the temptation to kiss her tiny rosebud lips. His soul went out to her in that kiss. "My first and only love," he cried, "forgive me, little one, for kissing you. I cannot get so near such perfect, full, luscious, red lips without kissing them; you look so sweet and inviting."

"You are the first boy that ever dared to kiss me."

"I hope I am the only one that ever will. Promise to never let another kiss you."

"Never is a long time, Mr. Parque."

"Then promise to dance all the rest of the night with me alone."

"Only one hour—until midnight."

"Heloise, I love you. Were you ever in love, my child?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Listen, child, I have something to tell you. Here in the moonlight; here beneath the mysterious stars; I adore you more than my life. Will you be my wife when you are sixteen? Please forgive me for telling such a child the secret of my heart. I loved you the moment I saw you. I never dreamed of seeing such a perfect beauty on earth. As you stood in the hall against the dark wall, I thought you a wonderful oil painting by Raphael; when you

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moved I thought I must be mad. I never loved as I love you. I will be twenty-one soon—much older than you. Darling, I love you madly. Heloise, sweetheart, will you be my wife some day? Please answer me now. Will you let a priest marry us, dear?"

"I love you, Francisco, because you dance so charmingly. You are polite and handsome."

"My dear child, you are too young to understand now. Will you answer all my letters, love?"

"Yes, Francisco."

"We will run away and get married when you are sixteen. If you should look at another gentleman after you are my wife, I would kill you both. I am jealous even now. Will you promise to learn the guitar if I send you a perfect beauty from Mexico City?"

"Yes, if papa will let me keep it." He took the little lady in his arms and kissed her fondly.

"Sweetheart, I will kiss you twice for every star we see in the heavens. Ancients claim each star is double, each has its mate. I know you are my own. I love you, for I worship beauty and health. If the stars did not have gravity and their mates, they would fall into space. One star is dim and white; it is the negative, the other is the brighter, the positive. For example: the moon is negative, the sun positive. Only very few of the stars are double."

"Francisco, the ancients knew very little about the stars, papa claims."

"That may be true. I know I would die without you, my baby love. 'Ninita,' I have counted a million stars." He showered hundreds of warm, passionate kisses on her sweet rose lips, as her large, beautiful eyes were turned heavenward trying to find more of God's stars. She became frightened at this love and enthusiasm, poor child, and ran like a wild deer to the dance hall. The man followed with a smile. He loved to indulge this beautiful,

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spoiled child. He caught her in the hall, crying behind a large fern.

"Don't cry, dear. Come, my angel, my sweet Heloise, be calm. Come dance with me, as you promised. Do not fear me, Fawn. I would not harm an angel. I respect, love, and adore you. Be happy, be gay and free. Enjoy youth and liberty. Trust me always; I cannot hug you to death here, dear, 'sabe'?" They danced, talked Spanish together, waltzed with ecstasy, harmony and agility. She blushed red as her beautiful roses when he expressed his love for her in Spanish poetry. She could speak his native tongue as well as her own. She whispered softly the golden words, "Francisco, I love you."

"Heloise, my darling, I never was so happy in my life. Again I ask, will you be my wife?"

"Yes, if I love you after I graduate."

"I will keep your love, Heloise, dear; it breaks my heart to think I must leave you tomorrow. At dawn the stage leaves, dear. I used to love the old stage with its four wild, prancing, coal-black horses. Now I hate to go. I loved to get up with the birds to watch the sun rise gracefully in all its glory and splendor, conquering the darkest night. Tomorrow I will dread the light; the dawn means separation from my little sweetheart. Oh! if I could only emerge from this darkness as the sun does. If I could only master fate and make you my wife to-night, Ninita, then take my bride home to Mexico, how happy I would be, my own. After all, to love is to suffer. Parting from you is like bearing a poisoned arrow buried deep in my heart. Yesterday I never dreamed I would fall in love at sight, much less worship a little American beauty. How strange the wee god Cupid is; his secret arrows fly where we least expect them. I am madly in love with you. What will my mother say? We are Catholic, you a Baptist. I assure you no creed shall ever part us. Nothing but death can part us now.

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How beautiful love is. You shall have religious liberty. People should worship God as they please. All I ever will command from you, dove, is that you are absolutely true to me, in thought and deed, my Ninita."

"Oh, here comes papa with the prizes."

"Heloise, darling, promise to answer my letters," he whispered.

"I will, Franco. Papa, dear, I know Francisco has won the prize."

"Do you mean Mr. Parque, Heloise, my child? My dear, they have voted it to you both."

"Heloise, you keep the gold bricks in memory of the happiest evening of our lives. Soon as you are my bride we will always be happy."

"Married folk should always be sweethearts."

"I intend we shall be, dear. Good-night, my little white angel. Remember, I worship you. Adios, Senorita Heloise."

In a few days Ruth and Flora went to the post-office and brought a large bundle of letters to their father. "Here is one from Mexico City to Senorita Heloise Le Roy."

"Flora, burn it at once; never tell Heloise. She is too young to write to men. I want her to get an education first. I am sorry I ever permitted a dance in our home. I only did so to keep all my children at home, where I could protect them. No more lovemaking until you all graduate from college. I want you to keep busy and study hard. Improve your time. Your little mother was a teacher and a devoted Christian all her life; follow her example."

"Papa, she married you when she was young; why can't we go with the boys?"

"Later you can."

"O, papa! look at this lovely jeweled guitar Francisco just sent me! May I, please, keep it?"

"You may keep it if you practice and study hard."

Heloise ran to her room delighted with her new guitar. She kissed it tenderly, lovingly, caressing

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it close to her heart in her pretty snow-white arms. "I wonder why he did not write to me as he promised? Ah! I hear a noise in this guitar. O, it is a large ruby ring, tied on the corner of a real old Spanish lace mantilla." Butterflies on roses and grapes were woven in this wonderful old lace. I draped it over my head and shoulders and with guitar in one hand began dancing the Spanish Fandango.

"You ought to go on the stage," laughed Gloria.

"Girls, come and see my new ring."

"How beautiful it is. Hide it quickly, here comes papa and mama!"

"Girls, we will move to El Paso in a few months; then I will place you children in a convent where the boys will not see you."

We moved to El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Rich went to Denver to teach. We loved Bee dearly and cried when she left. In El Paso mama put us in the public schools. I played in the Baptist church and Sunday school. We loved the people dearly.

"Mama, dear, I want to stay here. I hate to go to a dull old convent."

"Heloise, promise me that you will never be a nun. Go to learn music; be true to our religion. I will take you all back to our old home in Elk Point, Dakota. I like the north. I must see the snow again. Mrs. Mallory, your old music teacher, can give you lessons again until you are ready for the convent. Your father must go to Mexico soon. He is going to take us to a dance in El Paso, Del Norte, Mexico. Mr. Abner Tibbetts is giving a dance tonight. It will be a grand affair. Go and enjoy yourselves."

After a few hours of hard study, we dressed for the ball. "What a wonderful home this is. Mama, what delightful music to dance by." The American orchestra played dreamy waltz after waltz. The hall was decorated in palms and masses of red roses. American silk flags covered the walls. The

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musicians and all wore red, white or blue suits. The house looked like an enchanted forest of palms, roses, hyacinth and purple iris. "Mama, dear, if I could only dance with Francisco tonight, how happy I would be."

"Look, Heloise, there is Francisco," said Flora.

"O, Francisco, where did you come from? What is the matter? Why do you throw your dark, handsome head back with such insolent pride? Take your ring. I will never speak to you again, never."

"Heloise, how dare you ask, when you never answered my letters? I suppose you love George Morgan or some other American. Do you, answer me?"

"I never received your letters, Francisco, only a note in the guitar without an address. I know you love some Spanish Senorita. Give her the ring with my compliments."

"Do not leave me when you are crying Heloise; come here; I will explain everything, dear. I wrote you a long letter when I sent the guitar. I wrote every day for a month or so, without one answer, love."

"We are going to St. Mary's Academy, so we can not go with the boys. Thank you for the guitar. I have learned to play it well."

"Please accept this ruby as an engagement ring, will you, dear?"

"Yes, Francisco."

"Heloise, my darling child, I have collected some of the rarest old jewels on earth for you. I will give them all to you soon as you are my bride. You are too young to wear them now. They are safe in a large gold casket, for you."

"Francisco, I thought you were poor."

"I am, compared with others. I wanted you to think I am poor so you will marry me for love alone. Dear, how beautiful you look tonight. I will certainly marry you soon as you are sixteen. I will elope with you then."

"Please do, Franco. Oh! that will be romantic."

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"I will address my letters for your hereafter to Bee Rich, your pretty little governess. Come, we will dance this waltz together unnoticed by your family."

"Papa and Abner Tibbetts are in the library playing chess."

"I am glad they are; now I can make real love to you. Heloise, darling, you dance like a fairy. My sweet angel, I love to feel your soft, sweet young form close to my own. It is heaven to feel your dear heart beating lightly on my breast. Is it all my own, love?"

"Yes, Francisco. Oh! you are holding me so close to you I can hardly breathe."

"Your pardon, pet."

"Oh! I wish this waltz would last forever."

"So do I, dear. Come quietly into the court. I long to kiss you."

"Once again we are alone in the soft moonlight. Your little baby lips are sweeter than ever, dear. Heloise, I adore you. I will always be true to you. I will slave for you. Kiss me good-night, love. I am so sorry it is so late." We parted again in silence near the fountain, its silvery spray sounding like a funeral dirge. We parted among the palms and roses in the calm moonlight. Then rich purple grapes were hanging low. The moonbeams cast strange, fantastic lights on the waters. We heard the music in the distance; the soft wind moaned in sympathy among the dark leaves. What a handsome picture you would make for an artist to paint. Heloise here are two ruby rings just alike, one for you and one for myself."

"Francisco, how handsome these 'mate' rings are. Dear, I see the stars are dying one by one; so are my hopes of an early marriage. My heart misgives me."

"I grope in the darkness; forgive me for expressing my sadness. Do not cry, pet, cling closer in my arms. I will kiss all your tears away. I want to

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do all the suffering for you. Your sweet smile is like sunshine in the darkness. Kiss me again, dear; you do not half kiss. Good-night my life, my sweet little angel. My love, my own."

Next day I waited for the postman and received a long letter from Mr. Parque. "My own darling little Heloise. It is one hour before the train leaves for Mexico. I will write to you, while you are dreaming of me, dear. The ball last night seems like a beautiful dream, and you an ethereal, sweet fairy that has vanished with the break of dawn. Now that I am alone, how I miss you, love. How strange I should see you over there, in white and roses, my beautiful, sweet angel. I am glad you love flowers. You are my Rose Bud. I am madly in love with you, dear. I kiss the red rose you gave me; it is the emblem of love. I wonder how you could select such a perfect rosebud in the darkness? It is like your dear self; soft, sweet, tender, young and innocent; always blushing. I hope no cruel thorns tore your tender hands while picking it. You will unfold like the rose bud; you will be a woman when I see you again. I wonder if you will love me then? I will slave for you more than any peon in Mexico, so that every desire of your heart will be gratified, my love. Fate, the dear angel of mercy, beckoned me to happiness and you, dear. In Mexico I was broken hearted thinking you did not love me; no one knows how I suffered then; now I am happy. I realize for the first time that love is the most wonderful thing God made, or man ever discovered. I think my saints influenced me to go last night. I dreamed of you last night. I think of you all day. This dull pen cannot express how dearly I love you now, my sweet, pure, white dove. I go to Mexico to hunt gold mines for you. Where I go it is dangerous for a white man to go. I must give you precious jewels, dresses and a home. With love and devotion.

"Francisco Parque."

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CHAPTER III

"Flora, here are two letters announcing that Lenona and dear Emma Kimberly will be here tomorrow to make us a long visit."

"God bless their dear hearts; how we will enjoy them. I am going to hug them to death. Papa, dear, I hate to see you go to Mexico so soon."

"I must go, Heloise. Adelaide, you can go home to your relatives or to Dakota when you please. George and I have important business in Mexico. I would take you all with me, but our children must all be educated."

"Mama, here comes a carriage. It is Emma and Lenona."

"Heloise, dear, we could not wait any longer to see you. We have so much to tell you."

"Emma, mama said you and Lenona may share the same room together after tonight. I must tell you a secret tonight."

"We will talk our heads off."

"Lenona, we will retire now. Emma, you and Ruth can retire when you please. Dinner will be served in my room so we can talk."

"Lenona, Aunt Alvira, with her sons, are here; you will love cousin Lee. He admires you."

"Heloise, promise you will never tell my secret, then I will tell you all."

"I will never tell, Lenona, if you will keep my secret. Just read this letter from Francisco. I love him."

"I am glad you do. You are so beautiful. I was jealous of you, once. I was afraid George Morgan loved you. I often saw you together. Heloise, so many boys fall in love with you. Once I heard Mr. Morgan play in Boston; how beautifully he played;

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how tall and handsome he looked. I fell in love with him that night."

Just then Emma and all my sisters came into our room. They pulled our mattress and us on the floor. We had a big pillow fight that lasted until mama made us all go to bed again.

"Now those imps have gone I will finish my story. I love George Morgan. I will have him at all costs."

"Lenona, I will answer the bell."

"A telegram for you, miss." Thinking it was from Francisco I opened it by mistake. I read by the dim light, "My dear wife. Please come to Boston at once. I am very sick. I must see you. Your husband." "Lenona, what does this mean?"

"Heloise, I married him for his money. I hate him. Please never tell that I am married."

"Lenona, what are you drinking?"

"Just a little brandy, dear, to make me forget my trouble."

"Lenona, please never drink that poison again. It is a sin."

"I promise never again to drink." Lenona soon fell asleep while telling her love for a white man, and she a wife. All my love and respect died for her at once. How can I keep my promise and yet warn George and Lee? I could not sleep.

"Heloise, I just dreamed George was married to a white girl; my dreams are often true. I only saw her back as I went out on your front veranda, as in my dream. I saw him place a wedding ring on a long slender finger. I am jealous; hatred fills my soul. I woke up in great agony, tearing my hair."

"I am glad it was not my hair, Lenona. Forget it; dreams are never true. Why do you use so much paint and powder? I never used any in my life."

"I am old and black, you are young and white."

"Heloise, come here."

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"All right, Ruth."

"As I was going to my room I caught Lenona drinking whiskey out of a bottle."

"Ruth, I am so sorry. We must get rid of her in some way. Cousin Lee shall never marry that deceitful drunk."

"Ruth, Lee only wants her money. You tell him everything. I promised that I would never tell. I am afraid of her."

That day, after dinner, I found a letter from George and Francisco on my table. "Lenona, you may keep the one from George, so you will not be jealous of me. Lenona, this letter from Francisco is beautiful. It is the best one he ever wrote."

"Heloise, I will never part with this letter. George wrote it. Your father sent him back for some valuable papers he must have to win this big law suit in Mexico."

Lenona dressed in her very best, a bright red plush with black lace. She wore diamonds and rubies. She painted her cheeks and lips until she looked very young. She knew how to. While Lenona was painting her lips, Emma came up, picked up George's letter and read it with a smile.

"Emma, how dare you touch that letter? Heloise gave it to me!" We could not keep from laughing.

"Now Lenona is gone. I will dress in my best, just to tease her. I will wear this new, beautiful, white satin with my valuable pearls father gave me."

"Emma, you are a dream; you look like an Indian queen with your long black hair braided in two massive braids hanging to your knees. Be very careful or Lenona will cut your beautiful hair off."

Emma began playing the piano, softly. Her wonderful music gave the piano life and soul. She played last year for the crowned heads of Europe.

"Emma, here is George now, on business. Your music will disturb him. Please do not play now, it is so impolite."

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"Heloise, I must go at once to your father's den to hunt for some valuable papers. Will you help me?"

"Ask Ruth to; I want to write a letter."

"Please let me help you, George."

"Lenona, it will soil your beautiful dress."

"George, I do not care for this old rag."

Lenona and George were soon looking over a stack of old papers. "Here it is at last," she cried, joyfully.

"I must kiss you for those papers. Lenona, why do you love me so fondly? I kissed you out of gratitude. I am too poor and too young to get married now. Why don't you marry Lee? We all know he loves you."

"Because I love you madly. I worship you only."

"Who is that playing the Moonlight Sonata so wonderfully?"

"My dearest George, I don't know. George, dear, I have money that will make you rich and happy. Darling boy, I wish we could travel together as man and wife."

"Lenona, I can never marry you." (The music had stopped.) "I must have children."

"It will kill me to part from you now. Please take me with you. I will kill myself if you leave me again, George."

"If you love me so much it is my duty to make you happy. If you will promise never to let Mr. Le Roy or one of my friends know it, and wear a heavy veil in Mexico, I will live with you to make you happy until I find the girl God intended for me; then I will marry her. I love children."

Unnoticed a girl stepped quickly from the hall.

"I see it is impossible for you to have children by me, or I would have married you months ago."

"Some day I hope we will have children, George."

"I have no hopes, dear. Lenona, if you worship me, meet me in El Paso Del Norte tonight at the

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Grand Hotel. We will leave for Monte Ray, Mexico, together on the next train."

"George, I must have a sleeper, a lower berth, or I will die with sick headache."

"We must wait over, then. I will register these papers. They will be just as safe as if they were in Mexico."

"George, I came here with Emma to see you. You know Emma is in love with Lee's handsome brother, Edward."

"Lenona, here is Emma now, pale as death. What is the matter, are you ill, Emma?"

"Lenona knows I do not love Edward."

"Lenona, run for water, Emma has fainted. She must be very ill."

"She is not ill; she gads too much."

"Go at once for the water as I told you to do, then I will make you ask her forgiveness for the lie you told me. I could not live with a woman that would lie to me. Hurry back with the water at once."

"I will run, George." In hurrying down the kitchen steps Lenona fell and hurt her back so she could not move.

"Oh! here you are, Lee. Will you run for some water and see what keeps Lenona so long?"

"My poor Lenona, shall I send for a doctor?"

"Lee, I cannot step; my ankle is sprained."

"Lenona, I will carry you up to your room."

"No, Lee, take me to George."

"Hang George! He wouldn't leave Emma now for half of Mexico. Doesn't this bed feel better than the old hard floor? I will take off your little red slipper and rub your ankle with brandy."

"Here is some on the table, Lee. My ankle feels better. But I am so faint that I had better drink some of it. Dear Lee, may I? Do you think it would strengthen me so that I could get up? Tell George to come. I feel so faint." Lee thought it safer to call his mother.

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"Flora and Aunt Alvira carefully bandaged her ankle.

"Lee, my son, run for a doctor. Flora, help me undress her so we can rub her back with brandy."

The doctor carefully examined the patient. "Doctor, is my back broken?"

"No, but you must not move for a few days until I remove the bandages. You need a trained nurse at once."

"Lenona, please hire Emma; she is a poor music teacher and needs the money."

"Then why does she dress so beautifully and wear pearls, Flora?"

"Those pearls are all she has left of her father's great wealth."

"Why do you look so strangely, Lenona? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Alvira. I will hire Emma just to help her. Tell Ruth to send Emma to me as soon as I wake up. I must sleep now."

"I will close the blinds so you can sleep well."

"George, where am I?"

"I thought you would be in Heaven before I could get you this ice water."

"I thank you, George."

"Emma, why are you so ill? Dear, after you fainted I held you in my arms and brought you here into the fresh air. Emma, I cannot understand why I was so happy while holding you. For a moment I thought I was in Heaven. I cannot understand this new happiness, Emma. Why do you blush so sweetly. Is it possible you care for me? I am very poor. I will never inherit wealth."

"You used to avoid me. I thought you disliked me."

"Emma, I love you. After I tell you my past and make everything right with Lenona, I will beg you to be my wife. I have told you all. Now that I love you I hate that wicked Indian that ran after me and ruined my life—my honor! I promised to

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meet her tonight after she told me she worshiped me alone. Lenona said she would kill herself if I left her. I thought it my duty to save her life. I see that I did a wrong. I will ask her forgiveness."

"George, we will go to her and tell her all now."

"Emma, that would be very dangerous just now. She would kill you. She is not pure and innocent as yourself. I want a wife whom I can trust and be proud of. I want a real wife and little children to love and caress. After all I have told you, will you be my wife, Emma?"

"Yes, George; I love you; I love music and children, too."

"Darling girl, if you love me why not be secretly married here today? Then no one can part us. I will return to Mr. Le Roy to make all the money I can for a new home. I can make five dollars every night I play for a dance in Mexico. Often I cleared twenty-five in one evening. I can save money there. I beg you to be my wife at once. I want some one to work for, some one to live for."

"I will marry you today, George. How romantic to be secretly married."

"I will go now to attend to business and will return in a few hours with a minister. How strange it is that you are all dressed in white? Please wear the same dress you have on now. Do not do up your long, heavy hair. I will send you some white roses, with some buds for your hair."

"George, please promise to be true to me. Give up Lenona forever. She is deceitful, low and ignorant."

"I promise, dear. Lenona loved me madly, passionately. She is an animal without a soul. I never did respect her. I was weak to think of her wealth. I will burn this check she gave me. Darling look, the \$50,000 is now a little heap of ashes."

"My dear, how extravagant to blow those sacred ashes away. Our only protection is to keep our new love a secret until I can protect you. Every month I will send you all that I save. You may

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bank it for a home or spend it, just so you are happy."

"George, I will save all I can for a home. I have a large music class at home and some pupils here. Ruth, you and your mother come here quickly. Promise to keep a secret?"

"Yes, we promise, dear."

"George and I are going to be married—today! Lenona or Heloise must not know it."

"George, please be married here. Lenona cannot move, the doctor said. Ruth, Lee and I will stand up with you. Lee will never tell. I can buy you a beautiful veil before George returns."

That night our beautiful Emma Kimberly became Mrs. George Morgan. While George was kissing his young, dark bride, Lenona was sleeping upstairs, half drunk.

"My darling wife, come out on the veranda where I held you in my arms when you fainted. Dearest, are you perfectly happy now? Here is the carriage."

"I have ordered a nice dinner for two."

"George, what a darling, dainty little room to dine in."

"I told the waiter not to return as I love to wait on you, alone. May I peel this rosy apple for you, love?"

"George, we must return home now, it is late." On the way to the carriage he bought her another larger bouquet of white rose-buds mingled with maiden-hair fern.

"Now we are home again; please rest in this hammock, my little bride."

"Heloise! Heloise! Come here," called Lenona. "Gloria just told me she heard the minister pronounce Emma and George man and wife."

"Lenona, I am cold with the fear that your dream has come true. Get back in bed as your doctor said. You are crazy to sit up there, with fiery eyes and trembling lips. Please be calm and stay in bed."

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"Come, Heloise, help me down stairs to face him or I will tell your parents you are engaged to Francisco."

"Lenona, I am surprised at you. I will help you, even if you have no honor. I will never let you part George and Emma now that they are married. Lenona, promise me not to make them unhappy, or I will turn this key and lock us in here alone."

"I promise, Heloise, not to cause any trouble. I will pay Emma well to nurse me. I will help them."

As I unlocked the door Lenona went past me downstairs, without a groan. In her anger she forgot her pain.

"Hush, Heloise," listen to what George is saying to her."

"Darling, in my haste, I forgot your wedding ring. I wear my mother's wedding ring on my finger; will you accept it as your own, my beautiful doll?"

"Yes, I will love it all the more."

He took the plain ring from his own finger, placing it on Emma's long, slender finger with a long affectionate kiss. Lenona saw all. Her black eyes stared wildly. Her face was like death. She could not speak.

We heard him say, "My wife, my own, I adore you, my pure angel. It nearly kills me to part from you." Lenona clung to me as we saw George kiss his bride farewell. I helped poor Lenona back to bed. As she sank down wearily in her pillows she told me to ask Emma to come and nurse her.

"I will go at once."

"Emma, dear, I wish you a world of happiness, and, love; how sweet you look. I hope I will be as happy with Francisco. We are going to run away and get married as soon as I am sixteen."

"I will help you, Heloise. I will never tell. You foolish child, not to confide in me long ago."

"Lenona has forgiven all and wants you to nurse her. She will pay well."

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"I will do that to help George get us a home. Do not tell him. He will wonder how I could bank so much."

"Lenona, Emma is here to nurse you tenderly."

"Emma, I will pay you one hundred dollars a week if you take good care of me."

"I will do my best."

Next day Emma came to my room holding a letter up. "Heloise, look what I found. This letter was in her gown! It is from a man—maybe from George. I must read it."

"Please do not read it, Emma, she might die."

"I wonder if George ever wrote her a love letter."

"I will read it and find out. 'Boston, July 1st, 1895. My dear wife, Lena. Please return to our children at once. I will forgive everything. You have ruined happy homes here. Do you remember how I saved your life when Burgess' young pretty wife pulled your hair when you were drunk in his room? How she and I suffered that night. You took all her husband's money for a year, while she lived in poverty with her child. You have ruined her life and my own. Your children are ill and crying for you; for their dear sakes I beg you to come home. I will forgive and forget all if you will only come to make them happy. I send a check to come on. Your devoted husband, Bert Williamson.' Heloise, you stay with her while I write to George. I will send him this letter and tell him everything."

"Mrs. Morgan, you are a beautiful nurse. I will try to fill your place for an hour. Please do not write over a hundred pages to your husband. Tonight I must write a love letter to Mexico."

"Lenona shall I make you a cup of hot tea?"

"Heloise, I hate tea. Please pour a cup of whiskey over some fine pulverized ice."

"I will send Lee for some brandy, at once; mama will not keep it in our home. We have never tasted wine as yet."

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"Lenona, here is a letter from your father," said Gloria.

"Lenona, I will write to Mr. Parque while you read it."

"My dear daughter, Lenona. My Bright Star is here. She said she go to help you. I am glad I pay Bee Rich to teach me read and write. I can warn my child of a bad, ugly black man; him bad spirit called Bill; him come with Al. Al he insane in under world. Bill, he make you drink heap much. Bright Star and me cry much. Think heap good; bad spirits go to black place. You work, you pray for good spirits. I saw you turn to heap green snake with fire eyes. Now you come home and be heap good. I pay you all money you want. Your father, Big Jim."

"Heloise, I want you to read this letter and tell me what to do. You must know that my father is half gypsy and Indian, my mother a quadroon girl. They talk to the dead. That is why he sends Bright Star."

"Why, Emma, where on earth have you been this time of the night?"

"Lee, I just mailed a long letter to George. I enclosed one from Lenona's husband with it."

"Emma, I am glad you told me in time. Take this bottle to her; tell her I am going to the mines to help father. As badly as I need money, I will never speak to her again, or see her."

"Lee, said Emma, holding out a package, sent this to you. He has gone to his father."

"I am glad he has gone. We will go to sleep now." . . . "Thank goodness you fell asleep so soon; now for revenge! Fool, how dare you to marry my boy, George? I am just Indian enough to punish you severely. You shall suffer intense agony for every kiss George has given you. Ah! the bottle! I see on the bottle a big bright star! I do not care. Go to my father, leave me alone." All at once a sweet voice called.

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It was Bright Star speaking in a subdued, firm voice—"Thou shalt not kill." "If you kill Emma you will suffer a thousand years in total darkness; she belongs to her husband; God made them for one another. Return to your babes."

"Then two dark shadows surrounded Bright Star and abused her.

"Bill, we will cling to this woman for she drinks. Lena put this paper knife in her heart, then go to George. You are rich. No one can find you."

"I will disguise in Lee's old clothes and kill her tonight."

"Hurry back; we will help you kill her."

"You look mighty fine in men's clothes," said the other spirit.

"Have another drink," laughed Bill.

"Al and Bill, I am glad you encourage me to kill this petty fool."

"Lena, she is dreaming of George; see how she smiles. Tonight she sent your husband's letter to George, so he would hate your deception."

"If that letter is gone I will kill her now. God! She has taken the letter from my breast. Now for the silver dagger. Oh! There is a large black star on the handle."

"Al and I will put this Bright Star out of the house again." . . . "It is midnight. Good angels have been driven out. Lena, kill her now; all are sound asleep."

Bill and Al hypnotized her to plunge in the knife her father made for her when an innocent child.

"Bill, now she is dead we will break the hypnotic spell."

"Al, I am glad we killed her. Now take another drink, pack your grip and go. Fool, why not take her pearls and money? We like to cling around women that have plenty of money and wine," laughed Al. "Heloise has three hundred dollars in her trunk, take that also."

"You are low and black, and I will do that, to

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please you. I love money more than my life. Bill and Al, I will do as you say if you will only give me more wealth. I have one million in my own name. That is nothing," said Al, "we want a billion."

"I will pack this strong silver dagger. If George is untrue to me—now that she is out of my way—I will kill George and marry Francisco for his money."

"Lena, Francisco has the richest gold mine in the world now, so cling to Francisco. He keeps his great wealth a secret from Heloise so she will love him for himself."

"If I cannot get George, I will plan to get Francisco. Then I will own the finest jewels on earth."

"That is a fact. We have seen them. I know the police will get you if you go to Mexico City today. Go to Chicago, then to New York City, to gay Paris. Ha! Ha! From Paris back to Mexico City, my love! Fool! Lena, your rival is not dead. I see a light around her head. Her angels are driving us away. Try it again. She turned and saw Emma clutch her throat in agony."

"I thrust the dagger on the wrong side. Those fool spirits are the cause of that."

"O Lenona, water, water! Save me! Save me! Lena, have mercy!"

"Ah! this pretty knife is hard to pull out of your full white breast. No child of his shall ever rest its head where it is."

"O! do not spit in my face. I am dying. I see my father, my mother, and beautiful angels in the room, all crying. I beg you not to make them suffer so. Kill me quickly if you must kill."

"I hear your mother say, 'As ye sow, so shall you reap.' Please hand me the roses he sent me. How I suffer. Bury the roses and ring with me. I see more angels holding out their snowy arms to me. All have tears in their eyes."

"I must be a sick fool to hold this dagger so

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long in my hand without plunging it in her heart. She has broken my heart. . . . I will finish this bottle of whiskey, then try my knife again."

"O! Lena, have mercy. I am so young. Life is so sweet to me now. Your insane jealousy is a terrible thing to make a young bride suffer a thousand deaths."

"I am happy because you suffer. I shall wear his mother's ring. See, I tear it from your finger. I have your pearls, money and everything."

"Please take the awful knife away and I will forgive all. My agony is more than I can endure. Lena, every time you plunge that awful knife in her innocent, tender young breast adds another thousand years in darkness all alone. O! how George, who is Emma's other half, will hate you through all eternity," said Lily, a sweet, beautiful angel.

"Lena, as you strike again, I see my Savior and Saints holding a wonderful gold crown in one hand and a harp in the other; He smiles as He lifts me up. I hear—music—sweet—heavenly—music."

CHAPTER IV

"Just a year ago our poor, sweet angel, Emma, was buried away down south, mama, where the birds are singing so sweetly; where the flowers are blooming. There where the glorious sunshine makes one happy the live-long day."

"Heloise, forget the South, and enjoy the snow; bundle up in the beautiful warm furs my mother gave me; run and skate and snowball with your brothers and sisters."

"Oh! it is too cold, mama; your three sweet Christian daughters just took me out, rolled me in the snow, then washed my face. Now they are out there playing snow-ball with some boys. Those sissy Sunday school boys washed my face yesterday in snow. Francisco would not be so impolite and cowardly. Mama, dear, I am tired of this cold country."

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"Heloise, I fear a Dakota blizzard is coming up. Tell the children to all come in by the fire at once."

"Mama, how black the clouds look. I know we will be forced to sleep in the storm cellar tonight. How cold it is outside. The snow is up to the windows, the wind is blowing fiercely. It is growing darker and colder. After all, how cozy our parlor looks. Our sweet little pretty mother reading the big family Bible around a large warm fire. How beautifully she prays; how sweetly she sings with us." After making us all warm and comfortable, she put extra blankets on our beds and kissed us good night.

"Ruth, I wish mama, could sleep with us. She is the sweetest angel on earth. I thank God we have a perfect, Christian, devoted mother."

"Mama, how sweet you look this morning at breakfast."

"I have a letter from your father, asking all of us to go to Denver at once. He has a large railroad contract there. It may last for years. I am delighted, because you have finished school."

Mama hired extra help. In a few days we were all on our way to Denver. Father took us girls to St. Mary's Academy.

The first night at the convent we cried all night for mama. At dawn the beautiful sun rose and shown brightly over the mountain tops, bringing comfort to our aching hearts. Ruth, dear, come look at this glorious sunrise. How glorious His great round golden cup is, just peeping over the snow-capped mountain. How lovely Denver is, compared with cold, old, lonely Dakota."

"Sister Dolorine has just sent me a large basket of fruit and flowers. The nuns are so kind to us because we are so homesick. She asked me to take a walk with her tonight in the moonlight."

"Heloise, papa and mama will come tomorrow to take us to Pike's Peak."

"O joy! We will visit Manitou and enjoy the

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surrounding scenery. Ruth, I am tired of dancing with just girls. I wish I could dance with Francisco tonight. Look at those nuns watching every move we make. They would go crazy if they should read this love letter I have in my dress. While marching this morning I mailed a letter to him in front of their eyes."

"Ruth, you and Heloise please come for a walk with me in the moonlight, to watch the stars, to see the clouds float gracefully and clingingly around the moon. Ruth, how I love this bright moonlight."

"Sister Dolorine, I love you. May I confide in you and say anything I please, the same as I did with my beautiful little mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"I love the starlight, because it reminds me how Francisco made love to me; how happy he made me beneath the southern stars. I wish you were loved as I am; you are so sweet, pure and affectionate. You would make a beautiful wife and mother, dear. All nuns should have love and romance woven in their lonely lives."

"Heloise, most of us have loved, lost and parted."

"My poor, darling, sweet little nun, you are crying; forgive me; it is all my fault."

"Child, you may stay here a little longer. I will retire to my room now."

"Ruth, I honestly wish all the nuns and priests were married. I know love must be fascinating even to a nun. They could live as one big happy family, yet do good in the world. Love is sacred and would encourage them to do more good."

"Of course it would, dear. Love inspires and encourages us to live better lives. Marriage is divine, sacred, and beautiful. I long to see every soul on earth married to the one they love most—Pope, priests, nuns and all. We ought to be living with mama now, for families should never be parted."

"I wish Francisco was here. It is a crime to be alone in these wonderful gardens of lilies, ferns

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and roses without him. It seems as if all the stars and the moon are shining in vain, all these beautiful flowers wasting their sweetness on the mountain air."

"Heloise, why so blue; why so unhappy, dear? You look so lonely, so restless, walking back and forth like a caged animal. Be happy and contented here, dear."

"Ruth, suppose you try it."

"Enjoy the calm, cool night. The mysterious stars, so calm and bright. Repeat that lovely poem to me, 'Silently, one by one in the Infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.'"

"I will pick these pretty red roses and send them to Francisco early tomorrow. I can hide them under my bed in a pitcher of water tonight."

"Heloise, run for your life; two nuns are after you. Hurry! they might have a shotgun," laughed Gloria.

That night I dreamed the nuns were all in white, clinging to golden crosses in the moonlight. Each beautiful cross stood on a big rock high above the raging sea. The nuns prayed to their Saints to be saved from the dark, angry waters below. I saw their angels come floating down gracefully, with long, white robes flying in the clouds. They must have been floating, as I could not see any wings. They clasped the nuns to their hearts and floated heavenward, caressing them tenderly as a mother does a tired child. They placed a golden crown on each of their heads, and floated away out of sight among the clouds.

Sister Dolorine woke me up. "Your father and mother are in the parlor waiting for you."

"Papa and mama, it is a perfect day to climb the mountains. Here is beautiful Manitou."

"Cousin Frank and Fred promised to meet us with some boy friends here. Here they are."

Cousin Fred introduced us all. Then we ate

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chicken lunch, then all started up the rugged mountain-side. The boys helped us with sticks and a rope. O, how we all enjoyed climbing Pike's Peak. The air was cool and bracing. The scenery was perfectly grand. Up, up, we went, winding in and out among the huge trees, laughing and singing on the way. We saw a variety of wild flowers, wild berries, grapes and ferns. We saw bluebirds, robin red breasts, and wild magpies. Papa bought two talking magpies and a handsome green, red and yellow parrot for us children from an old hermit in the mountains.

He had four small rooms in his hidden log cabin. Caleb Sargent, the hermit student, psychic, philosopher and scientific miner and farmer, was a modest yet a wonderful man. He was about the age of papa. He was an M. D. and owned a large sanitarium in Alameda, California. The doctor came out here for rest and study. Dr. Sargent took his books with him wherever he went. The doctor was about fifty years old, with sandy beard and light hair. He had beautiful mild blue eyes, for he looked like his mother. The neat cabin was covered with large deer hides, wild lion skins; rich brown-bear rugs covered his bed. His helper, who stayed with him, a young man, sold honey and milk to miners and tourists, fruit, flowers and birds. The dear doctor was too busy to know or care how his helpers robbed and deceived him.

At the top of the mountain we all sang America. Each voice rang out clear as a bell. We nearly shouted our heads off. We ate a light lunch of fruit, nuts and milk. Doctor told each one of us our past, present and future. He told us all our names and ages better than any gypsy could. We promised to visit his cabin next Sunday.

After a week of hard study we all started again for the doctor's home in the mountains. Mama invited Bee Rich to go, too. As soon as we could get

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alone she handed me a long love letter from Francisco.

"Dr. Caleb Sargent, we are so glad to see you again. I know you will like Bee Rich, our old teacher."

"Heloise, I want you to show my young friend, Dr. Willard, the spring."

"Miss Le Roy, will you come and pick flowers with me? We can climb this path. The Indians called it 'Lovers' Lane.' Miss Le Roy, shall we linger by the cool spring? How beautiful the fragrant flowers are, nestling among the tall, delicate ferns. See the hanging rock above us. Come up on this high boulder so we can watch the clouds float below us, chasing each other away from the peak."

"How beautiful Denver and the farms look in the distance."

"How gracefully the rivers flow in the valley below us."

We heard the sweet song of birds in every bush. Tiny humming birds buzzed around us; gray squirrels with long bushy tails watched us from their leafy homes; cattle were grazing peacefully below us in the soft green clover; the woods looked like a real fairyland.

"Miss Le Roy, how beautiful nature is. She rests us, soothes us, as a fond mother does her child. The beautiful scenery inspires love and admiration for our Creator, the Maker of magnificent glory."

"Dr. Willard, how God must love us to make the world so beautiful. It is hard to leave these dear old trees, where the wild birds sing in love and harmony. Here in the tall mountain top they warble and chant their daily prayers to God in gratitude of love for life and happiness. Hear the echo of their sweet songs by the hillside; the music is sweeter than a vesper hymn."

"These birds of romance serenade their mates with tender love songs all day long. At night the

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sweet singers rest by the nest to protect their mates."

We picked flowers and ferns, waded in the tiny mountain streams.

"Dr. Willard, I am tired."

"I'll carry you back to the cabin."

"I would rather watch this glorious sunset from here. See, the sun is slowly sinking behind the mountains. How grand it looks. Just like a ball of red fire. It looks like the harvest moon, only it sheds its brilliant diamond-like rays in every direction; each ray is tinged with a soft blue and golden hue. It is so strange that the sun reflects its light and beauty on the mountain tops for miles around."

"Look, Miss Le Roy, in the rosy west is all beauty. The rainbow has entwined her slender form around the sun to keep him company in the dark night. The beautiful rose and gold sunset is changing to blue."

"O! Dr. Willard, after all, we shall see a violet sunset! How dreamy and entrancing it is."

We were awed into perfect silence by the grandeur.

"In the East, dark angry clouds are gathering rapidly. We must return at once."

"Forgive me, Heloise, we have enjoyed the sunset for too long a time. Hurry, child. These mountain storms come suddenly, and are very dangerous."

All at once there was a peal of thunder. Lightning came from all directions. The woods appeared to be on fire.

"I must carry you now, Miss Le Roy, or we are lost. Suddenly the rain came down in great torrents.

"Heloise, please do not cry." He held the trembling child closer to his heart and ran down the steep mountain-side. The storm was increasing. With every flash of lightning he grasped her more firmly and pressed her closer.

"Take new courage, Heloise, yonder is a big hanging boulder, where we can rest until the storm is over."

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The great rocks hung like a canopy over our heads.

"Come, it is nice and dry in here. I will hunt for some branches in the interior. You will have a warm fire. This is an old cave some miner has fitted out. Hush, dear, see how brightly the fire is burning. It makes this dark old cave look cheerful and homelike. . . . Thank God, you are growing calm. Heloise, dear, I love you. While you were clinging to me with your soft, trembling arms around my neck, in the storm, I was happy. I never loved any one in my life as I do you. Will you be my wife, dear?"

"Sir, I am engaged to Mr. Parque. Read this letter."

"I see, he loves you madly. Please take your choice now, dear. Will you marry the gentleman in Mexico or myself?"

"I love you the most, Dr. Willard."

"Then marry me."

"I see my sad mistake now. I will write to him tomorrow and tell him the truth."

"Please burn the letter from Francisco Parque and forget him. You belong to me now and forever. Mind you, forever! The storm is worse. Look, there is a big log and rocks sliding fiercely and rapidly down the mountainside."

"Dr. Willard, I will not leave this cave to die in that awful storm!"

"Remain here, dear. I will hunt for Caleb's cabin. I will return later for you." His face was pale and sad, the blue-gray of his large eyes reflected the peculiar light of the storm. "Every hour build up the fire and wave some burning wood so that I can find you."

"My dear, there is a great supply of wood here, so I can wave often." How tall and splendid he looked, in the firelight. His heavy black hair intensified the natural paleness of his face. His eyes were now like the luster of burnished steel. His

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great, tall shadow flickered uneasily on the boulder. It slowly melted into the darkness there, and seemed part of it.

"Don't go! Oh! please don't go! It is dangerous. Only a spirit could brave this tempest."

"I must for the sake of your reputation. Kiss me good-bye, dear."

Every few minutes for hours I waved the torch in the darkness. He did not return. I saw a large black star in the fire. I was afraid he was killed. I kindled a new fire in the door of the cave and kept the fire burning all night long. My poor darling never returned.

The next day at sunrise the storm had cleared. I saw the clouds like a blue sea below me. Later a tall gentleman emerged from out of the clouds. I climbed down to meet him. It was my father. I told him of my new love, how the doctor had gone to the cabin for help.

"Heloise, I just came from there. I did not see him. A special car has been waiting for you for hours. Your mother and the children are safe at home, wild to hear from you."

"Papa, dear, Dr. Willard is lost. I love him and we must find him at all costs."

"Heloise, we will return and test the clairvoyance of Caleb."

After telling Caleb the story we sat in the silence.

"I cannot find him because you are so nervous and anxious. You do not give me good conditions. I will try gazing in my new wonderful crystal. I just paid one thousand dollars for this large crystal. It is without a flaw."

"It is magnificent," my father remarked. "It looks like a great diamond."

We kept our eyes on the crystal for a few minutes, then we saw trees, ferns and the beautiful scenes we had roamed over. We saw the cave, the fire and my doctor kissing me. Papa said, "Do not

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deny that and tell me an untruth. Science reveals your, secret."

We could not see any more in the crystal then. We prayed, sang and gazed again. The magnetized crystal became a shifting mass of blue and gray that paled rapidly. Then in it developed a glistening white structure. It was as round as the crystal, and in its heart it held an altar. Two shining beings in milky white robes were standing by it. The faces were those of the doctor and myself.

"There is no church like that on earth," said papa.

Again we looked and saw trees and a cool, deep spring near the rocks. There, close to the ferns, among the wild roses and violets and soft, green moss we saw Dr. Willard, white and ill. On his brow a white handkerchief was tied.

"We can find that spring in a few minutes."

We started for the spring. There we found him just as we had seen him in the crystal. He had fallen in the darkness and was too exhausted to move.

"I will keep him here in my warm cabin until he is strong and well." I gave him some hot milk and left him in good care, then returned with papa to school.

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CHAPTER V

A month later Sister Dolorine handed me some letters, one from Dr. Willard. "My little love. I ask you not to worry over this letter. I cannot help my fate, my love, for you came too late. Doctor said today I am dying from quick consumption. Nothing can save me now. Come with your mother or Mrs. Rich at once. Dr. Willard."

Papa, mama and I started for the log cabin in the mountains, where doctor was dying.

"Heloise, he has just had a violent spell of coughing," said Dr. Caleb Sargent.

"My darling, I am dying. Send my body home to California."

"I will take you home with me and see to everything," said Dr. Sargent.

"May I go with them, papa?"

"Yes, Heloise, if it will make you happy."

"Your love is beautiful, doll. I have planned your future for you. Caleb has discovered that you are my other half, that makes our love very sacred, pet. Here on my deathbed I have learned that you are my soul-mate. After my death I will return to you and be your Guardian Angel. I will return to love and protect you.

"Lately I have discovered here in these beautiful mountains that there is no death, love. Don't cry, Heloise, dear. I cannot see you suffer. Promise to live in this world as if you had never seen me. Marry Francisco. I know he has wealth and loves you. If anything should part you and the gentleman, then marry the one that you love most."

"Dear, since I have loved you so fondly, I never could love another."

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"You may keep this picture and book, dear."

"I will always keep your picture, Benjamin."

"Heloise, come put your beautiful head on my breast. I have so much to tell you. I long to comfort you. Why should you cry? I am trying to prove to you there is no death, no space, and no separation for you and I. Last night I dreamed I was dying, holding your sweet young form in my arms."

"Darling, it will kill me if you die and leave me all alone, now that I worship you."

"We are so young that I hate to leave you. I am only a few years older than you are. Dear, finish your education. Please study music. Sometimes I hear sweet music from other worlds. I hear sweet songs from an angel's lips. The heavenly music makes me forget all pain and sorrow. I often sleep and rest for hours after hearing that glorious music. Please accept this diamond ring as an engagement ring. Our marriage will take place in a brighter world where there is no death. Heloise, come nearer to me."

"Doctor, I am sorry you left the cave that night; the next morning was so calm and bright."

"It is too late to regret the past now. Death is far better than dishonor, love. In fact, it is beautiful. I see angels above me now. I see the face of a sweet child I once loved. I see old friends and relatives I knew well. It is no mistake, Heloise, I see them clearly, as I see you, dear. I see angels with light around their heads. I see our Savior. I am sorry I did not do more for Him while I had health. Heloise, dove, I am glad I go first, so I can build a home for you. When you die I will return for you and take you home, doll. This sudden darkness means death, love. I feel myself sinking. Pray and sing for me, dear."

"We will sing 'Nearer My God to Thee'."

"I thank you all. Twilight on the hill and dell. Darling, after that the dark. Smile, my love, when

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I embark. May that sweet song toll the bell. I see angels with the ascension robe; it is pure white. All pain has gone. God bless your sweet soul, love. I am rising above in arms of love."

"Doctor, I wish I could go with you. I never loved as I do now."

"He has gone," said Dr. Sargent.

It was the most beautiful death I ever saw. It proves there is no so-called death. He never lost his perfect mind for a moment. I kissed his lifeless lips a hundred times. I pressed his beautiful dark head close to my heart in agony. They left the room in tears. I put my arms around his neck then cried until I could cry no longer. The room looked so cold and drear. How strange, such a tall, handsome boy should die for my sake. I kissed him over and over again. Kissed him good-bye, then gently closed the door to all hope of love and happiness.

I walked out in the starlight. The pale, calm moon I loved so dearly held no attraction for me. I walked down the mountainside where we found him by the cool spring among the rocks and ferns. There I prayed to die in my awful loneliness. I saw a beautiful, bright star on the dark rocks above. I heard a voice say, "Emma is here, please do not cry, dear. We will lead your mother to you." Soon mama put her loving arms around me. I faltered and staggered at every step. She helped me up the mountain side.

That night we made arrangements with Dr. Sargent that I might take a course in nursing.

Tonight I was to say good-bye to Sister Dolorine. That lonely night while praying by the altar I heard gentle tappings. I saw Lily and Emma kneeling beside me, praying. Emma asked me to fast and pray, to make better conditions so doctor could return to me. I determined to develop that I might see him and hear him.

I walked down the hall to Sister Dolorine's room. The beautiful nun was sleeping peacefully. "You

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are too young and affectionate to be a nun. Lily and Emma just told me by the altar that angels in Heaven are married. They call the two, one angel. They are united by the law of attraction. Holy marriage in other worlds is the most sacred love in the universe. In heaven all are true to their soul-mates. Sister Dolorine, you will find the one intended for you some day. Lily stands here now and tells me that while you are sleeping your soul is in a beautiful spirit-home, where the sun shines all day long, where birds sing sweetly, where flowers and fruit grow always; where romance and beauty dwell. Dream on; it would be a sin to wake you, to call your soul back just to suffer with me.

"Oh, how I long for him. I long for that perfect soul, that God in His infinite love has created for me alone. This dear old convent seems so cold, so large and lonely. I love these nuns and their sacred devotion to God. I love all religion. I will go to the chapel to pray again; perhaps I will see him. Mama said her prayers were answered. I know mine will be.

"My divine Father, I beg forgiveness for all sins. I come here broken-hearted to serve Thee faithfully. I know Christ and others are resurrected. I know I shall be also. I will teach that there is no immortal hell. I will teach the world in some way how divine, how merciful, Thou art to forgive and forget all sins as soon as we make every wrong right. I will give my life to Thee. O teach me to do Thy will. Teach me to help abolish cruel war, white slavery, child labor, inharmony, ignorance. O, may I help Thee to do away with selfishness that causes universal poverty. Thou has provided abundantly for everything. Please send me doctor with angels of love and light to help and protect me. Help me to practice the Golden Rule. Give me strength to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. Thy will be done, not mine. O Lord, I thank thee for love and immortality. Amen."

Tears filled my eyes as I said farewell to you.

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Dear old chapel, I love your altar, banked with flowers and cool ferns that I brought from the mountain to decorate you with. I love your pure white candles with their bright, pure lights that attracts saints to us; it proves that light attracts light. I love your graceful figures of Saints, and Our Lord and His mother. It helps us to concentrate in earnest prayer on the real ones. When we pray to them they think of us. Good-bye beautiful, dear altar, your Saints are a sweet comfort and blessing to me. I have felt your tender influence. I have watched your indulgent smile, sweetly pleading for me. My dear angels, your pretty red lips are always praying for me, your snowy white arms comfort and caress me, your sacred golden lights are like precious diamonds to me.

I saw a priest and two nuns praying near me. Benjamin appeared close to my side, showed me a perfect gold cross composed of precious stones set in gold and radium. I saw wonderful butterflies on the cross. He smiled and said, "These are all emblems of immortality."

After parting with the nuns and my loved ones at home I started for California. I determined to be a trained nurse and comfort the sick and suffering.

In a few hours the train was winding its way around one of the highest mountains in Colorado. I was on the rear of the train, watching the magnificent scenery in the bright moonlight. We could see every river, hill and tree distinctly. As I said my prayers I heard a sweet voice praying with me. "Heloise, I came back to tell you how beautiful the unseen world is." The higher up in the mountains we climbed the more perfect my clairvoyance became. "There are two engines pulling us up this steep grade." I looked out of my window and saw the two big mountain snow-engines just as he had said. I thought there was only the one we had started with. Doctor then told me the time correctly, just to prove that he could return and give

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me facts. He told me all about the scenery and just what I would see next. He even told the name of the next town and just the time we would arrive there. It always came out just as he said. Doctor told me I was created for him alone, that I was his other half, his twin soul. He said angels had just proven the fact to him beyond a doubt. "Heloise, in a few years San Francisco will be destroyed by earthquake. After it is destroyed Mexico will go to war, then all Europe will break out in war. It will be the greatest war in the world. They will fight in the air and on land and sea. In ten years from now airships will be invented. Caleb and others are now inventing them secretly."

THE ALLIES WILL WIN

"In my dreams I often used to see big birds floating in the air, some were as large as this car."

"You are a great sensitive. You get their thoughts while asleep. The subconscious mind cannot lie. These airships will destroy homes and innocent life. Dear, I must change my name to protect you. Your angels and I know it is best to call me Eno from this night on. Emma and her father are here. They told me Al and Bill are worse than ever. They are cruel, ignorant, dark, wicked spirits."

"Why do they stay around me?"

"They want you to steal, lie and drink as they used to do when in the body. If they can make some sensitive sin they take on conditions and enjoy such a life."

"Eno, I will fool them."

"See that you do, dear. Pray, think good thoughts and perhaps I can drive them away. They tried to harm me. Good angels protected me. Al and Bill are very deceitful; their mother and relatives are as bad as they are. They often abuse helpless mediums. They often impersonate your relatives. Angels say they never can be trusted at any time. Al and Bill are lazy paupers, that will not work or study."

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Trembling with fear, I saw Al. He was insane and had no control of himself.

"Al is a tramp here; his relatives do not want him. He cannot learn to work. All three steal, lie and live in filth, idleness and shame. Al is insane from past crimes and ignorance. Bill has influenced someone to steal your suitcase." I looked around the car and my valued suitcase had been stolen. "Don't worry, love, you have plenty of money to buy new clothes." Eno kissed me good night.

I began to fear Al and Bill more than ever. These low spirits were almost nude with awful hard, ugly, insane faces. I could see their eyes were wild and terrible to look at. I was afraid of them.

"Heloise, doll, get off here and get a ticket for Mexico City. Francisco needs you at once."

"I will go now and return a month later to be a nurse."

"My relatives will bury me here where I was born. Please go on without seeing that old dead body again. When you suffer I do."

After a few days of traveling constantly I heard a man call out, "Next stop, Mexico City." Soon as I arrived I hunted up my old friend, George Morgan. Eno had given me the correct address, after all my doubts.

"Heloise, dear, how did you ever get here? How strange fate should bring you just where you are needed most. I visited Francisco yesterday in prison. He handed this letter to mail to you. Burn the letter soon as you finish it or they may arrest us. We must be very careful here in Mexico."

"My darling girl. I am in prison here in Mexico City. I am innocent of any wrong, but I am very rich, now. My enemies cast me in prison to rob me. Come at once and get the jewels I have for you. These enemies have killed my brother. My enemies are selfish and are jealous of me. Dear, I am a socialist. I must see the poorest slave (peon) free in Mexico. The nation should enjoy the same

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freedom as our beautiful America, the land of the free. O, if I could live to serve my people. I love them. I intended to establish better schools, farms and laws. I pray for a new law to give every peon in Mexico his liberty, each should own his home or farm. I want Mexico and Canada annexed to America. All Europe should adopt the same laws America has for liberty, rest and peace. Come and see me, darling, and get what few jewels they have not stolen from me. I still have priceless diamonds, rubies and large soft pink pearl for your sweet, baby neck. I have beautiful rings I cling to, for your dear sake. Leave Mexico as soon as you get my jewels or you will be murdered for them. Last night I dreamed that a coward wanted my position and wealth. Do not trust these selfish men. Adios, Ninita, Your own Francisco."

"George, please take me to him at once. I will disguise as a nun. I have one of Sister Dolorine's old costumes which she gave me for protection to do slum work."

With the help of a few Masons we saw poor Francisco. He was pale, calm and brave in his martyrdom. He was the most perfect gentleman in Mexico.

"Attendant, please get me some water, I am so tired."

"Yes, sister, I will."

"Sister, I thank God you came to visit me." I removed my heavy, black veil. Francisco clasped me to his heart.

"O, how you have suffered; what is the matter, dear?"

"I am too faint with hunger to stand. I have not tasted water for days. My enemy has abused me in this cold, damp, dark, filthy cell. He made me sign papers against my will, at the point of a pistol. I sold my secret gold mine to buy a home and jewels for you. Ninita, why are you so pale and thin?"

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"I suffer because you do, my poor darling."

"Forgive me for telling you my sorrow, Heloise. Mexico and the world need universal education. I want all the people, not a few selfish brutes, to own the land."

"Why do the good and innocent suffer in prison? I will pray for my Saints and Eno to help you. George, get him water, he has fainted from hunger."

"Sister, never tell I stole the fruit and water or they would beat me," he moaned.

"Francisco, do put on these robes and veil I wear and escape. Tell your friends how wicked men robbed and abused you, then get revenge."

"I would, if you were safe. Soon as they found you here they would kill you. Take this belt of valuable jewels and money, then leave Mexico at once."

He held me closely in his arms and kissed me tenderly.

We bowed our heads and prayed for liberty and happiness. Eno came and prayed for justice.

"Francisco, keep your mind in tune with the Infinite. Forget your surroundings. Let your wonderful mind master the situation. Think of only the beautiful."

At this suggestion he took a faded rose from his bosom.

"Heloise, I could never part from this bud you gave me." He closed his beautiful, dark, weary eyes. Eno put him in a trance. "Darling, how well you cook. I never tasted a finer meal. How beautiful this country home is. I love the sunshine and the flowers. How sweetly the birds sing. Heloise, come, we will dance this last waltz together. How I love this music. Again we are all alone in the soft moonlight. Your baby lips are sweeter than ever; how lovely you look under the palms and roses, close to the bower of Ragged Robins. The stars are dying one by one. Heloise, I thank God for you and liberty." We closed the door gently,

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knowing he would dream on like this for hours.

Next morning I heard the newsboys crying "Extra! Extra!" The paper told how poor Francisco was shot in the back by a coward that took his wealth, etc.

CHAPTER VI

"Heloise, I have so much to tell you, now that we are safe on our way to America." The mad crowd hadn't noticed us leave Mexico City. "I have revenged my love at last. We Masons tried to rescue Francisco, and as we stepped from our closed carriage, another one drove up. We followed at a distance. Later, we saw Francisco shot in the back. I saw him die in agony. He told me that Lena was with the man that killed him. She was his companion.

"I followed them to the mountains after killing the horses. I caught Lena. The other men escaped. She was dressed as a man. I showed her Emma's letter, then reached for my knife to kill her. Lena ran like a wildcat up the mountain side, I after her, determined to kill her. I dodged among the high brush and thorny cactus with my strong sharp knife held closely in my hand. I saw her look down at me from the rocks above. She threw one at me. I dodged it just in time, waving my cruel knife threateningly. Goodness, how she could run. I was gaining on her. As she stopped to hurl another rock at me, she stumbled backwards over some high rocks, out of sight. I saw that Fate was just and had revenged me. I heard an awful cry. She had fallen into a den of rattlesnakes. I saw them wind around her, striking their angry, poisoned fangs in her face, hands and breast.

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She looked up at me in wild, mad agony, with outstretched arms. I threw her my knife, telling her justice was more cruel than that blade. She kissed my knife and plunged it into her false, wicked heart."

"George, I am glad your knife saved her from a little misery."

"She deserved her fate. Lena was bold, coarse and deceitful from the first. I hate her. She followed me and made love to me even in public."

"I am glad I can protect you. How sweet and pure you are. Men worship good, sincere women. Now we have loved and lost, we are so lonely and discouraged. I long to make you happy. If I could only take Francisco's place I would be happy. Heloise, dear, will you be my wife when we get to America?"

"Yes, George, if you will take the nurse's course with me. I want to give my life up to God."

That night I cried for the poor, suffering in Mexico. When would poor Mexico win liberty now that Francisco was murdered. O! if I only had the power to carry out his plans. He wants each peon to own some land.

Abner Tibbettes joined us the next day. "I want to travel with you until you are married, then I will visit your dear father. I am a medium; my daughter, Jennie, told me to protect you, Heloise. She has been in Heaven for years. I can see your guardian angel standing by you now."

"What is his name, Abner?"

"Eno, my child." I was too delighted to speak.

"It is a fact, I know he is always with me. Please tell me more about Eno."

"He shows me a storm in the mountains and an engagement ring. He tells me you love him—is that true?"

"Yes, all you say is a fact."

"Heloise, I still love Emma, so we will not be jealous." We all laughed merrily.

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There is an old captain on the train that is going to sail to South America. We went to school together. Captain Johnson wants all of us to go. Heloise, I wish we could go. Come, Heloise, it will not cost you a cent. He is a better medium than I, said Abner. It was a beautiful, calm day as the Queen Anne sailed southward. George, I can see many stars that I never saw in America. The stars are smaller and more numerous. While in South America we went fishing on the Amazon. Our Indian guide and Captain Disley caught a great silver-white fish about ten feet long. The four men landed the monster after fighting him for hours. He looked like a big catfish—like those that papa caught in the Missouri in Dakota. He had a big mouth and a row of hard, small teeth. Indians called him piraiba; they live on monkeys, men and fish. These fish are hard to find, as they keep close to the river bed. We saw gar fish, with scales hard as stone. We made a camp fire and had a regular old-fashioned fish fry; it tasted fine. The Indians ate until they were ill. The churches we saw were Catholic. The land was rich and should all be farmed. The people were very polite and generous. George, I wish we could live in South America; it is beautiful.

One morning I heard Eno say: "I hope you will be happy with George. You need his protection. Here there is no jealousy, as each has his own or is patiently waiting for them, as I am. Heloise, my darling, I would not trade you for all the universe, or any lady in Heaven. I adore you. I shall always be with you through eternity, love. We will live happily together as long as time lasts. After your transition we will live in Mars. All find their own as soon as they are worthy of their twin souls. After they are united here we call them angels. After your death, you are my wife in the sight of God and angels. He made you for me alone. I knew that was so before I came over here. Ancients

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called twin souls Osiris and Isis. When spirit mates are united here after a long separation, their happiness is indescribable.

"The sacred, pure love of twin souls is itself immortal life and happiness. Love and light hold the secret of eternal life. Heloise, love, when you come over here, our life will be filled with ecstasy and divine, holy peace." He showed me a beautiful diamond engagement ring; another very valuable, wonderful new blue Indian sapphire ring. The wonderful stone was cut square. Although it had only four sides, its brilliancy was greater than any imaginable stone. It was so perfect it looked like a blue diamond. This stone could not be found on earth; it is a mixture of the cobalt shade and midnight blue. We do not have such beautiful colors on earth. He showed me two pearls and a beautiful crown that I shall wear some day.

"When you pass over the beautiful river of Death I will take you in my arms to a wonderful mountain home. Then you will enjoy your jewels which I keep for you. Then you will be united to your friends and relatives and myself. Heloise, Emma, Julia, Stead and Lilly want to talk to you."

"Heloise, darling, we are your invisible helpers. I wish we had been mediums and missionaries while on earth. I see now how we could have been powers for good."

The more good you do on earth, the more wealth and friends you have here. If you steal on earth, you must return here that which was stolen, with interest. Do please help the women of the world, your dear sisters, out of white slavery. Help to abolish war, poverty, sickness, sin and crime. Help all farmers to obtain better conditions. People should buy directly from the farmer and should pay him higher prices. All men should be farmers on earth, yet no one should work over six hours, because all need more education. "Your government should control prices on absolute public neces-

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sities," said Eno. "Farmers should form colonies and work in perfect harmony and love, as they do here."

"Oh, Emma, dear, you look so young and beautiful. Your hair is darker and more beautiful than ever."

"We are all young and beautiful here, dear, providing we are good. Sin and ignorance mar the face and form. Lena is old and ugly here. She still suffers in purgatory surrounded by snakes for having killed me. She will suffer until she learns to keep God's holy commandments and obey saints. Heloise, dear, George is my other half. Lena should have returned to her own husband, as the angels told her to do. Here, she is an outcast, in darkness and poverty. People shun her. I can read her thoughts; they are as evil as ever."

"Emma, your aura is beautiful. I can see your gold cross and chain. I see lights near you. How pretty your robes and sandals are."

"Heloise, Emma has wealth now, while Lena suffers and begs in rags."

"Heloise, you look like Eno; twin souls resemble each other. Here they look exactly alike after they live together for a long time. They think in about the same manner."

"Emma, how do they find each other?"

"By the law of attraction. They fall in love at first sight. There is a perfect mental harmony."

"Eno, please explain what I see, dear."

"With pleasure, yes."

"Often I see two tall, beautiful angels that look exactly alike. One is a man, the smaller a woman. With them I see two children, a boy and a girl, that look like twins. All four are dressed in beautiful white and blue robes with sandals. I see many different colored lights around their beautiful heads. I see that the violet lights are the strongest. The woman wears a handsome gold crown and jewels. I see them now."

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"Heloise, my love, you see them just as I see them; your clairvoyance is perfect. The crown you see is the same to her as your wedding ring is to you on earth. The father and mother are spirit-mates from Saturn; I can tell by the lights around them. The two children are their own; these are born soul-mates, and will never be parted. If they were parted, death would surely follow eventually. Love, light and sex is life here. Spirit mates live in ecstasy in Saturn and all higher planets. Low, ignorant spirit, such as Lena, Al and Bill, will not find their own until they are worthy and educated. Heloise, no one with evil thoughts can enter Heaven.

"The birth of a new soul over here, if it is pure, is a glorious sight to witness. Resurrection from Earth to Saturn is a most magnificent sight."

"How can one go from Earth to that beautiful planet Saturn?"

"Earth is only a school to prepare for Heaven. Our Saviour, Jesus, went to Heaven. Some saints that follow in His golden footprints go to Saturn or higher planets direct from Earth.

"Selfishness and sin keep thousands earth-bound. Sin alone keeps millions of the dead in darkness and sorrow. Ignorance drags the soul downward. After death we all are rewarded according to our merits, good and bad. All go just where they belong. Life on earth is too short to squander it in sin. It doesn't pay.

"The body dies only once. In other planets twin souls are translated to higher spheres in ecstasy and radiant splendor. The Bible teaches that Elijah was translated from earth to Heaven. That was his reward for being a good medium. The Bible teaches spirit mates. 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Jacob saw them in a vision going from earth Heaven in pairs. They are God's holy angels doing His will. Twin souls are still climbing higher and higher to that

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'Great White Throne' on that tall, lovely ethereal ladder of gold. The vision was an emblem, a lesson for the world. We go step by step, from planet to planet, until we are pure in heart, then we shall see God in Heaven itself. There we will meet all our loved ones again. If one soul is lost, we search in the darkness again and again until we find him, then we watch over him for years until he learns the way to Heaven. One day all will be saved—not one lost.

"Heloise, your husband's full name is George Chester Morgan," said Emma.

"That's a fact," said George. "I had almost forgotten it—a good test. I never liked the name."

"George, I love the name Chester."

"Heloise, dear, call me anything you please."

"Come here, Chester, until I whisper something sweet in your ear. I am going to Healdsburg College and give our child a prenatal education. We must make the conditions for a perfect child."

After a few months of perfect living and hard study, Chester took me to Dr. Sargent's wonderful sanitarium, the best in the world. He gave us a sunny room next to his own, and called us his children. I went every day for scientific massage and baths.

Dr. Sargent paid his helpers well. He treated others better than he did himself. He treated hundreds of charity patients free, and at all times he gave money to the poor, and educated good boys. Dr. Sargent paid all the expenses of some students at Cooper Medical College. He worked day and night to help suffering humanity. He and his family were the best people I ever knew. He was noble, kind, generous; he lived above reproach and sin. He was very busy and a great student. He was the editor of "Health," an instructive journal he published once a month. "Health" was considered the most perfect and scientific medical journal of the age. As well as being an M. D., he healed

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the mind by suggestion. The great, noble psychotherapist cured the weak-minded and insane by prayer, suggestion and diet. Doctor often told them that "idleness was the devil's work-shop." He taught them to love work and study. My child was born in the calmness of the Twilight Sleep, a great invention and a secret to the world. We named her Elva Bell Morgan.

My little Elva looked like a real imported doll. She had large brown eyes, curly golden hair, tiny rosebud mouth, little couch-shell ears, pink little rose-petal hands and feet. I was the happiest young mother in the world. How I enjoyed the sweet little angel.

One night our dear Dr. Sargent invited John Disler and Augusta Whitney to hold a materializing seance. Emma came out of the cabinet first, dressed as a bride, with her beautiful hair braided in two long, heavy braids. She held a large bouquet of white roses in her arms and called for George. Soon as he embraced her she faded away by his side. Aunt Alvira and Sister Dolorine came next. I could not understand why they came; I thought they were alive in Colorado. Later I wrote to Denver and found out both had passed on. Dolorine proved it was herself. Eno came next. He looked as he had in life. He proved his identity. Hope and Daisy brought fresh flowers and threw them in our laps. An Indian girl called Bright Star laughed and danced for us. One man made yards of pretty lace for us. Another threw delicate perfume on our hands. A Sister of Charity and Salvation Army lassie prayed with us. Every person recognized some of their dead that night.

The phenomena was true; we gave them no chance to fake. There was a large fish globe on the table. Tiny lights kept sparkling around the fish. Eno flashed a perfect rainbow around the globe; it was grand. The numerous lights were dazzling with brilliancy. Our angels sang with us.

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The rooms were crowded with good, intelligent people from every part of the land. The sensitives worked under test conditions. They were reliable and honest. August was the finest trumpet medium in the world. She was beautiful, noble and the soul of honor; a total stranger to us, yet she gave each of us facts from our unseen friends. Sweet spirit voices sang in her silver trumpet while floating in the air above us. Eno sang "Nearer My God to Thee." I knew and recognized his voice. The voices sounded sweeter than any perfect trained singer on earth. The prayers and sacred songs were a sweet comfort to us.

Eno came out of the cabinet with long, flowing rich robes and taught us how to abolish universal poverty and sin. "We need more schools; universal brotherly love and good thoughts will give the poor plenty. God owns Heaven and earth. More churches. Universal scientific farming for all. Canals should flow through all deserts to cool the country and cause rain. All canals should run east and west, as they do in Mars and other planets." One lady asked Eno, "Where will we get the money?" The war money or the gold used for whiskey and tobacco is enough to carry through these reforms. These drugs ruin the soul and body. Tobacco is only good to kill germs in the garden. Use your personal influence to educate the world up to this idea. The three sides of the canal must be very strong, so as to avoid an overflow. Plant fruit and nuts on each side of the canals and along each side of all the railroads. Pass a law that all must work and study hard for four hours a day, from the ages of ten to forty. Soon good habits will form and the people will crave to work and study longer. The people should work and study where and when they please. The soul must have liberty to progress. Everyone should own land to work on just to keep in perfect health. Exercise and hard study prolongs life and beauty.

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Two meals a day is plenty, one at noon is better still. Babies should be fed very often, but little at a meal. If you live on one meal a day, drink a pint of pure cool water morning and evening and sleep in the open air. People should keep thin, active and charming. If you long to be happy, live a simple Christ-like life, and practice the Golden Rule. Treat others as you would have them treat you. The poor here are often the rich in other worlds. Never abuse a prisoner or beggar, for he is as much an entity as yourself. He may be a millionaire in the next world. Remember, he will take revenge then. We keep our individuality after death. Our disposition is the same one hour after we are here as it was an hour before death. Some do not realize they have passed through death until they see some one they know is dead. When they look into a mirror they are surprised because they look so young. Often times they thank God for youth and immortality. The ignorant and low are not so grateful.

Learn to create work for all that want work. If you die in debt here, you must pay all you owe in Mars. So you cannot cheat another on earth. Every wrong must be made right before you can own land or claim friends in the planets. You cannot deceive a soul after your transmission, for they can read your thoughts. It is of no avail to try to steal in Mars. They would catch you in the act by means of mental telepathy, and shun your society for months. No need of flirting, each has his other half, and are contented and happy. Work is very popular and fascinating here. We work hard about four hours a day. It is for play and recreation rather than work, hence none overwork. Work is a joy. It is a part of the law that all must graduate from school here before they can get married with the joyful ceremony to their own.

Lena came next with Al and Bill. She brought two great green snakes. The good angels let them

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in, so we could see how dark insane spirits looked and acted. They were practically nude—a short tunic or covering came to the knees. We saw them dimly. They came to make mischief. There was not a light near their heads, because of their sin, ignorance and laziness.

“Eno, why does Lena and Al bring snakes?”

“They are insane and fear them. Fear attracts the same as love does. Al thinks the same thoughts that vipers do. In the lonely swamps where he lives he cannot escape them. He was a cruel white slave fiend and thief on earth. His father was a low, ignorant drunk. Bill cheated his friends and drank, on earth. Now he is a low hypnotist, a beggar, and an outcast in darkness. These three live together, for they think the same thoughts. They were fast, cruel and very selfish; all were crazy for money. People here shun them—they are deceitful and very dangerous. Here are three good examples of the idle, ignorant rich. Never follow in their footsteps. See how wild the eyes look! how insane, old and guilty they look. Dear friends, it pays to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, that wonderful Divine medium. He is in Heaven now, surrounded with power, light and happiness.”

* * *

Elva Morgan is now sixteen, tall, slender, with large dark brown, soft innocent eyes. Her pure soul found expression in those mysterious, charming, languid eyes. She has long, heavy golden brown hair that just match her pretty big eyes. In the sunlight her wonderful wavy hair had a touch of gold. She was the most popular girl in college and a great painter and writer of short stories.

“Chester, dear, Elva has been in school all her life; we had better travel with her in California this vacation. Our poor little doll must have a change at once.”

We started first to Yosemite. Here we saw the rarest scenery in the world. Then we saw the red-

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wood forest; here we saw some of the largest trees in the world. We climbed the grand old Sierras. We hunted, we fished and sailed on pretty clear blue lakes. We sailed from San Francisco on the White Swan to Catalina. The voyage was calm and delightful. At Catalina we saw graceful silvery flying fish all around our boat. We saw the submarine gardens through clear glass-bottomed boats. The inventor touched a button turning on a powerful searchlight. Through this bright light we saw every variety of fish. The gold fish were brighter than ever. The sea bottom was a new world—a fairyland of great beauty. How we enjoyed the beautiful gardens of the sea. We gathered magnificent shells and hundreds of perfect, clear moonstones and opals. Some we made rings of.

We went to Los Angeles. We visited Rubio Canyon. How beautiful the fern-lined palace in the mountains was! I enjoyed the beautiful falls, and playfully let the cold water fall over my hands. Eno came and rejoiced that I was so happy in this beautiful fairyland. I could see him clearly in the sunshine by the waters. We walked and talked in the mountains as we had done years ago in the dear Colorado mountains. I heard every whisper just as distinctly as I did on that beautiful day before the fatal storm. "Heloise, I thank God nothing can harm the soul after it once leaves the earth."

"Eno, you look the same as ever, dear."

"At our birth on earth we are born with a physical and spiritual body. The earth body has decayed. I am now in this new spiritual body that looks like the other, only that it is more perfect. I weigh less than I did, for I float through space as fast as you can think. Darling child, I love my liberty and life. I thank God for glorious immortality. Now, pet, can't you be cheerful and happy when you know there is no death; when you know I will love you through all eternity, dove?"

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"Eno, I am happy, yet it is hard to convince others to know there is no death. My darling, I want everyone to be as happy as I am and to have more wealth than I have."

"So do I, dear. Selfishness keeps them in poverty, love." We left the bank of sweet-scented ferns for the summit. We took the trolley car up the steep incline. "We will soon reach Echo mountain," said Eno, and we did.

At Echo mountain the view is superb. Elva, George and I would sing, laugh and talk loud. The echo would repeat the song in a richer, firmer voice two or three times. "Mama, even the very mountains sing in perfect harmony with us."

"Certainly they do, Elva, darling. God created everything in harmony. There are no discords in nature; she is part of us." We took another electric car to Ye Alpine Tavern, an artistic home in which travelers may rest. The scenery was superb. The variety of views was charming and exhilarating. Roguish squirrels with large bushy tails played in the trees above us.

After climbing to a point which was six thousand feet above the sea, we returned to the Mt. Lowe Observatory. The kind, beloved professor showed us the sun spots through the glass. He was so polite and kind to us and taught us so much. We all loved him. I told him all that Eno had taught me about the sun and stars. He said that it was all true, according to science. Those words made me happy. We all know that E. L. Larkin is one of the most intelligent men of this age. He is a great student and is an authority on astronomy. Eno said, "The sun is full of electricity that gives life. The sun contains about sixty elements, radium, iron, etc. The fire in it does not burn out as it does on earth. Light is one of the greatest secrets of immortality. Love is another. The sun rotates on its axis faster than our world does; all stars rotate in like manner. In the Galaxy alone there

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are millions multiplied by millions of suns larger and grander than our own. Each sun gives life and happiness to millions of other worlds and all their inhabitants. Our Creator loves and protects them, as he does us, through all eternity. Oh! how I love God, our Father in Heaven."

"Eno, I wish I could be more worthy of His love and protection." How glorious to see the landscapes below us comprising range upon range of golden tinted mountains. "Elva, dear child, look below us and see the wide fertile valleys, the rivers, and far-reaching azure sea with its fringes of white breakers. Through this glass I can see them dash against the rocks near the lighthouse at San Pedro. I see the little islands and dear old Catalina."

Eno and I witnessed again a gorgeous violet sunset silently. Words cannot express our happiness caused by the grand scenery and glorious violet sunset. In the west was all blue and gold, in the east the world was pink. The bright rose mingled with the silver and azure blue. "Eno, I am afraid the Sun is sinking from our view."

"The sun leaves His glorious reflection on the azimuth of the horizon. It is like the resurrection of the Saviour. He left us His blessing of peace and love after suffering such cruel abuse from an ignorant world."

CHAPTER VII

A year later I founded a physical research society where honest mediums of all kinds worked free one day in each month. No fakes or mercenaries were allowed in the building; for so many selfish, ignorant mediums fake the truth for the money in it. I would rather starve to death than fake to any investigator seeking a message from their sacred dead. If I should deceive a hungry soul that came to me for knowledge, Eno and my angels would leave me, and the low, dark spirits like Lena, Bill and Al would cling to me and harm me by hypnotizing me to sin. "Eno, every time I think of them

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I hear them trying to abuse me. I know they are keeping me from doing good."

"Yes, Heloise, they have made enemies for you by mental suggestion. These three fiends have tried to part you from your husband. Heloise, love, do not make the condition for them to come and obsess you; they are depraved, low earth-bound demons and are very dangerous. They are vampires absorbing the vitality of innocent mortals. They cling to them for strength as life-like fungus to trees or barnacles to ships. Work and pray, love. Keeping your mind in harmony with God will drive them away, my poor dove. These three dark spirits are too ignorant and lazy to work or study. They have formed the habit of tormenting honest mediums so that some of them cannot get the truth. Doll-baby, they do not like you because you are good, pure and true.

"Heloise, write often to your mother and send her two nice Christmas presents now. She will spend Christmas over here with her parents that are making great preparation for her."

"I will send her some candy, a ring and lots of dainty things, today."

A month later I received a long letter from papa telling me the sad news of mama's death, also a letter from sister Flora telling me how happily she died without a pain. She saw her parents come for her just as Eno said they would. Christmas morning I felt her kiss me. I saw a handsome ruby ring she is keeping for me until we meet again. "Elva, she showed me her beautiful robes, jewels and home. Dear, she is rich, young, and lives in a wonderful mansion, just as you and I will do some day if we are good. Elva, dear, my mother was a perfect angel. I am glad all her children were married and happy before she left us. I am so glad your Aunt Gloria lives in California near us. We will visit her soon."

Often Eno and mother came to me. What a

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sweet comfort in my darkest hours when mourning for her, to look up with tear-blinded eyes and see my angel mother smile at me, her sweet, gentle lips pressed to my own. I thank God I often hear her sweet, soft, melodious voice close to my ear. She and my angels fill my life with beauty, sunshine and ecstasy.

Elva, sweetheart, my soul traveled to my future home. It was beautiful and real as our own is here. I was with mama and Eno. Her home was in the center of a small farm, something like our city park. The lawn was light green. All kinds of flowers grew beside the walk. On one side was a big bed of bright flowers nestled on the lawn in the form of a big butterfly, the wings of which were a variety of red, blue and yellow flowers. The back was a mass of dark blue violets. This butterfly of sweet flowers was perfect. Some of the flowers do not grow on earth; they will be cultivated here later. A magnificent fountain with marble cupids playing on golden harps wafted real music toward us as the water played over them.

She showed me her casket of valuable jewels and some of the gold dishes. She has musical instruments in every part of the house. She has pianos in the halls and a pipe organ in her bedroom. Her furniture was gorgeous.

Mama's helpers are students working their way through college. They are treated as herself. There are no servants on higher planes. All have what they earn and no more.

The most intelligent own the best homes and farms in Mars. In one room people were dancing; the beautiful floor looked like burnished gold. The lights were all the colors of the rainbow. It seemed that the winds had been captured to sigh through the rooms, the music was so subdued and sweet. Boys and girls wore pretty robes. The maids and youths that danced were once old and poor in the

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world. I saw faces I once knew. Mother owns a large library of valuable books and music.

I enjoyed her bungalow by the sea most. The sea was calm and beautiful as a topaz; no waves at all. The wonderful water seemed to be charged with electricity. It seemed like a tonic to be near it. We swam, rather floated in it. It was like a milk bath. We felt a gentle vibration such as one feels when listening to a great pipe organ. The deep sea was blue and golden and warm in summer. It was more invigorating than our water and lighter in weight. We felt a continuous soothing tremolo. "Mama dear, I know now you have your reward for being such a sweet, Christian mother."

Eno took me to visit the temples. They were round and massive. Thousands were singing songs similar to our oratorio. In another a great man was lecturing in the Martian language; it was simple. He spoke without effort. They sang after he had finished his discourse. All seemed so calm and dignified.

Each church in Mars had wonderful large pipe organs made of hardwood. Some had seven long white and black rows of keys; the black ones were made of solid polished jet. There were golden harps built in the wall with pipes from the organ behind the strings. The sound set the golden strings in motion and caused the harps to accompany the voices.

Again I saw the great canals, which were under perfect control. The canals make the climate perfect. All the land is utilized. Each farm is as neat and pretty as our parks are. I saw more gentlemen than ladies. Everybody seemed happy and busy. I saw great department stores and public buildings near the canal. I noticed one long machine shop or great power house to lift the gates of the canals. The house was full of windows.

All laws are kept and founded on the ten commandments. There are no slums or slaves in other

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worlds above us. They inhabit the earth and purgatory.

Eno and I drank a wonderful sparkling liquid from a golden loving cup. It tasted like old champagne, yet not intoxicating. It waved, sparkled and danced like sunbeams in a mountain spring. "Eno, dear, why does this nectar sparkle so?"

"My dear, it is charged with electricity. It is a tonic. Come, love, you are needed on earth. Men are planning to blow up the "Times." Do you wish to come as a witness?"

"Yes, Eno, how can I help you?"

"Telephone to the police in Los Angeles and warn them. Heloise, I want to save the men that are working in the building; they will burn to death."

"Oh, Eno, I hate to telephone, the police will say I am crazy! no one will believe me. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Come, love, and see the cruel men, ignorant of the sorrow and misery they are about to cause."

We floated in the glorious starlight, first ascending, then gradually descending to earth, covered in darkness. I saw three men put dynamite in the basement; one was ill or very nervous. Eno could see he had lung trouble. The smaller one did the work planned by two others. I trembled when I saw him. I heard an awful explosion, with groans of men suffering in terrible agony. From this fearful shock the souls (even after death) were insane for days, thinking they were still burning. There were millions of angels besides Eno trying to comfort and help them. The shock and pain was too much for their minds. "Eno, why did they cause these innocent men to suffer?"

"Selfishness and ignorance did it. The world will never be made better by such crimes, dear. Heloise, the only way to make the world better is to make better laws. The rich and poor should love each other and be friends; even a rich man likes to be

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loved. Be true to them and they will do more for you."

"Eno, I am glad I love the rich and poor just alike, most of us are doing the best we can."

Later I saw the picture of the man in the papers. They caught the right men. I saw him at the trial. It was the very same one I had seen blow up the Times and cause all those dear, precious souls to suffer. The noble good district attorney that sent them to prison was influenced by unseen angels to do so. I know he punished the guilty men. He certainly deserves a rich reward from the state, yet I do not know the gentleman. "Heloise, the world needs good men like him. The people are longing for good, honest men; men that will make the world brighter and better."

A few days later I saw Eno and my mother materialize when I was at home wide awake. My husband was sleeping in the same room. Eno showed me flowers, jewels, robes and love letters written in the air. Elva and I saw lights floating in the room. I saw faces and hands that look like those of mortals. I saw ladies, gentlemen, pretty girls, children and babies. They came from other worlds. I saw dear friends I once knew, with my mother floating around, gracefully as a bird could fly. "Tonight, dear, we will take you to visit the stars; you shall see them as they look from Earth and Mars."

"Elva, my darling child, I will picture some wonderful facts that I have seen in my dreams. Eno told me that since I have developed, my dreams are all true. Doll, that is a fact. I remember all that happens. Elva, some would call this vision a dream. I know my soul traveled while my body was resting. The subconscious mind cannot lie. Last night mother stood by my bed all dressed in white. Eno also wore white.

"Heloise, we will visit the war zone before we do the stars tonight. It will not take us long; we travel as fast as thought can." I felt myself going

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up with ecstasy. How happy I am floating away with Eno and mother in space. No wonder the birds sing so sweetly because they can fly so high. Flying in an airship is not so wonderful as floating in ether with your loved ones.

We saw all Europe and Mexico fighting. "Heloise, do you remember when I foretold that this war would take place?"

"Yes, Eno. The San Francisco earthquake happened when you said it would, years ago."

THE ALLIES WILL WIN

"The party that caused the war is the one that will get whipped. The present European war is the bloodiest, the most cruel in all the history of the human race. Gluttony, ignorance and selfishness caused it; it is heartless, wholesale murder; it is a crime." We saw honest soldiers forced to drive good farmers to fight. Later the enemy forced those farmers' wives, mothers and children in the storm to starve and die. Some returned to see their dear homes burned to the ground. We saw hundreds of poor young girls with war babies in their little helpless arms, crying with hunger. All Europe and Mexico is hungry, sad, discouraged and dying. It was terrible agony. "Heloise, can you realize now it is nobler to make farmers than soldiers?"

"What can I do to help stop war, Eno?"

"Pray and work for universal love and peace, influence, in every way you can, soldiers and sailors to strike. That is, to refuse to fight. It is better for a soldiers to be shot than to kill another in war. All nations should vote for universal peace; all should sign a contract or treaty of peace. The end of war would come with universality of democracy, with universal brotherly love and education, with honest, good intelligent policemen all over the world to prevent crime, instead of punishing the law

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breakers." We prayed for peace, love and rest. With broken hearts we sadly floated away to Mars.

That loved country has two moons. It takes 687 days to revolve around the sun. Its days are twice as long as ours. The night is not so dark or long. There is about one-half as much snow at the poles as we have. The canals run East and West, not from pole to pole. The Martians make better use of electricity than we do. They have more brains and energy than mortals. Eno and mother weigh one-third less than they did when on earth. Their forms are now pregnant with electricity, so they can float. It takes them a long time to learn to float and get used to conditions. I saw very few clouds. The great planet is radiant with energy, life and electricity. The two moons are small, but powerful, to give out so much light. The canals had higher waves than the ocean. The climate was perfect and somewhat like Denver would be if near the sea. No one tired there. The air is cool and bracing, yet delightful.

We visited Venus next. Here we found the same climate as California, a little warmer than Mars and not half so many canals. "Heloise, love, your world will have the same social conditions in one hundred years, as now exist in Venus. Love, a natural law in the spiritual world, exists in all planets. There is no poverty or slums in this beautiful star of love and harmony."

"Eno, have we just as much wealth in the world as have Mars and Venus?"

"They have more, dear. The world is young, rich, selfish and ignorant. They must learn that happiness consists in making others happy." The Venetians were generous and polite. Hope, my beautiful angel, took me in her arms and insisted that I should visit her. We walked to her home slowly that I might see the other magnificent homes. All were two-story buildings, full of windows. The schools are white and round, built in

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the center of a small farm. A farmer, here, can raise more from one acre than a man on earth can from fifty.

There is no war or sin in Venus. Wealth and love reign. There is a Queen and King only in each home. Each angel had two children, a son and a daughter—it was impossible for a mother to give birth to more. The children look alike and are never parted. They are twin-souls and are married after they graduate from university. "Mother, I wish the same law would pass in America; then we would have a better and stronger race." Hope's home was beautiful. Her husband was tall, about six feet, with dark wavy hair, large blue eyes, broad shoulders. He was very graceful and polite. Her two babies looked alike, only the little girl was small, like Hope. She talked baby talk to them and nursed them the same as a mother would on earth. Hope, how often do you nurse them? I inquired. About every three hours. They were perfect children. All they wore was a napkin and one plain, white dress. No one wore shoes, corsets or hats. No wonder they are rich. "Heloise, dear, think how rich you all would be if there was no war, or whiskey, tobacco, drugs, and mortals lived the simple life as they do here."

Hope and her husband played and sang for us. Their music was perfect. He played the violin, she the piano. They owned valuable instructive books. Her husband was a farmer part of the time. He had an office in town. They owned large black and white cows, horses and big black chickens. I saw tiny canary birds that would sing all day long. I saw a white kitty and a tiny black dog in the yard. I did not see any weeds, thorns or flies.

All had perfect health. They were beautiful and Christ-like. They had a new religion and new school system. Everything was practical. I visited a school and saw the teacher and the children. They had music and other lessons as we have. Just be-

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fore the children left they all took deep breathing lessons so they could float faster. They were light in weight as little fairies.

The children repeated after their teacher. They were small children, learning to memorize as a student would here:

"All we do succeeds," they said. "We are happiness. Opulence is mine. Life, energy, vitality belong to us. We have love, harmony and immortality. Our prayers are answered." The little ones knew that all that they said was true. They had faith.

Instead of running home they floated home, playing in the air. Some of the best teachers had light around their beautiful heads. "Heloise, my dear, it is late. For the sake of your health we will finish our tour of the stars after you are rested. Your body on earth needs nourishment and sunshine." Hope put her arms around mama. We floated back to earth in a circle, just as if we were stars traveling around an orbit. Eno traveled that way so I would ask some more childish questions.

I woke up about noon. The sun was shining brightly in my room. "Mama, here is your breakfast and a letter from Denver."

"My dear Heloise: Caleb and I are married and happy. He was once engaged to Sister Dolorine. She died a year ago. The cabin in the mountains where your lover died, is given us to promulgate science. A seance is held every day and night by honest mediums for investigators and honest skeptics. All are welcome. My husband has a large new sanitarium in Denver. He has cured several thousand of lung trouble. He is a doctor of the soul, now, and heals, mentally, the worst cases of insanity. He has proven in most of the cases that it is only obsession. All patients have their liberty and are treated very tenderly. Doctor Isaac, his assistant, has cured over one thousand cases. My husband said that he is the best doctor he ever knew.

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He heals by suggestion. Dr. Burke has a large college here of Science and Philosophy.

"Heloise, dear, please visit the wonderful, dear Dr. Burke. He has a college of Science and Philosophy in Burke, Calif., where they heal by science and suggestion. There you can take a course in Suggestive Therapeutics. I hope Elva will take a full course there. She will learn so much which she will make use of in after life. All crime and sickness can be cured by proper suggestion. Please come and see us soon as you can. Heloise, your father is here on a wedding tour with a beautiful, rich widow. They will visit California soon. Come and visit the dear, artistic cabin in the mountains once again. There, where we both met our fate. How strange we should both meet our spirit mates in this beautiful mountain. Eno often comes to help us in our work. Eno tells us that Dr. Burke is perfect and can cure any case in the world if he takes it in time. Please answer soon. Sincerely, Bee Sargent."

"Kiss mama good-night, Elva, darling; I am tired and must sleep." I tried to sleep, but Lena, Bill and Al came, commenced talking, swearing and abusing me so I began to cry. Eno came and drove them away.

"Heloise, never pay any attention to their insane chatter and babble; no one pays any attention to them here. For they are dangerous outcasts, suffering for the awful crimes they committed on earth and on lower planes over here. They steal, swear and lie yet, and are very poor and deceitful. They impersonate good angels."

"Eno, why are they so wicked and cruel?"

"Their parents are the same. They lie because it is a habit. The three are too stupid to try to improve or get out of their past conditions. They will not progress."

"Eno, darling, I fear and hate them."

"Doll baby, forget them by keeping very busy

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and happy; finish your book and read yourself asleep, love. Bless your sweet little heart, I will return for you soon as I drive these wicked beings out. I have a right to protect my own, that is the law here. They know you as my wife here, babe. Kiss me good-bye, love, Heloise I see you do not know how to kiss."

Soon I fell sound asleep, reading "Ruth's Marriage in Mars." It is a wonderful book, and true.

"Heloise, dove, are you ready for another pleasure trip among the stars and suns?"

"Yes, darling, I hope I go and never return."

"I see my little doll is getting too aristocratic to live in God's footstool any longer. Angels will come for you, pet, as soon as your work is done. The world needs you now, so be contented and do your work cheerfully and well."

"How beautiful your robes are tonight; how did you ever find such a strange, beautiful blue robe, woven here and there with perfect golden stars?" I looked in the glass. I wore beautiful long white robes. Eno pointed to my bed and smiled. There I saw my old body sleeping.

"Dear, that is all you will suffer in death. Please never worry or fear again." I tried to lift the big blue book on the table. I could not move it.

He took me in his arms and kissed me. "Doll, you are light as a feather and sweeter than Heaven." I felt myself being lifted up in his strong young arms. I playfully kissed myself good-bye. I felt of my old cheek and pinched my new cheek and Eno's arm and all three bits of flesh felt and looked the same, only Eno's arm felt hard and strong and firm.

"Eno, you look the same as you did on earth, only much nicer." He kissed me passionately and lifted me up rapidly. We went through the roof as well as the air. Up, up, swiftly, breathlessly.

"O! Eno, I cannot tell how I love to float with you among the stars." At the right we could see

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Mars. How glorious Saturn looks, with his two bright, golden rings and tinted bands. "Eno, why so many belts around him?"

"Love, those are canals. Later you will see them close to you."

"Eno, why do I see so many beautiful colors around the stars near Saturn and Jupiter?"

"They are new stars which God is preparing to be inhabited some day. Mercury is more advanced and will soon be inhabited. It is too hot now. It will be perfect as Mars is some day and gradually recede from the sun. Then its orbit will become fixed."

"Eno, darling, it is Heavenly to me to float around the stars."

"Love, here among the stars everything is very sacred and immortal, pet."

"O! Eno, look at Saturn now, with his wonderful rings suspended around it as if by a miracle."

"Heloise, no dark spirits like Bill and Al could ever wade through the lights of Saturn, in millions of years. They cannot even float ten feet yet."

"Eno, they are too lazy to try."

"None but the developed and the pure in heart shall ever see God. Heloise, Saturn has twelve Satellites, as Jupiter has." We watched Saturn's moons circle gracefully around him, like fair children on a summer's day about their mother's knee, or like girls dancing around the "Queen of May." Between the two rings around Saturn we floated down to the very head of it. The light was so bright that I could scarcely see at first. I cannot describe such a glorious light. Silvery light, without any night.

"Eno, this must be Heaven."

"It is very near it, dear. I will be glad when you and I come here."

"Eno, I wish we could live here now."

I noticed the rings now hung over the equator. The Saturnians were half light. Around their heads

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I could see pink, blue and violet lights which formed a large halo. They were very spiritual and artistic. Angels in this great, wonderful planet, live in harmony, forming a great corporation for good. They work together in love and unison. This is the secret of their success and happiness. The Saturnians are angelic missionaries going from planet to planet, doing their Father's will. How fortunate to be a child of the King, the Creator of this vast planetary system and millions upon millions more, greater than these glorious stars. If we could travel for billions of years as fast as the lightning goes, we would not get to the end of God's wonderful Starland. Infinite intelligence is more than we can conceive of.

"Come, Heloise, pet, we have stayed too long here, love; we must visit other planets and be contented with a glimpse at each now. Some day we will come here to live."

Eno again took me in his arms while we floated above Saturn over hills, valleys and deep, clear lakes, tinged with gold. All we saw was perfect in form. As we floated above, long after we had left the planet we heard the sweet birds singing in Saturn. We saw Uranus and Neptune and their lovely moons.

"O Eno, what great striped planet is that with all those moons?"

"It is Jupiter, love. Jupiter has twelve moons. Astronomers on earth have only discovered nine so far. From Mars they can see twelve." The moons looked like our own only much brighter and traveled faster. The stripes around Jupiter proved to be perfect canals, larger and better than the ones in Mars. They flowed from East to West. There is no night in Jupiter nor any ignorance. The light filled our souls with rapture. We took on the mental conditions of the people. Here our souls found rest. At last we had found perfect love and harmony. No war or sin or rich or poor here. They

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were rich in music and wisdom and lived in perfect health and ecstasy. No one was unhappy, for they practiced the Golden Rule daily. They used no money, but exchanged goods. They traded music lessons for painting, fruit for flowers, etc. They ate one small meal a day and drank pure, clear water, often. Everyone had perfect health, they could see and hear miles away. In that great planet there was no space or distance that kept the people from communicating with each other. Anyone could stay at home with his family and converse with a friend on the other side of the planet and hear every word distinctly and see him at the same time. They used no telephones. It was all done by the mind. Mind did away with all mechanical contrivances.

All men did was to live in ecstasy with the wife they adored and enjoy their friends, praising God for all their blessings. No one lived alone here; each pair lived perfectly happy with their two children. These four will never be parted through all eternity.

"Eno, I would be an ungrateful, mean sinner to do wrong now, after seeing how much God loves us, dear."

"We have not seen an ion of all he has created yet, Heloise, love. We will discover new worlds in flying heavenward; the longer we soar above, the more we praise God for His love. Heloise, dove, do you see those seven bright azure and golden stars above us?"

"Eno, their great beauty holds me spell-bound with rapture. O, angels of light and beauty, open those Pleiad eyes liquid and tender. Let me lose myself among their depths. O, such glorious splendor."

"Heloise, love, the Pleiades are a silvery prismatic rosette of diamonds where angels of romance adore their loved ones."

"Eno, I wish there was a golden chain that

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would link us in these stars forever, dear heart."

"Doll, the affection we have for each other is stronger than any chain. These planets are held together by gravitation just as we are, pet. St. John saw these seven brilliant stars in a vision. The holy churches are now burning seven golden candlesticks, pleading to the Saints that live here. The ancient Egyptians had temples erected in honor of these stars."

"Eno, I want to go back to our home in Mars. My soul is not ready for Heaven. I am bewildered and overcome with so much light and beauty."

"Heloise, you see that each one must begin on earth and 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling,' as Jesus said; no soul can skip from Earth to Heaven in a day. We are too young to enjoy Heaven now and too ignorant. We will glide down to Mars and stay from now on: 'Thy will be done.'"

"Eno, I love this beautiful home and you, more than all the universe."

"Heloise, pet, peace, rest and love at home are the harmonies in the symphony of the soul. Love, after you have rested we will dine, then visit the Observatory so you may view the stars from Mars."

The long table in the large, beautiful dining room was filled with fruit, nuts and flowers. The fruit was delicious and much larger than any on earth. The bread was filled with nuts and dried fruit. The last course was peaches and rich, sweet cream. The peaches are about the size of our muskmelons, the grapes about twice as large as any on earth.

We visited the most perfect observatory in Mars. Eno helped me up the steps. Together we looked through the powerful clear crystal lens. No human could ever invent such a perfect telescope. We saw part of the Milky Way. "My dove, these stars are new and young." I seemed to see God's incubator where new worlds are born. With the naked eyes,

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from Mars, the Milky Way looks like a million tinted pearls floating in a circle of violet light. When looking through the glass each was the size of the Earth's moon, yet all these stars are invisible from the Earth. After looking longer I saw that each star was tinted a light blue, pink and a golden silvery white. These pearls of the heavens floated separately in their orbits. I saw millions and millions of these silvery white stars floating about four feet apart. Each had a light near it, and was in constant motion, about the same as the Earth. Here we see more glorious wonders, proving God's infinite intelligence. God is preparing new worlds among these heavenly pearls for all the souls he has ever created. ("In My Father's house are many mansions.")

Eno and I then visited a massive, white, round temple and heard a lecture spoken under inspiration of an archangel, Jeanne d'Arc. Her guardian is Jesus. The speaker received facts by thought transference.

"My heavenly home is now among the Pleiades. I was cruelly abused on Earth for the sake of truth. Those that caused my death are still suffering in darkest purgatory. One of the voices I heard on Earth was my twin-soul that showed me in what manner I might win liberty for France. Our home is a round palace of crystal light surrounded with trees and fruit and flowers. Jesus is sometimes our guest. His presence with us is Holy joy and comfort."

After the lecture mama took us to her home to a joyous gathering. Games were played on the lawn. Trees in the rear were loaded with perfect fruit, the branches were filled with various colored singing birds. We heard other birds singing a long distance from us. Our eyes are so perfect we can see for miles. I could hear my little Elva on earth talking to some girls. The air is pure and bracing. At this party I saw mama's friends I loved on

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Earth. After the party I kissed Aunt Elvira and mother good-bye.

Eno and I floated home again. While sitting with him by the cheerful fireplace, we sat in silence, we saw lovely visions of God and His Holy family. The white and azure lights around our Savior are dazzling in their brilliancy. "Heloise, pet, I thank God our prayers are heard; at last you are my own wife forever." "Eno, I am perfectly happy with you here in God's Heavenly Starland." "Heloise, my sweet angel, my wife, we will worship Him forever, for our union and glorious resurrection."

The End.



The Authors (One a Spirit Picture)

Her Invisible Spirit Mate



A Scientific Novel and Psychological Lessons
on
How to Make the World More Beautiful

By Reverend Mrs. Charles Wilder Glass

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By Mrs. Charles Wilder Glass

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HER INVISIBLE SPIRIT MATE

INTRODUCTION

This book is written under inspiration of my mother and Benjamin Franklin Burke, M. D. I dedicate the book to them and to my husband and daughter. These lessons and the novel are reports of true experiences of my invisible helpers and of my investigations in the great soul world. My experience will prove our glorious resurrection. I write this book to help make the world more beautiful. These lessons will teach you how to get in rapport with God and His Holy Angels. Dr. B. F. Burke, who has lived in Mars twenty-four years, was a graduate of Cooper College. This gentleman was the soul of honor on earth. I know he is on a very high plane. So is my angel mother. They have given up their lives to missionary work and hard study. They are respected among a host of angels. They were honest, good, sincere Christians here. My mother and Dr. Burke have the reputation of being the most perfect souls in Mars. I know it is a fact, that is the reason I can comfort others by giving this truth to the world. I was born a prophetess and psychic. When young I would get the future by dreams. After the wonderful phychic, Mrs. Augusta Vail, developed me I could give readings by mental telepathy, psychometry or clairvoyance. To practice the Golden Rule and do good is my religion. Most of the people in my novel have been dead for years. Angels have asked me many times to give these facts to a discouraged, war-stricken world. May this book be a light that will shine in a world of darkness and bloodshed. May it help establish universal peace, love, prosperity, industry and harmony. I would give my life to see this accomplished, as I love humanity with all my soul. We all belong to God and are a part of Him, hence we are divine. Our mind is that which loves, thinks and lives forever. Soul and mind are the same.

HER INVISIBLE SPIRIT MATE

OBSESSION AND ITS CURE

These lessons are to help shed some light on the unseen world, and to teach my readers how to avoid getting in rapport with wicked, earth-bound spirits. The book is to help you to reach Heaven. Death does not change our individuality. Our forms alone are changed from old age to youth and happiness, if we are good; then this mortal puts on immortality. If we die in sin and ignorance we remain ignorant and sinful after death. We can only progress by pure thoughts, hard study and love in any planet. It is knowledge that lifts us. up, ignorance pulls us down. I know that wicked, ignorant, earth-bound demons come back to obsess innocent men and women. Habits cling to us after death. It pays us to form good habits now. I have known some of the finest psychics in the world to be obsessed by dark, cruel, lazy spirits. A dear, good Christian friend of mind had a sad experience with low demons whom we will call Lena, Bill, Al and their folks. Al's people lied to cover up his crimes. Al is lazy and has the appearance of a madman; his wicked thoughts and crimes keep him ill and insane; his laziness and deception keep him and his father poor and unpopular. Bill and Al often try to harm pure, helpless dying women or girls to make white slaves of them, even after death. They want to drift with the tide and keep up their habits. Angels will not permit them to wrong pure, sweet girls as they did while living on earth. Their sins were not punished on earth, but now they must suffer for them. They deceived the public and pretended to be good. They drank, lied, robbed and wronged good honest young women. They were very cunning and deceitful in all their wicked, heartless crimes, and they retain the same individuality now. Lena, Bill and Al are too weak and lazy to change their thoughts, hence they are still in darkness and oblivion; they are living in

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Purgatory in filth and poverty. Women fear and hate them, men never speak to them. No woman is safe in their company. Disobedience to God's law has caused their poverty and insanity. Once Al had taken money from a woman to entice pure young girls on earth to a life of shame and suffering so that he could enjoy their hard-earned blood money. God forbid that we should ever wrong a soul. My invisible helpers can cast out demons and heal those who suffer. Sensitives, you must let wicked spirits alone unless you can help them, for they will cling to you and drag you down, if you do as they do. I am glad I have helped some out of darkness and despair. Lena and the Harris demons have hearts of stone; they are too lazy to help themselves; they have refused work and help from others. On January 8, 1917, these fiends tried to break up our class in psychology by lying to my pupils. I saw William James and Dr. B. F. Burke drive them out. As soon as they left, we received truth and names from our invisible loved ones. Jack London and B. F. Mills came with Daisy and my mother. They encouraged me to go on with my work. William Stead and Julia, his spirit mate, often come to help me and cheer me on. God bless their dear souls. Words cannot express how I love these angels of light and beauty. I would not take a million dollars for my psychic powers. It is such a sweet comfort to hear angels whispering softly in my ear. I live for God and the angel world. My mission on earth is to do good, and cast out evil spirits in the name of Jesus and His Saints. I can teach others to detect good spirits from bad ones. I am in ecstasy as soon as I am in harmony with angels. I earnestly pray to God that I can give as much happiness to others as I have received from the angel world. With God's help, I will be kind and sweet to all I meet. I am here to love people

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and help them on their way. Those that live in the slums are my own kindred.

I keep demons away by prayer and fasting. I have learned how to make the conditions for my mother and other angels to come. I know my poor friend's terrible suffering is about over in that direction. She or I never wronged Lena or these low Harris men, but they have done so to us. They are in darkness now from constant drinking and adultery committed on earth. They try to continue the same life over there. Death does not change our desires or disposition in the least. Habit clings to us. Now is the time to form good habits. We make our future conditions in this world. The Harris boys' minds are weaker than animals on this plane, for Bill and Al continue to lie and impersonate my loved ones in Heaven. Their wicked, guilty consciences make their faces ugly and their lives miserable. I have developed for so long a time that my mind is like a telephone receiver. I hear songs and classical music on higher planes. I sense suffering and ignorance on lower planes. Purgatory is the first plane, Earth the second, Mars third, Venus fourth, etc. Our mental development takes us to these different planes after our transition. Good thoughts and education, not money or sin, take us onward and upward. It pays us well to think perfect thoughts now, not tomorrow. Live beautifully today. Do good and help make the world more beautiful. Any one that will not help in this war and darkness is a coward and a shirk. Work hard to crush out poverty, sin, white-slavery, ignorance, drunkenness, hate, war and selfishness. If we follow the Golden Rule and live perfect lives here, there will be no demons or darkness after death. Dr. Burke or myself have never wronged these wicked Harris men or Lena (he never knew them), and they blackmail us for his wealth; they are lazy and envy him. Poverty exists where there is

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sin and ignorance. On July 4, 1916, Al and Bill showed my friend a huge yellow and green snake and threw it on her back, after swearing at her and insulting her shamefully. The language was too coarse and too terrible to repeat. In her dreams, Bill and Lena tortured her constantly. For days they cruelly obsessed her. One day they would hypnotize her to think that she was alone in the world forever suffering eternal pain and sorrow. The next day she was insulted and beaten, then burned with hot irons. They threw poisonous snakes on her that seemed real and caused her to faint with fear. Satan is an angel compared to these Harris fiends and their deceitful companion, Lena. They were low, hardened demons and insane fiends. Their faces were ugly and old, their eyes wild and glassy. Al pulled out all his eyelashes. People never spoke to or thought of them, so they were lonely and despondent in awful darkness. They were eager to fight even among themselves. Ignorance or illness causes obsession.

Demoniacal possession is a scientific ancient and modern fact. The best way to get rid of evil spirits is never to think of them and keep very busy and cheerful. Sometimes a prayer in the name of Jesus and your angels, with a command to depart forever, will effect exorcism. In Purgatory and in this world the good and bad mingle together. As soon as the soul is developed and just as soon as we can read each other's thoughts, then there is a parting of the ways. I have heard very high angels say that Al would be insane many years yet. By my clairvoyance I find many helpless souls in darkness and sin. Their conditions are terrible. Sin in any form never pays. I know there are souls in Purgatory paying the penalty of former crimes. I have learned to deliver innocent sensitives here or anywhere of demoniacal possession. Often, prayer, diet and good, pure thoughts will drive it away. Keep busy and in perfect health.

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I have often heard Al's obscene language by mental telepathy or thought transference. It was too vile to repeat. I heard him tell Kate Burke, a sweet saint, that he would torment her forever, then beg her friends for money. I hate to hear or see these insane demons; I see them and cannot help myself. I love to see my invisible friends. Our unjust laws send these poor, undeveloped souls over there before they are prepared to die. Often they return, after being executed, to do more harm than ever. Capital punishment is a crime. A very wicked person is a very ill person; he should never be abused, but coaxed to work on our prison farms. Every prison should have a school and library. The prisoners should be taught music and every branch of study. All evil spirits should be educated and treated kindly if they show the least desire to do what is right. I have seen Al stagger and fall. This is because he was a dope fiend and drunkard. His father was drunk most of the time a year previous to his birth. Children should have a pre-natal education. Babies in other worlds have that birth-right. Angels work like busy bees for perfection; so should we. Honest missionary work of any kind is noble. We should encourage good workers. Yet these Harris fiends did all in their power to prevent the best psychic in the world from doing a great work. Kate Burke was a devoted Christian psychic, as pure and innocent as a child. She and other saints have been abused and shamefully persecuted by the Harris demons. Death tears the midnight mask from their faces; their aura reveal their dark past. After death we cannot get away from our past; our sins'cling to us like germs to a leper and infect our aura. I am working to develop a perfect character and radiant aura so that I can go to my mother and other loved ones at death.

I never saw a medium in all my life that was not obsessed by some ignorant or insane entity; that

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is why I am doing all in my power for universal education. In my psychological classes I develop the mind so that my pupils can get in tune with Infinite Intelligence. It is heaven to be in rapport with God and His holy angels. Kate Burke was one of the most perfect spiritual missionaries I ever knew. She was a marvelous psychic. Yet these Harris demons abused and insulted her daily for ten years. They did all in their power to ruin her and they influenced others against her. In spite of these terrible persecutions, she kept in perfect condition and proved to thousands that there is no death, and that mind can overcome obsession, ignorance and sin. I know ignorance is a terrible thing that chains the soul in darkness and despair. It is a crime not to cultivate the mind. We must study and work here or live in poverty and darkness after death, until we progress out of that state. I saw Jennie Glass in my room, about four years after we buried her. I saw her cry because her son went to war and was surprised that such a sweet angel could suffer. After death our departed love us more than ever. In 1916 my soul floated again to Mars. I saw peach and almond trees in bloom. It was spring-time and the country was a fairyland of beauty. In Mars I found great wealth and gallantry among the Burke brothers. Ladies admired their chivalry. I am glad angels are extremely polite and Christ-like. May God protect us from such demons as the Harris fiends as we pass on to Heaven. Now is the time to prepare our souls for a higher plane. The most important thing in life is to prepare the soul for death. We are all architects building future conditions. Now is the time to build up a good foundation. I know Lena, Bill and Al Harris obsessed Mrs. Burke by hypnotism for years and tortured her mentally. She was a wonderful psychic and prophetess. Long ago at her private seances the table would move and answer our questions intel-

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ligerly. She would foretell future events correctly. I saw a bee and a butterfly materialize on the table. I heard a song from her angels. I saw a man's arm and my mother's face materialize. Soon as the war broke out in Europe she said the allies would win. Her invisible helpers showed her beautiful poetry written in the air and bright lights in the night. The Harris fiends prevented her from being the greatest psychic in the world. These evil spirits used to insult and abuse this pure girl shamefully. They caused her great sorrow by impersonating her loved ones. No good person could realize their sly, cunning deception. I have seen Al crawl on the ground, too weak to stand alone. It is Divine justice, for he and Bill constantly hinder good sensitives from doing missionary work. They are now reaping the harvest of their awful crimes. Never live as they did. Never make the conditions for them to be happy near you. The best cure for obsession is to keep them out of your thoughts entirely. Keep cheerful; fasting and prayer will keep demons away. I cast out devils by prayer and science. I heal many by the same Divine law. I know it is ignorance to be ill or poor. God has given plenty for all. The greatest good we can do is to teach industry and cheerfulness. I love to help comfort those that suffer by proving to them there is no death or separation from loved ones. If you wish to attract your own to you, think of them. Thoughts are things. The power of thoughts is like magic. Good thoughts build up the soul and body; wicked, cruel thoughts will tear it down. "As one thinketh, so is he" applies to health, harmony, love and wealth. "None but the pure in heart shall see God." If you wish to make money or win success, think and plan out your life work, then never deviate from those plans. In time, prayer and hard work will bring success in life. Money comes from doing the very best you can. Make your life beautiful today. Live as if you

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would die tomorrow. Make most of every opportunity. Of course, success means hard work—rightly applied—for prayer without work is in vain. All work is beautiful. No one should ever retire from work that they love. Folks past seventy should be paid one-half wages for manual labor, full wages for mental work, as the educated mind is stronger in old age. I love to work. All normal people do. Now is the time to work, because God needs us to be missionaries. I long to help lift the world above war, hate, sin and selfishness. We must preserve the noble white race. "Thou shalt not kill." In refusing to murder our brother, we obey God. It is our duty to plan and and vote for universal peace, then demand it at once after the Allies win. I see clairvoyantly through this awful darkness a welcomed new light penetrating the night. The dawn of a glorious new scientific religion is shedding its light. When each dear soul has had a glimpse of Heaven, as I have, and heard the angels whisper facts to them and know there is no death, then hate and war will be done away with. The world needs love for each other. Give to those that suffer your sincere love from the very depths of your beautiful Christlike soul. May we love as they do in stars above. Sincere love for others is sublime. The reward of a perfect love for humanity is Heaven. God is love. Love is an inspiration that leads us to Him.

LESSONS ON SCIENTIFIC HEALING

I heal through Dr. B. F. Burke, who gets his power from God. I cure people by prayer, suggestion and magnetism from my hands. I sent a red rose that I magnetized to a very sick boy. They placed it on his chest. He was cured by absent treatment. I build up the body and mind through my invisible doctor's scientific methods. The mind is divine and must be kept strong and in perfect condition, and so must the body. We should keep

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strong, young, cheerful and slender. It is our duty to live hygienically and economically at all times. We eat too much and wear too many clothes. Children should have fresh, nourishing food morning and evening. Adults, only one meal a day at noon, with a pint of pure water every morning and night. Sleep out-of-doors, then you will not need so much to eat. Fresh air, sunshine, pure water and work make the high cost of living much lower. A few days ago I was ill and discouraged. Dr. Burke and my mother told funny jokes all night; they kept me laughing constantly. Next day I was perfectly well and happy again. In order to heal another we must bury our sorrow, then give cheerful suggestion. Send out sunny, inspiring thoughts at all times to others. Wicked or depressed thoughts make you ill or insane. Prayer and noble thoughts will keep you well if you keep the laws of hygiene. What we eat builds the body; what we do and think builds the soul. "As one thinketh, so is he."

Smile and pray before you go to sleep. At sunrise welcome your angels with a smile and good thoughts. Keep sweet and cheerful under all conditions. Perfect happiness and love is health and wealth. Do all within your power to make your soul more beautiful. God dwells within our souls, and we are part of the whole. Our thoughts of to-day make our tomorrow. In order to retain your health after forty, eat less, take a daily bath, study more, and work faster. Beautiful thoughts make a pretty face. Ladies should steam their faces twice a week. After taking off the hot compresses, rub the face with ice, then massage with cold cream. Keep slender by housework and diet. The most nourishing foods are nuts, fruit, cream, raw vegetables. It ruins a wife's beauty to cook much and ruins her husband's health. Raw eggs beaten well, served with rich pure cream, is a dainty, nourishing dessert. This builds up the system. A variety

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of food is essential to keep one in perfect health. Eat slowly and enjoy your meals. Never worry or get angry; it hinders digestion and makes wrinkles. Worry and overwork causes gray hair. Hard study or any mental work, if enjoyed, makes the hair heavy and luxuriant. Make a habit of cheerfulness, if you wish to be attractive and young. Forget your age by keeping very busy and happy. Suggest to yourself that you are only sixteen in looks. Light farming in God's glorious sunshine will keep you in perfect health, if you diet and study good books. Music inspires one and helps to keep you in perfect health. Melody makes the condition for harmony and romance. We need both in this practical, selfish, ignorant world. Hypnotism as a therapeutic resource should never be used until after all other remedies have failed. The mind must have perfect liberty in order to develop the soul. It is our duty to do away with all reform schools, insane asylums and prisons. The sooner the world is set free, and we place the utmost confidence in humanity, the greater and more beautiful it will be.

How young and radiant the people in Mars looked to me. I noticed electricity was used in every conceivable form in Mars. I saw an organ attached to a battery. Mama gave me a wonderful treatment by applying musical electricity to my hair and form. Electricity is life, and is used in Mars instead of drugs. What a piece of work is man! How grand! How noble is character! He has the faculty to reason. In form, how beautiful; in thought and action, how like an angel! How like a God after his transmission from Earth to Mars. The people in Mars are grand, radiant with life and energy. Great minds have constructed useful canals all over Mars and other worlds. Dr. Burke tells me we must have canals some day, and our large rivers should have small canals for irrigation. In order to advance we must keep the ten commandments and practice the following lines:

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I will be true, pure and cheerful. I will smile while I work. I will study and gain health, strength, friends and success. I will work and pray. I will be contented and happy now, knowing there is no death. I will practice the Golden Rule.

These are elevating thoughts that keep you young and happy and build your health and mind up. In Mars, talent expressed is wealth. They worship God and love Jesus. So do I, too, admire His perfect mind and powerful, noble thoughts. He controls the atoms of space. Our Lord's mind brought substance out of ether and fed hundreds bread and fish. Dr. Burke and my mother love Him more than ever. At the wedding feast He made the sparkling waters blush and materialized unfermented wine, and money out from the mouth of the fish. He knew the seas held a wealth of gold. He demonstrated the truth and proved "thoughts are things." He was a great healer and psychic. I love Him. I have often seen Dr. Burke materialize jewels and other things out of ether. He is a grand, noble Christian and a popular resident in Mars. Years ago he died in California. He wants to make the world more beautiful through my pen and psychic powers. May God help me to work for Jesus and the angel world.

Scientific Farming

Please bear in mind, my dear readers, that my books are not referring to any living person or edifice on earth. This book is to comfort others. These lessons on farming are to alleviate poverty in our slums. My books are to make conditions better. Farming is delightful and should be encouraged in every way possible for the general good of humanity. It is our duty to make it attractive, beautiful and profitable. Hard study and work prolong life and beauty. Mental work develops the soul and keeps us cheerful and useful. No one should

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neglect his education. Future farmers must be educated or fail to make an honest living. If you cannot own a farm, make a garden in the back yard. Call it a miniature farm, keep it in perfect condition for the sake of your health. To be happy, our homes should be attractive, beautiful and healthful, surrounded by a little garden of Eden. A lawn in front, fruit, flowers, vegetables and a few profitable chickens in the rear. Prosperity is the result of industry and harmony. Save all seeds to exchange with your neighbors. Dry and can all fruit and vegetables that you cannot sell. Boil the juice of grapes, oranges, lemons, limes and grapefruit for ten minutes, and can in well sterilized jars. This will keep for years and makes a very nutritious drink. It is a great economy to have grapes hanging from your veranda or portico in front, and your back fence covered with berries. In this way you can save a little for taxes. Taxes should be one-half what they are now. Each man should own his home. All men should own the big trusts and corporations, and each work and share the profits alike. All worlds "belong to God and the fullness thereof." We, His children, own an interest in the whole. Farming, without any education or recreation, will bend the beautiful form and dwarf the mind. Love and variety are the soul of life. Homes should be builded on the highest and sunniest place on the farm, where it is dry and surrounded by pure air and sunshine. To be happy, we must have health. My invisible loved ones tell me there are happy homes, surrounded by wonderful farms, in all planets that can be cultivated. Anything that we need for health should be in reach of all (such as milk, grains, eggs, nuts, fruit, vegetables and salt). Some nations tax even the salt. That is cruel and unjust, for it causes blindness.

Extensive canals flowing through our land would save irrigation. Where there is fog, very little water is required for farming. Keep the surface

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of the soil well plowed, and free from weeds and stones. Until we are advanced enough to own canals, as they do in Mars, we can irrigate by making small trenches through each row. Grapes, figs, cactus, olives, apples, beans, etc., should be planted on the hillside or waste land that cannot be used for grain or vegetables and nuts. These do not need irrigation after the first year. Irrigate at twilight, never in the sunshine. Plan all your work. Intelligent preparation in anything brings success. Plan for a bountiful harvest. If you cannot sell your harvest, trade, exchange things. Our gold and silver should be made into useful things; it is a waste of time to make it into money. Use checks or scrip to represent credit for so much goods. We need a grand exchange bureau in every town. In this terrible war age nothing should be wasted. We need more farmers and schools. Now is the time to be Godlike, to help the world out of the Gethsemane of despair and poverty, caused by selfishness and war. We could have Heaven on earth if each one of us should follow in the golden footprints of Christ and His holy angels. Earth could be farmed more extensively if we had canals in the deserts where the heat is intense. Canals cause rain, cool the atmosphere and keep the ocean from wearing away the valuable land. There are no waves on the sea in Mars; canals take them off. Canals should be very long and narrow; they have waves. The gates must be perfect and made of steel. Iron would rust and so drown us all. Farming is beautiful and very profitable, for it brings health, wealth and happiness to those who love it. If land is poor, keep stock and chickens on it for a year or so to rest it. Farmers in Mars are radiant with youth and energy. We should be the same. Farming is the foundation of prosperity. Build little bird cotes among your vines and trees; their inmates are dainty little helpers that we could not live without. I have seen tiny yellow canary birds

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in Mars about the size of my little finger, and a large green parrot I once owned. I had several pet canary birds die. A few months later I saw them clairvoyantly, alone in my home. I heard my parrot sing while my spiritual body was traveling in Mars. He laughed and talked the same there as I taught him on earth. His memory had improved. I understood all he sang. I enjoyed hearing him laugh once again. If God has resurrected my pet animals, I know He will take us home to Heaven some day. I saw Dr. B. F. Burke driving a dark horse, in a buggy with his little adopted child, Kate Burke. She was a pretty little curly-headed blonde that died previous to her birth into this world. She is a little angel messenger of love that often helps me give tests. Her aunt, Mrs. K. Burke, who was a nurse on earth, comes with her to help me. I saw Dr. Burke and the child drive on and on through rich farmlands. I knew he could float, and wondered how he could enjoy that horse. I suppose it was because he loved horses, as most men do. Dr. Burke told me clairvoyantly that Mars was highly cultivated along the canals. I will be glad when God calls me to that marvelous country of love and liberty. Farmers are divine and kind; they till the sod and live near to God.

We should eat nuts and fruit; they are far more wholesome than bread. Tobacco is good to kill germs and people. It is poison to humanity. I want all farmers to be rich. Fresh slack lime mixed well with the soil will counteract the acid in the soil which makes buds turn black and fall off. If trees shed their flowers when buds, there will be no fruit. An antidote for fungus diseases is scalicide lime mixed with a little sulphur, stirred into the soil when dry. Mix all seeds with a little sulphur, ashes or red pepper when you plant them, so ants or bugs will not eat them. Plant castor beans; most rodents hate them. Farming is beautiful and worth doing well. Plants and trees with

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tender roots should be planted in pails or boxes, then transplanted after the roots get strong and tough. Try not to disturb the roots when transplanting. Plant blue grass, clover and spineless cacti for your stock and chickens. The fruit of all cacti is splendid for the table. Housework, farming, swimming and dancing are the kind of physical culture we need. After all, honest work is only a great pleasure that makes us beautiful and young. Work is a blessing we all need to make us happy and rich. The angels are pleading for workers in the midst of this heartless war, which has caused so much sorrow and poverty. The best way out of this trouble is to settle all international trouble by arbitration. Each country and church should start a petition at once for universal peace. We must have a new religion, universal scientific farming and education to do away with war and hate. Teach your children to shun war, not to kill, but to love mankind. Nations should visit and trade with each other and enjoy each other. I love all nations, for I claim all people as my brothers and sisters. I love them all. We are all one family. We belong to each other.

Psychical Research

I have had some remarkable experiences in thought transference. Telepathic impressions are conveyed from any planet to myself, if I am in perfect condition to sense them. It is only carrying on a conversation by thinking instead of talking. I have conversed with Mrs. Kate Burke in this manner. She told me of her suicide; her husband had married again and lost all track of her. He at once began to investigate, for he loved her dearly. I have his letter stating that she had died here, as I received it from another world. We were surprised to hear of her death, as we thought maybe she was married again. She is now a radiant little

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angel that has given me many facts from the spirit world. Last summer I told my friend, Mrs. Clark, her mother would die in three days, and she did. Before Mayor Sebastian's election I told his wife he would be mayor, and he was elected, as I had predicted to others in public. My angels told me he was a grand, good man. By interplanetary communication I found out he and his beautiful wife are twin souls. A strange fact, for not one man in a thousand is fortunate enough to get the one God made for him in this world. That is why we have so many divorces. Two years ago I predicted the death of a great ruler in 1916. I saw him clairvoyantly in a black uniform and knew I had seen the emblem of death. In 1916 the Emperor of Austria died. I saw later that the allies would win. I predicted that Wilson would be re-elected in 1916. I wrote him to that effect a year before it happened. I have foretold for my friends thousands of facts that later came true, so they told me.

Dr. Burke has often told me the correct time. Often I would close my eyes and toss a new dollar behind me, and he would always tell me whether heads or tails was up. He tells me when I am going to get a letter and who it is from. He often tells me who will visit us tomorrow; it comes out just as he predicts. Twice I saw Dr. Burke play ball in Mars. The boys played much faster than they do here. If the ball hits them, and they are highly developed, it never hurts them. Nothing can mar the soul after it reaches a certain state of development. Mind heals and is perfect. I know the body can suffer if ignorant, for I have seen the Harris fiends' legs and heads bruised and sore from being pounded after insulting pure young girls and married women. I fear Lena and her wicked companions, called Al and Bill in my novel. They are so very deceitful they will be dangerous for years to come. It is hard for lazy folks to form new habits. They don't want to reform. I have

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tried to reform them. On January 4, 1917, my soul visited Mars. I was in a massive house. I went into every room. In the barn I saw a tiny black and white shaggy dog not over seven inches long. I took him in my arms and played with him. I wish I had one just like him; he was a pet. I rode in a big airship, in Mars, that would seat twenty. The people feel like flesh and blood and look as we did at sixteen. They dearly love their wives and children. Love is all there is in any planet. Power and wealth are nothing if we are not loved. Love is divine, for God is Love.

Psychical Research, Inspired Doctrines

By honest, sincere investigations for years I have proven by my clairvoyance and telepathy to thousands that there is no death. This evidence you will find in all my books and lessons. The moment you know there is no death you should be absolutely happy. I thank God for love and immortality. Soon as your psychic powers are developed you can draw wisdom from the very fountain of Infinite Intelligence by communicating with angels, as I do. The God within me, or my soul, has often traveled through space; the eyes of my soul have feasted on heavenly scenery. I have seen flowers, lakes, homes, farms and entities in other brighter worlds than this. I observed spiritual forms grow lighter and brighter as they gradually advanced toward Heaven. If a great psychic could see God, He would appear as light. I can develop any mind to communicate with angels. I teach the knowledge I have obtained from intelligent, invisible scholars. These precious angels have gradually developed my clairvoyance and clairsaudience to make the world more beautiful. To do good is a great pleasure to me. To see or hear angels, you must be calm and keep in perfect health by diet, prayer and concentration. We must keep cheerful and make proper

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conditions mentally to attract the saints. Idleness will often cause illness and obsession. We must economize in time in order to reach perfection. Cultivate the mind above all things. Great, powerful minds rule the universe with intelligent order. Remember, a rich mentality is greater than all the material wealth in the universe. Angels follow the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them." The Golden Rule means just to love one another. Sincere love is what the world needs most.

I know God and His angels live and rule this great, stupendous universe with infinite intelligence. My mother and Dr. Burke told me our individuality is immortal. I thank God I can prove, under proper conditions, that intelligent communication with the so-called dead is a fact. I worship God with all my soul and being. I am happy when I do His will. We make our future happiness or unhappiness as we obey or disobey God's psychic laws. Our ignorance and sins punish us. Each thought or act will bring its reward, whether it is good or evil. The reward of love, education and industry is Heaven. The reward of sin and slothfulness is poverty and death. My religion is broad and beautiful, and not antagonistic to any church. Deeds, not creeds, count. Dr. Burke has taught me that the subconscious mind is Divine. I can demonstrate truth by thought transference with Infinite Intelligence, not with ignorant demons. Enjoy life by developing your psychic powers slowly and intelligently, for our mind takes us just where we belong after death. Enjoy this life, for some day we will all be angels in Heaven. Do all in your power to make the world more beautiful for others. Work hard to abolish every unjust law that causes innocent people to suffer as Jesus did. Life is a great struggle for the poor and sick, and too easy for the indolent and wicked. We should be eager missionaries hunting lost souls in darkness to give them love,

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light and food. Love is what these poor struggling souls need to encourage them to be perfect men and women. Dr. Burke, an archangel, has often said I would have been the greatest missionary and psychic in the world if these Harris fiends had not constantly lied and abused others and myself without any reason at all.

If we practice this new religion, harmony and prosperity will be the result. Hosts of angels are working in unison encircling the globe of sorrow. I sense their great love and sympathy for us. If the world would go into the silence at dawn, noon and twilight and concentrate for peace and love, soon war, hate and poverty would be abolished. If we could only realize the glories of universal love. Love is the most wonderful thing that exists in the universe. It is one of the mysterious secrets of immortality. Hate kills; love builds us up; it inspires us. Love in any form is sweet music to the soul. Love is a universal element that fills all space with life and happiness. It is part of God, and His most precious gifts. I plead with you to love others enough to establish laws that will abolish prisons and build schools that will abolish saloons, fast houses, slums, and prosper operas, dancing, farming and happy homes and children. It is our duty to establish a few good new laws and abandon so many poor ones. Thousands of good people are in prison from ignorance of our complicated laws. All laws should be founded on the ten commandments. The Golden Rule, obeyed from every standpoint, is all the law an educated nation needs. Love as you wish to be loved, and no one will wrong you if they are normal. Prosperity for all will be the result. The secret of success is, firstly, right thinking, then doing the very best you can. If you are out of work, cheerfully apply for a position. Make a habit of smiling. Smile. The cornerstone of success is industry and cheerfulness. Thoughts are things that will build you up or break you down. Daily

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say mentally, "My mentality is capable of great possibilities. I will practice diplomacy. I will cultivate confidence, energy and courage. I will spend less on clothes and food, so I can buy more books. I will develop music, poetry and all my talents. I will unfold my psychic powers. I will enjoy helping others more. My religion is from the angel world. My angels learn from archangels." By thought transference I know the Bible is true. Please read St. Luke. Christ said to the thief on the cross, "Verily, I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This proves the thief was innocent. No one should be convicted on circumstantial evidence. I think one-half of the people that are killed by law are good and innocent. The law has no right to kill any one. It is a crime to kill by law or war. Very wicked men should be forced to work on prison farms. Prisoners should be treated fairly. It is a terrible punishment to be deprived of liberty. In the next world we must make every wrong right. The honest beggar Lazarus went to Heaven; the selfish, heartless rich man to Hell. Cultivate charity to all. Make life beautiful for all. Make your future life happy by doing good to others. They will return it some day when you need them most. Our angels know our thoughts. After Christ's great victory over death He came back even through the walls to his disciples to prove there is no death. By the same scientific law my mother and Dr. B. F. Burke come back to me. I heard him sing "Nearer, My God to Thee" close to me. I have heard independent voices talk to me when all alone at home, and saw the speakers at the same time. I have many spirit pictures that are genuine. While my husband was sleeping at dawn I have seen genuine materialization, once of my mother's face, again of an arm, another time of Dr. Burke's full form. I felt his face and chest. He seemed like flesh and blood, yet I knew he had been dead over twenty years. I

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have seen him very often. I hear him and my mother talk every day. I often see lights that gradually diminish.

Psychical Research Lessons

To get facts from the soul world one must make the conditions by developing with an honest, good intelligent psychic. I get the truth and teach it to others. It is dangerous not to have a good scientific teacher along these lines. On August 25, 1916, my soul traveled to Mars again. I don't remember of floating, yet I know I was in Mars. I saw a lovely, smooth sea reflecting the golden light of a glorious sunset. There was not a wave on the vast body of water, not a ripple on its calm, brilliantly colored surface. On November 16, 1916, I heard Dr. B. F. Burke play an opera on his piano. The music was perfectly grand. Dr. Burke showed me some new three-story brick buildings in Mars. Almost all buildings there are of stone, cement or brick. The bricks were of a beautiful shade of bright pink. They bake them longer and they are much stronger than ours. My invisible companion said they used brick and a wonderful cement that looked like stone to save their valuable trees. We must do the same. The world needs trees, canals, and millions upon millions of industrious good farmers. Every man should be a happy farmer, enjoying the love of his wife and children. War must be done away with entirely. Now is the time to work hard and pray for universal peace and prosperity. My angels say all trouble could be settled by arbitration and higher education. There is no war in Mars. Why should men kill their dear, precious brothers whom the world needs so much? Away with war; it is all wrong; ignorant insanity. On August 30, 1916, I saw a lovely azure lake in Mars. Close to the lake was an elegant marble fountain near my future home.

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I have often seen my own home in Mars; it is new, elegant and richly furnished. The knowledge of my future home and happiness makes me contented under all conditions. Rich or poor, I will be Christ-like and happy.

On October 10, 1916, again my soul traveled to Mars. My invisible companion, Dr. Burke, took me to visit one of the department stores. The front was one polished glass window, raised by machinery so that the workers could have plenty of pure air and sunshine. The helpers owned part of the store. Nothing was misrepresented. I was surprised at the rich, beautiful things I saw there. I saw perfect artificial flowers which they make to decorate their homes and gowns. They don't pick growing flowers there, as the flowers have souls. I saw pretty bouquets which the ladies wear at parties. Perfume in Mars is sweeter than ours, even if it is not manufactured from fresh flowers. I saw nosegays of a new red color, and a flower I never saw on earth. It looked like a red buttercup. Roses that looked as if just picked from some California garden, yet they were made of rubber and tinted all colors. The pink, white, yellow, blue and red buds were made up in dainty nosegays for pretty young girls to wear. I rode in a wonderful airship and automobile. Mortals invented them by thought-transference. Farmers raise all that we do and more. My mother tells me there are two children born to each couple, a boy and a girl, who are twin souls. These children are perfect and are never parted. Husbands and wives are eternal companions and lovers there. I have seen horses, carriages, black and white cows, chickens, birds, swans on a lake, and perfect farms in Mars. Earth could look like Mars if it were highly cultivated. They love friends far more than money. Their hearts are overflowing with love. The Martians are in constant communica-

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tion with other worlds by mental wireless. We could in time get interplanetary communication established here if we take it up in our schools, or develop under a good psychic. In Mars there is no death, sin, poverty, old age, sorrow, war, crime, or universal ignorance such as exist here. What I admired most in Mars was the love of twin souls; they were so happy that they did all in their power to make others happy. Husbands courted and waited on their wives with pleasure. The longer twin souls are together, the more affectionate they are to each other. It is often the opposite here. In public the ladies wore long, graceful sleeves like a glove without any fingers. The gloves are made from part of the dress goods. The gloves are taken off as soon as the wearer gets home. They wear gloves so they will not get the magnetism of gentlemen. They do not flirt on higher planes, as they are desperately in love with their spirit mates. Some of the girls wore perfect nosegays of lilies of the valley, mignonette, forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds mingled with delicate green ferns and peculiar new grasses that I never saw on earth. Most of the girls were once old women that lived in this world. I saw handsome dresses and dainty lingerie all trimmed in lace fit for the fairies to dance in. They wore dainty sandals and jewels; their soft veils and laces were elegant. I dined with these Martians. They ate bread filled with nuts and cream and baked for hours. They served cream with pudding and apples. They only eat one small meal a day. On October 24, 1916, I saw a clear golden light about the size of a large pillow close to Dr. Burke's chest. It was bright and radiant. Mama and Alvin Bush show me wonderful lights and write words on the wall in gold for me. If I ask a question and see a star in front of me, that means yes. I often hear raps when alone in my room. Doctor shows

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me lights most every day. I have heard singing close to my ear and at a distance. The music there is grander than any here.

At camp meeting in 1915 I saw Christ's brilliant aura. It was silver and gold and azure. The lights were bright and perfect. I felt His holy presence and sensed His great love for me. I have been well and happy ever since. Ten years ago I went to Wiley, a good, honest spirit photographer. I had six sittings. I knew the ladies in the photograph at sight, but not the gentleman. I went to psychics for years. After seven years I found out that all the pictures were genuine. I got the names myself and sent to their relatives for their pictures. I compared them and found they were the same. I have proven many times that all the pictures were genuine. I have convinced hundreds of others by my clairvoyance that their dead returned and retained their individuality. Daily I have the pleasure of communicating with angels. I will be happy when they come to take me home. My death will be the most beautiful adventure of my life. I do not fear death; it is beautiful. I look forward to it with great pleasure. I know there is no death. There is only wonderful, mysterious life. Glorious immortal life.

One beautiful morning when I was awake there appeared soft gold and azure lights in my room, then diamonds and all kinds of brilliant stones floated before my eyes. When they disappeared I heard music from another world. The next morning I saw hundreds of perfect stars brilliantly sparkling in a dark blue sky. Again I heard Dr. Burke singing in a rich tenor voice close to my side. One evening I heard him play some very difficult classical music. I saw the piano. I heard my mother sing songs in Mars that she used to sing to me when she was on earth. I have long visits with her, and enjoy

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her more than ever. I have felt her kiss me. She writes in ether in her own handwriting. It is such a comfort to see her young, pretty face and little form. She comes to comfort and protect me. I thank God for her and my angel friends. I love my angel mother and invisible companions more than ever. It is a great pleasure to do good for their dear sakes. They inspire me to do God's will.

Ten years ago I used to hear raps in answer to questions. Later I have heard bands playing all kinds of music of other worlds. In Mars I have seen productive farms, beautiful parks, canals with waves, temples, schools, homes, shops, a sanitarium where tiny babes are taken care of after being murdered by their ignorant parents. It is a terrible crime to kill and causes angels a great deal of sorrow and work. At another time in Mars I saw a calm, clear sea at sunset. It was a glorious sight. Then I saw a small lake, cedar trees about as large as our big California redwoods. I have seen pianos, violins, organs, carpets, clothes, sandals, fruits, flowers and all kinds of books. The furniture is elegant in Mars. I have seen wonderful jewels. I held a large perfect diamond in my mouth to make sure it was real. Bear in mind, my form never leaves this world; the soul or mind travels. Thank God, the mind has perfect liberty to soar through space (if well developed). Sometimes angels picture these wonderful things to me, clairvoyantly, when I am alone at home. The brighter the light, the better I see. Ten years ago I could see better in the dark. I have often foretold that which would all come true months later exactly as I had predicted. That could not have been mind reading. Dr. B. F. Burke told me a few days after the war broke out in Europe, "The allies will win in the end." I know they will, for he is the soul of honor. I have heard Dr. Burke and my mother sweetly

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singing to me when alone. While my soul was traveling in space I saw wonderful new stars in the Milky Way that we cannot see from here. The stars are controlled by the power of many minds thinking in love and harmony. War can be done away with by right thinking and living. Sometime our spiritual bodies will be half electricity. The heavens are glowing in majesty and life. The air is effulgent with a variety of sweet-scented perfumes. Planets are floating in order and majesty in purple ether and look like a thousand jewels set in angels' diadems. The result of Infinite Intelligence has made the universe in so wonderful and beautiful a fashion that it makes my heart bleed to think our intelligent, noble brothers are killing each other in war. Selfishness in this awful bloody strife has turned men into insane brutes. After killing men by poison gases, an army is now throwing liquid fire at noble, young, white gentlemen. God will punish them in the next world. I hate war. There should be honor in everything, even in war. I think the result of this dreadful wicked war, from a psychological view, will bring about Socialism. In time there will be no crowned heads in Europe or in the world. One person is no better than another. No one has any right to abuse or rule another. Treat all as brothers. To avoid war, adhere strictly to the Golden Rule, even in thought. Treat all that suffer and live in this world as you would archangels, for Lazarus is a good example of the poor. Those whom you wrong or abuse may be rich in Heaven, while you suffer in darkness below. The result of this war will bring about polygamy, poverty and ignorance. If all men were as good, noble and benevolent as Henry Ford, there would be no war. God bless his soul. He did all he could for universal peace. He is one of the greatest men in the world. I would give my life cheerfully for universal peace. Give me all the money squandered on saloons, tobacco and war, and I will educate

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every soul in the world and give every man a happy home all his own. Dr. Burke, my invisible helper, told me that in one hundred years from now half of the white girls would marry Indians and dark men. God forbid that the white race should be exterminated. I love all people here. It nearly kills me to see our white people killed off and murdered without any reason. The greedy Huns, cruel, selfish instigators of war, must answer and suffer for this wholesale murder. No one can escape punishment. At night my soul often travels to the war zone. The subconscious mind cannot lie. To my great sorrow I see pure girls abused and children crying for bread. I see men insane from fear and noise, and others praying for death.

God made only one woman for every man, and it is not man's nature to love two women, unless he becomes depraved or crazy. If he owns more than one wife, he soon becomes a lazy beast without a soul. God only made one Eve for Adam. Each man has another half somewhere. The law of attraction will draw that certain person to you some time. Angels are man and wife in Heaven. For years I have known from invisible helpers that the philosophy of spirit mates is a scientific fact. Dr. B. F. Burke has taught me how to tell spirit mates by science and clairvoyance. Our object is to locate your other half so as to make you happy. Soul-mate germs are from God, or a part of the dual God—Mother and Infinite Father. It is a scientific fact that God is dual or He would not be immortal. There must be the negative and positive in all life.

Before birth, soul-mate germs resemble little oval balls of radium. Souls are partly composed of light; at least the soul germs are encased in light, blended as one by magnetism. God sends these soul germs from Heaven to earth by electricity, on waves of ether. Guardian angels protect them. They are part of God, or Infinite Intelligence, and are Immortal. Hence, it is a terrible crime to kill

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any one of them. It is an insult to our Creator. Life is so sacred and wonderful that it is a sin to kill. We could not be immortal without our other half. Light and love are part of life. Soul germs gradually grow the same as any other. We develop mentally through all eternity. (Our forms don't grow; in fact, our spiritual bodies grow lighter, more ethereal, more beautiful.) These precious globules of light that surround the male and female germs emanate from Deity. Male is positive, female is negative. One is worthless without the other. In other worlds the love of the opposite sex is stronger than ever, for they are more sensitive and normal. Here we are selfish, ignorant and abnormal. We are only children and can improve. We have all eternity to learn in. The greatest gift God ever gave to mortals or angels is their eternal companion, their twin-soul. I worship Him because He have given me such a perfect companion and immortality. These twin-soul germs have no consciousness before their birth on earth, or they would never come here to be parted and suffer so long before they are again united in love and happiness. I get these wonderful new facts by mental telegraphy, clairaudience and clear, beautiful clairvoyance. I will prove by these lessons and my scientific novel that all souls are dual. You are only half of another. God has loved us so that He has created some one especially for each one of us to love forever.

One perfect morning in August, 1916, about five o'clock, I saw in Mars a farm, and tall apple trees in bloom. What a change from earth to Mars. It was springtime there and winter here. Our sky is not so clear or rich a blue. Our fruit trees are not so large or perfect. Our water and air are not so pure. Poor humanity fights and sins while Martians work and study. They love and enjoy each other; we rob, hate and abuse our brothers.

In August, 1916, again my soul traveled to Mars.

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I saw a big three-story brick building with many windows. The bricks were a handsome red. The building was perfect in structure, proving the architect was very intelligent. I sensed powerful electricity in the air. Often I have seen my future home. The furniture is strong and elegant. The laundry and sewing machine were run by electricity. On the north side of my future home I saw a light stone chimney decorated with pink climbing roses; some bloomed on the top. How I admired the pretty flowers and perfect fruit. Their sweet music charmed me as I danced with them in the evening. I dined with them. I climbed hills in Mars as quick as lightning. As soon as angels learn to float they can travel as fast as thought. God has given the soul great power and liberty. I enjoy Mars now more than I do this world. Again I floated there and saw a small clear lake near my future home. There are boats on this lake and it is surrounded with beautiful scenery. That night I danced on highly polished hardwood floors. My heavenly home is elegant in every sense of the word. I get the future for others correctly as well as for myself. Others have seen my home and described it to me the same as I saw it. As God is my witness, and His holy angels, I swear, upon my sacred word and honor, all that I write on *Psychical Research* is a fact. Even my novels are founded on my own experience, and on the experience of others that now live in Mars and in Purgatory. My aim is to do good and give this wonderful truth to others, because I love them dearly. Words cannot express the love I have for God and His precious children. It is heavenly to me to make others happy. I live in ecstasy in loving others.

Will is might. Our minds take us to Heaven. Some day we will float through space like birds by will power. The soul of the psychic travels. Following are some of the things I have seen very plainly. They have impressed me more than any

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others. Once I saw ten large perfect black calves on a farm in Mars a year before this journey. I saw chickens, cows, horses, birds, a dog and parrot. A white kitty I once owned played around my feet. She and another black cat I owned knew me. I also played with a cute little dog, and a black Shetland pony. In Mars the animals are lively and intelligent. One morning about dawn I saw a very large arm and hand close to my face. It slowly dematerialized. On the night of October 27th, 1916, my soul traveled in the slums of Purgatory. I saw Al Harris on a dirty bed of rags very ill; there were boards in the front yard, which his father had stolen. He was forced to return them. Al was so insane and filthy that the sight turned me sick. Dr. Burke woke me; he did not want me to hear such obscene language. I saw my mother's face close too and felt her kiss me. I saw Dr. Burke in long white robes close to me. I was lifted up, up, one lovely moonlight night where I could view the Milky Way. I saw thousands of new glorious planets. Each floated gracefully in ether. They looked like beautiful tinted opals about the shape and size of a peach. These magnificent jewels inspired my soul to prayer. These are new baby worlds God is creating for his future children. What infinite love is manifested. "In my Father's house are many mansions," where we are united in perfect love with the inseparable halves of our being. Sometime all of us will be eternally married to our spiritual counterparts. I know we live in perfect love and ecstasy through all eternity with our spirit mate. I thank God He has created someone for each of us. I worship Him for the great immortal happiness He has in store for us. All homes and scenes I have described have been my own experience in Mars. Dr. B. F. Burke and my mother, who reside in Mars, tell me of other worlds that are inhabited. Every word I write is under test conditions so that I may comfort others with

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these wonderful facts. I cannot describe my happiness in feeling my own mother kiss me on my lips and hearing her talk to me after her death. She talks to me every day. I know her voice and see her face. I know our family will be united in Mars and I thank God for it. I write this book to comfort and encourage those that are now parted from their loved ones. There is no money to be made in books. All I ask is that it will cheer you up and be a blessing in your home. Keep it and read it for the sake of truth. My daily prayer is, "My Divine Creator and Holy Angels, accept my thanks for love, life, health and immortality. I thank Thee and the Angels for all the heavenly visions I have seen. O give me health and power to help establish universal peace, love and prosperity for all that work. O help me to do good and make the world more beautiful. Give me the strength to comfort the broken-hearted, the ill, the ignorant, the lonely, the helpless, the rich that suffer, and the poor. My Divine, Heavenly Father, wilt thou protect me? May I be united to my mother and the dear angels I have seen clairvoyantly? Please answer my prayers and give me more power to work and do good. Make me worthy of Thee and immortality. Angels of Love and Mercy inspire me to work for universal peace, prosperity and love. May I do Thy will with a heart sincere. Give me strength to practice the Golden Rule every hour of my life. May I get in perfect harmony with Thy Infinite Mind, so that I can heal others more abundantly and have greater powers in prophecy. Our spiritual minds are powerful electric organs. Our minds are great batteries of light."

HER INVISIBLE SPIRIT MATE
A Scientific Novel
By Rev. Mrs. Charles Wilder Glass
I.

"I love you, land of sunshine,
Half your beauties are untold;
I loved you in my childhood,
And I love you when I'm old,"—

sang a pretty young nurse on her way to work. Beautiful sunny California. Although it was March, the day was as perfect as a day in June. Fragrant flowers were in bloom, birds were singing sweetly. In an old apple tree a brown and white mocking bird was singing near his mate. He seemed to be leading a choir of birds that were singing amongst the roses near him. Their altar of sweet flowers was close by an open window. Nearby, a pretty young nurse walked, dressed in white. Trix Elizabeth Haskell had large dreamy blue eyes, long heavy golden brown hair, a beautiful complexion, tiny rosebud lips always smiling, showing two rows of exquisite white pearls. Her form was perfect. Trix was all love and energy. She came from "The Land of the Dakotas" to take a nurse's course at the famous Sanitarium. She married on the impulse of the moment a handsome young flirt. Being Dr. Bush's assistant, the young bride continued to assist the good doctor. Trix was nervous and restless. She longed to be out in the sunshine. She seemed to be drawn by nature, or some unknown invisible force, out into the warm, congenial sunshine. She played with her pretty parrot, then wandered out in the sunshine again. She turned up the steps of the next house into the still, vast hall. At the threshold of an open door she stood spell-bound, her eyes attracted to a pair of handsome large blue ones and a broad, pale face. The man's heavy black hair and beard shaded his face, making it appear much whiter by contrast. His

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perfect red lips were full and large. He was six feet tall, very broad shoulders and narrow-waisted, denoting great strength. Trix knew that this talented young physician was slowly dying. As each gazed into each other's eyes they seemed to have known each other for years instead of days. With tears in her eyes she returned to her young husband. Loyal W. Haskell was reading by the open window in the sunshine.

"Loyal, it must be terrible to die young."

Later they buried Dr. Alvin Bush at Lakeport, where he was born,—near his old home, close to his little daughter, Millie. Willard, his golden-haired son, never realized that his best and dearest friend and protector was dead. Dr. Bush was placed among the golden California poppies. The tall blue vase on his grave was filled every Sabbath with pure white lilies, an emblem of his noble character. Golden and crimson roses grew around his tomb. The stillness was only broken by the songs of sweet birds.

"Loyal, I pity his baby. How cruel it is that such an intelligent doctor should die so young with lung trouble. How he loved his son."

Tuberculosis killed this great man and thousands of others. It should be universally fought by living outdoors and eating good pure food."

"Loyal, dear, bend your curly head close to my own. I want to whisper a secret in your ear."

"We must leave this Sanitarium, Trix, where we can enjoy home life."

"O, Loyal, how happy I will be in a tiny home all alone with you, dear. We will buy a cute little home at once on the installment plan."

"Trix, here is a letter from your home."

"My dear children, I have made you a present of a place in Los Angeles. Enjoy it. We will write a long letter next time. Your father and mother."

"O, Loyal, why can't we go at once?"

"Trix, we will pack our trunks now, and start

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from San Francisco on the next boat that leaves for the sunny south."

"I will put my nurse's diploma in my suit case."

* * * * *

"Trix, I am glad we caught this boat in time. How calm the waters are. Look at the seal dive for fish. See how fast we are sailing out from the Golden Gate."

"Loyal, I am getting sea sick. Thank you for the hot water; I am better now. Loyal, come watch the great golden sun sinking in the rose-tinted horizon. What a perfect twilight this is. All the colors of the rainbow are floating on the blue sea."

"Look, Trix, there is a bold whale in the distance."

They silently watched the golden purple sun as he left his glittering pathway behind him in exchange for day. Smilingly and gracefully he dived into the ocean's depths. "Loyal, dear, I would love to paint this pretty marine scene."

"Trix, paint me landing that big, fat whale."

"Loyal, this constant rocking to and fro of the purple sea rests me."

"You need the rest; you have worked hard for your diploma. Trix, I am going to retire."

"I long to stay out here and see the moonlight shining on the waters. O, how I enjoyed that glorious sunset," mused Trix. "O, how delightful this voyage is, the noise of the waves is sweet music to my ear. How wonderful and powerful God is to keep such a noisy, restless sea in its bed." How safe she felt, trusting in Him for love and protection. A sweet new happiness filled her soul, as the moonlight cast a golden path on the turbulent waters. Her thoughts soared above the angry waters, and seemed to mingle with an angel in rapture, somewhere away out in the fathomless ocean of space, far above the dark struggling billows her soul found rest. Trix rejoiced in this new bliss, for she was young and the world was beau-

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tiful to her. She thought life was grand and worth living nobly. She determined to do all in her power to make the world more beautiful, because she had sensed the divine presence of an angel. This new knowledge made her happy. For a moment the soul was lifted up and experienced a strange new joy. It may have been only a fancy, yet this impressive day dream gave her new light and hope, new visions. Her soul felt the power of a new love. A great divine happiness filled her heart.

"Of love's clear crystal shall one morn look forth,
And lo, on the horizon, she will see
Another soul, nearing on golden wings,
And with a cry of light, a sob of joy,
The dear one will fall panting on her breast,
And fold his wings and lay his wearied head
Upon her heart forever."

* * * * *

Nature's Song

"Hast never seen gray mist arise on lonely height?
Burst not the sun in gorgeous poppy gold?
Nor spread and gleamed in glory as the light
In daily-birth transforms this world of old?

"Or did no meadow young in spring, with crop
Of tiny waxen buds, bestrew its sward,
And beckon with a thousand-throated choir
To come, and croon, and cull, in sweet accord?

"Nor did the moon's pale gleam make waters bright?
Nor turn'd the throb of sea to mighty roll?
Nor did the long-drawn sigh of quiet night
Caress, and lull, and cool, and heal thy soul?

"Or dost thou never see, nor ne'er behold?
That thou art turned, my Friend, in wrath from
God!"

—Jennie M. Glass.

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II.

"Home, sweet home," how sacred the words are. What a shame the author of those words should die a homeless beggar—a lonely tramp. Many noble souls die in the slums on a bed of straw. Poverty is a disgrace where there is so much land going to waste.

* * * * *

"Loyal, see my new blue aprons I made today."

"They look like sheets to me."

"I made two in five minutes. All I did was to hem both ends. I made two button-holes in the corners and cross it in the back, bring the two corners in front and button them just like this."

"Trix, you look sensible and as beautiful as a Greek goddess in such a robe."

"It only takes me a few minutes to iron them."

"Wear them all the time, dear; you look sweet in them."

"I made them to save work, so I would have more time to devote to you and my music. Loyal, I dreamed last night a wicked demon that lived in Purgatory influenced the Kaiser to fight the world; he loved to be influenced by these wicked Harris demons. So the dark spirits went to some younger princes that longed for more wealth and power, the Harris fiends influenced the men in such a way as to throw all Europe in war without giving the other nations any warning. Kaiserism caused all this. Loyal, I dreamed I could read their thoughts. I saw by their aura that they had hypnotised some men to blow up the Times and other buildings on the Pacific Coast. Bill Harris caused this great disaster years ago. This dreadful war lasted for years. I saw young widows making broth out of poor dogs to feed their starving babies. I saw them fight in the air and on land and water. After millions of men were killed and wounded I saw the Allies win—as right must win."

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"Trix, I guess you ate too much supper. All nations are too civilized to ever go to war now."

"Loyal, the postman just handed me a letter for you from a woman."

That night Trix read the long love letter to her husband. She cried all night; in the morning she forgave all for her child's sake. She tried hard to win her husband's love and make their home beautiful. Poor Trix taught music, played in church, and worked and saved at home, while Loyal flirted and courted weak-minded women. Months went by without any change in the home.

"Loyal, dear, I have a surprise for you; I have traded this old home for a nicer one out in the foothills."

In a few days they were all settled in their lovely new home. How happy beautiful Augusta was in the new home. Her large, handsome, soft brown eyes were filled with love and happiness. Prosperity changed the past conditions. Augusta May grew tall and was perfectly happy. Loyal bought new furniture, a new piano and Victrola. Every evening was devoted to music and hard study. Trix worked and prayed; she did all in her power to make those around her happy. Again Loyal began to flirt and neglect Trix. When alone he would swear at her if she did not do all he requested her to. He grew coarse and vulgar and abused her constantly. Trix longed for a companion and a perfect love. She was romantic and very refined. She was lonely and craved her husband's love and companionship. Her sensitiveness and refinement caused her great suffering. When alone she prayed for death, and often cried herself to sleep. Her tears brought more curses and abuse from her husband. He seemed to be obsessed by demons. Trix grew ill and said her heart began to pain her. Trix concealed her great sorrow and lavished her love on her child. She was perfectly innocent of any wrong and could not understand why she should suffer so.

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She did not care for wealth, love was everything to her. She was miserable without it, and determined to make her child happy. Trix adored her daughter. They were all so happy and delighted, the home seemed like heaven. The magnificent scenery was perfect. In the distance the mountains were covered with snow, below farms, lawns, and beautiful flowers covered the valley. At sunrise the hills were carpeted with pale green, crimson and gold. The Arroyo Seco flowed gracefully by. Oranges were ripe. Below the orange trees was a yellow tea rose arbor, pink and red roses bloomed on the broad veranda; on the east side Cecil Bruners climbed among the graceful hanging ferns. Sweet mignonette, fuchsias, lilies, yellow poppies, red and white geraniums and ferns grew along the side, hedging the lawn in.

"Loyal, dear, I love the aviary you built off from the dining room. Listen, dear, how sweetly our birds sing all day long, their melodious songs make our good neighbors happy."

On the hillside the mocking birds, orioles, linnets and meadow larks sang concerts in the elderberry, hawthorn and pepper trees.

"Augusta, dear, come and see these graceful pink and white roses." They were planted in the shade, then climbed to the top of the pepper tree to bask in God's sunshine. The eucalyptus sways gracefully to and fro, its red and green leaves are rustling in the breeze.

"Loyal, dear, I love to walk with you among the golden brown leaves. Loyal, will you fix a swing here for our child?"

"Papa, now that you have finished it, swing me high as you can."

"O, Cousin Goldie, come and see what a nice swing papa has made for us."

The girls romped and played like children, yet they were in their teens. Trix smiled and did her duty with a broken heart. She determined that no

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one should know her secret sorrow. No one realized by her sweet smiling face that she constantly yearned for death. The greatest sorrow that can befall a wife is not to possess her husband's love. She earnestly prayed that no one else would ever suffer as she had.

Trix, get ready and we will go to Redondo today and fish." . . . "O, joy! Goldie and I will swim our heads off."

* * * * *

"Girls, come and see the pretty shells and moonstones we have found. I have found an opal."

"Trix, it is bad luck unless I find one."

"Loyal, after supper we will fish by the moonlight."

"Goldie and I will go swimming."

Soon they were knee-deep in the surf. Some college boys were diving in the waves nearby. "Look out, cousin, here comes a wave that will drown us." "Goldie, where are you?" "Help! Help!"

"Boys, I am so glad that you have saved her."

"Girls, we will take you home in our machine to avoid the crowd." "How can we ever reward you for saving our lives?" said Augusta. "We thought you were dead," said Edward Loope. "I was, but I came to life." "You may reward us with kisses if you will," said Wesley Stowe to Goldie. "Mr. Stowe, you are brave, but altogether too fresh." "You judge me wrongly, Goldie; please forgive me. I love you, dear. I have watched you from a distance all day long, waiting anxiously to ask you to be my wife." "Cousin Goldie, I am glad we are at home, I am frozen stiff." "Girls, may we teach you how to swim tomorrow?" "We will be in the surf early tomorrow morning," said Goldie. "Augusta, I wish you would go with us to the dance tonight." "I love to dance, cousin, and I will be over soon as we can dress." "We will call for you in one hour." That night they danced joyfully until midnight. . . . A few months later, the boys called on the girls at

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their city home, with their arms full of red roses and candy. These happy four would sing love songs in the soft moonlight. They were inseparable. "Augusta, you are the sweetest girl in the world. I love you dearly," Goldie whispered. Those were golden days of love and song. Every day was a perfect day, for the young and old danced and dined together. Those were truly golden days for the sweet young girls. How beautiful youth is. O, how often the aged pray for it.

"Girls, get your old clothes on; we will walk to the hills and pick some pretty red holly for our Christmas party." When the house was decorated Augusta said, "Mamma, how perfectly lovely our home looks with the tree loaded with fruit, nuts, candy canes, presents and all decorated with silvery white, blue and gold." The home was brilliantly lighted, the young folks were laughing and dancing to the sweet strains of a new Victrola. All insisted on Augusta May doing some of her artistic dancing. How pretty and fairy-like she looked as her long curly brown hair floated gracefully around her slender young form. "O, if one could only paint the sweet smile, the little dainty chin, the large tender soft brown eyes, the picture would make the artist famous," thought Ed. As Augusta whirled under the mistletoe Edward caught her in his arms and kissed her. How the girls sighed as the guests said good-bye. They sat a long time in the darkness silently watching the tiny candles dying one by one. Thus our youth seems to flee, or loving friends die in the night-time, vanishing from our midst like stars before sunrise. "Augusta, if I should die, I would return to you and comfort you; in so doing that would prove there is no space or distance. Sweetheart, the language of the ants, bees and most insects is a kind of thought transference. Maybe I can in some way influence our birds to sing near you so that you will know that mother is watching over you, dear. Through all eternity we

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can communicate by mental telepathy. Jesus is in Heaven, yet He still sends messages of love in this way. He has often flashed His picture to us in this manner on waves of electricity. I know people who have seen Him. Jesus is so busy that it must have been a perfect electric painting of Himself that they saw, so perfect that they thought it was He. Jesus pressed a napkin to His face while on the way to Calvary. This marvellous painting is now in Rome in perfect condition." "Mama, I want to go to Rome to see that picture. Maybe this war has ruined it."

III.

"Trix, dear, I just heard of a fine seance, I want to go out of curiosity." "So do I, Loyal, I never went to one. We will go just for fun."

"Trix, I think the communication with the dead is an impossibility." . . . "Here we are, Loyal, the house is filled with nice people." "The psychic has invited us to examine the trumpet and everything in the house, and we have hunted the house over and cannot find anything wrong." They heard their grandmother Mary's voice. Later they saw her materialize. She looked just as she did on earth. They saw lights. Daisy, an invisible angel, picked flowers in the yard and brought them in by means of the fourth dimension. They heard independent voices and beautiful songs. "Trix, there is a Dr. Alvin Bush, who wishes to talk to you." "Loyal, how strange, as we had entirely forgotten him." Daisy moved the horn close to Trix. "Trix, I am the Doctor you saw dying in Oakland some years ago. I passed away about the time you were married. I remember how beautiful you looked standing in the doorway afraid to come in." "Why do you come to me, Doctor, I did not know you." "By the law of attraction, Trix. Come tomorrow night, I have so much to tell you. Will you come?" "Yes, I will come." "It will rain tomorrow night." "Doctor, I will come anyway." In spite of all her

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misery Trix experienced a strange happiness. The next morning on her pillow she saw a box of handsome rings set with all kinds of pretty stones, the rings disappeared in space, and one diamond appeared close, for a long time. She could not understand it, so she went to the seance to ask about the ring. She was so sorry Loyal had to work that night.

After singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Doctor came close to her and talked. This time stronger than the night before. "Doctor, why did I see a diamond ring this morning?" "You may call it an engagement ring if you will, Trix. Dear, we were united by a law you do not understand at present, but which I will unfold so you will understand. Come here and develop your psychic talents. Your dreams are real. You will live and see most of them come true. Trix, from this on we will grow closer and closer together, I will come to you at twilight and at dawn to picture the beauties of unseen worlds to you. At night I will hold you close to my heart and float away to some distant star with you. It is my pleasure to fill your life with sunshine and your pathway with flowers. You have been unconscious of my presence, yet I have been with you ever since my transmission. My dear, you are a beautiful psychic. You will prove to others there is no death. Some of the names of your angels are Adelaide, Daisy, Henry, Millie, Lily, Frank Burke and his folks. Mary, Daisy and others materialized. Millie and her little adopted sister, named Kate Burke, wore pink with a lace overdress. Dr. Bush wore a purple robe, embroidered with gold stars. Dr. Frank wore long white robes trimmed in gold. Daisy wound up a music box, then it floated around the room. Horns and flowers floated. At the same time they could see by the little spirit lights that not a human hand touched any floating object. Angels with soft white draperies that glistered with light mingled with them; they saw

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and felt invisible children in their laps. These children talked and laughed as human children do. Trix woke up next morning with Kate's little fork in her fingers; it was ten minutes before it disappeared in space. She also saw a large yellow diamond, then held the perfect cut stone in her mouth to see if it was real. Soon as she was convinced that she saw a real diamond from Mars an angel kissed her and she returned the gem. While alone in her room Trix saw some of the faces she had seen before at the seance. While wide awake she saw a box of rings and jewels from Mars. This proved beyond a doubt there are jewels in other worlds. "Loyal, how brightly the stars are shining after the terrible storm last night." "Trix, I must retire so I can get up early tomorrow morning." Trix sighed when he had gone. "I am restless and lonely. How I wish I could sleep. If I could only throw off this sadness." Suddenly she felt the presence of a tall form clothed in long flowing robes. She looked up and saw the Doctor smiling at her. He playfully wound her white shawl around her face and shoulders. "Trix, isn't my love great enough to make you happy?" "I love you, Doctor, maybe I wrong Loyal; when I married him I thought I loved him." "So you did. Keep him and be happy. Our happiness begins at your death—your glorious death. That day will be the happiest day of your life. We will be united then, never to part." "How I welcome death. This new love has changed my life." "Come in the house, love, it is too cold out here for you." The lights were out, all was still and dark, the others were sound asleep. The room was filled with a soft blue and pink light. Doctor tossed his heavy black hair back and placed a plain wedding ring on her finger and two diamonds. He showed her a perfect white bridal veil and dress. "Now do you understand, dear, how I love you?" "I can hardly realize yet that there are marriages in Heaven." Suddenly a beautiful light

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fell on the Bible. Doctor placed one hand on it, raised the other toward Heaven and solemnly swore he was her other half, her husband, the very man God created for her alone. "Doctor, I know you were the soul of honor on earth. Daisy and others tell me you are now an archangel on a very high plane. Daisy knows your high rank by your robes. I worship and respect you, for you have made our love so sacred. How proud I was of you when you gave me my engagement ring in public at the seance. I cannot understand this strange new love for you. A holy new love fills my soul, I worship the one God has made for me alone. This new truth fills my life with sunshine. I live in ecstasy now." "Trix, I see you as clear as the day. I love you. How new and strange that I should worship an angel. I feel your pretty soft lips pressed against my own, my little fawn, love, babe." "Now for the first time I regret that I am a mortal of flesh and blood bound to earth."

"Trix, it is late. I must kiss you good-night and go." She stood on the front steps watching his tall graceful figure float away in the starlight. She gazed until his long white robes were like clouds in the distance. "I long to go with him. I regret that I am a prisoner on earth, bound in this weak flesh that must grow old from long pain and worry, then die. I shiver as I realize that the slimy worms will crawl over me and devour me slowly. How worthless and ugly we are after the soul leaves the body. More helpless and lifeless than the worms that eat us, the form without spirit or mind. After all, mind is everything and should be highly cultivated." The next night she found herself waiting again for someone to come. "Love fills my soul,—new, beautiful love,—love that will live forever. The stars are brighter than ever, Heaven is not so far away. Love is more valuable than life. I love an angel more than my child or husband. I must be the only woman in the world madly in love with an in-

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visible gentleman." In the pale amber moonlight she could see the long white robes covered with a blue silk mantle thrown gracefully over his broad shoulders. She felt his warm kisses on her yearning lips and ecstasy filled her life. She never dreamed a mortal could be so happy and live. She was too happy to speak or move. "Doctor, this new mysterious love is so sacred and dear to me." "Trix, some day every man will enjoy his own, the same as I do you, babe. My Trix pet, love is all there is, it is life's happiness and heaven, my wife, my love." She could not understand the meaning of his words. Was there ever such an experience as hers to love a spirit? She didn't respect Loyal for he let a dark woman flirt with him. "Doctor, the greatest faculty of the mind is love. Love like ours is resplendent—golden. Your great love for me has made death beautiful. I welcome death. I can truly say now, 'Death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?' Darling, you have made me the happiest girl on earth." She nestled closer to his handsome form; he clasped her to his heart and kissed her a thousand times. She felt the strong heart of an angel beat close to her own. "Trix, I overheard you tell the stars your love for me. I will whisper my love direct to thee." "How lovely to hear whisperings of love clairaudiently." "Doll, I have beautiful jewels for you, you sweet little love bird. I am building a beautiful home for you in Mars. You are gazing on the very red star that we will live on some day. How we will enjoy each other then. Our honeymoon will last forever, dear, and love will increase as we sing and study together." "Doctor, will you help me with my lessons in the next world?" "My sweet little wife, that will be a great pleasure for me." "Did God create us for each other?" "Yes, love. Remember, Trix, my own, my love is greater than yours; we make no mistakes over there. Archangels teach us the philosophy of spirit mates and life. Mortals

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cannot see our teachers even clairvoyantly. These great intelligent souls have told me that you are my spirit mate, my own wife. You are the only lady that I love or own. You are part of me. Before our birth to earth, our souls mingled as one surrounded by a pale oval-shaped light, two lights in the center mingled together by the law of attraction. You were a tiny negative light, I a positive one; these were spirit-mate germs which later create the mind. Then the mind develops and lives and loves forever." "How?" "Dear, you were born with a physical and spiritual body. Our mind is dual and has two bodies while on Earth. After our glorious resurrection we only have our perfect spiritual bodies. We are never born on earth but once; we pass on and on until we reach Heaven. We are translated from one planet to higher ones about every twenty thousand years. At first, we gradually grow more ethereal and brighter. Each new translation makes our mind and body stronger and more perfect. Light is life and power. There would be no life without light. Live in the sunshine all you can. Live as long as you can; it gives you more strength and power after death. Learn all you can. Your mind takes you just where you belong over here. No fool can enter Heaven; here they can study and develop the mind, and in time are translated on to a higher planet, the same as we will be. God is just, and there is hope for all. Trix, my doll, at your transmission I will take your beautiful spiritual form in my arms and carry you home, never to be parted again. Be happy with Loyal and your child until I come for you. I want him to support and protect you. Please don't worry, love, but enjoy life more. Keep Loyal, for a low, wicked dark woman called Lena wants to part you. She ruined his life once when he was a young boy, and she an old married woman on earth with two children. He deserted her for you and honor, and now she wants revenge. Don't attract her by

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thinking of her. Please do just as I say. I could not see you face this selfish world alone with this woman influencing your friends against you." "Doctor, I promise to stay at home with Loyal, where I am safe." "Trix, you had better go to sleep now. Tonight, in your dreams you will see visions of other worlds. All I picture to you will be facts." Suddenly she was in a garden of beautiful flowers on a sloping bank. She picked a heavy cluster of purple hyacinths. Pansies and violets grew in abundance. Many flowers that grew on earth were there; the leaves and petals were perfect and did not fall. They did not pick the flowers there, as they loved life, and were sensitive to pain and joy. Since she had seen some of the magnificent flowers in other worlds she planted flowers, fruit trees and vegetables in her own yard. She had a hundred varieties of pretty roses. In spite of all her hard work the yard was a poor imitation of the gardens she had seen in other worlds, because of insects, worms and "devil-grasses" which she never saw in Mars. "Love, please don't work so hard with the garden and housework. I know it is best for you to work for the angel world. Trix, love, give your visions of the soul world to this selfish war-mad world." "Doctor, I will work for God and His angels. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven.' May we love and help each other more. May we live for others and practice the Golden Rule cheerfully." "Trix, my doll, the greater our education the more benevolent we are." "My darling Doctor, I must do more good from this time on, so I can be worthy of you when I die, dear. I want to go on with you and not be earth-bound, groping in darkness and despair." "Trix, my love, each must work out his own salvation. Send out good thoughts, and they will return to you and comfort you; plan the ruin of another and you will fall the same way. If you wish to climb higher, help others up. Good-night, little love, I must go

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to work now. I am always very busy, pet. All angels are, dear. Kiss me good-night, you tiny love-bird. My dove, I adore you."

Next morning she noticed that some of her flowers were in bloom. "Augusta, dear, come and see the beautiful flowers. I planted them to make you and papa happy. I will pick a bouquet of these large American Beauties and give them to your violin teacher." "Mamma dear, she will go wild over those handsome roses." "Here on the sunny side of the house are golden California poppies, pansies and sweet peas. Our barn looks well covered with old English ivy mingled with pink and white sweet peas and morning glories on the back fence; they climb every tree in the yard, dear. Here is a pretty bed of the morning bride. I have all the colors of the rainbow in this garden." "Mamma, I love these Chinese pinks and sweet alyssium." "Pick them whenever you please, dear." "I will pick some of these dear old-fashioned red and yellow calendula and marigolds." "I will pick some zinnias for your room, love, and some asters for papa's room." "Mamma, how artistic you and papa have made these grounds. I like the border of calliopses around the violets. How beautiful the long rows of iris and calla lilies are in the rear." "My daughter, these beautiful flowers are so perfect they look as if angels had transplanted them from Heaven in the silence of the night. How I love the flower gardens, the trees, the lawn and our dear home. Our fragrant orange trees are in bloom; at a distance the blossoms look like white stars decorating the green. Mockingbirds sing all day long in our trees, our pet canaries, although imprisoned in their aviaries, join the happy wild birds in one grand outburst of melody. Sweet music fills the air at all times. Our bungalow is surrounded by sunshine on the hillside." Augusta nestled on the lawn among the flowers, her long curly hair tinged with gold waved among the tall

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graceful tuberoses. She got most of her lessons in the sunshine. Their hearts were filled with love and happiness. Often in the twilight lovely angels clothed in white visited them to protect them. They heard them whisper sweet words of love and comfort; even if their homes and conditions are better than ours, these white-robed messengers of love teach us to be contented under all conditions, whether young or old, rich or poor.

"Augusta, love, please form a new habit of smiling while you study; be happy and contented under all circumstances. We can always communicate with each other by thought transference. Dolly, dear when you smile you are the most beautiful girl in the world." "You think so, because I am your only child. Mamma, I wish everyone was happy as we are." "Dear child, I wish everyone had more than we have. It is our duty to be happy and make others happy. If I were rich I would use one-half to build schools. We need more schools. I wish all young folks could be educated as you are. How sweet of you to never miss a day of school. With all your studies in school I don't see how you can paint and play the piano and violin so beautifully, and yet you have time to dance and swim. You are mother's brilliant fairy-mermaid, my little queen. Mind is everything, so learn all you can; it develops the soul and draws you closer to God. All you take to the other world is your education and wonderful mind. Study hard; it pays, love. Live in ecstasy, think good thoughts. Jesus taught us 'as one thinketh so is he.' Dear heart, please don't sigh or worry over anything. We provide for you. We worship you. Think how much more we have than Christ had. Augusta, love, wear your pink silk dress that Pearl gave you. Come in the house; I will give you extra money for your college party tonight." "Mama dear, how good you are to me. I am always going to stay with you and papa and never going to get married. How beautifully

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the home is decorated in green and white. Mamma, I am ashamed to spend so much on a party, when poor papa is slaving to pay off the mortgage on this beautiful home." "Augusta, dear, don't worry your pretty little head, I will make it up in economy. I must sell more of my books so you can keep in college, love. We will get some more music pupils. Love, papa and I will play chess in his den while you young people enjoy yourselves alone. I could not be happy unless you are." "Cousin Goldie, hurry up and get ready for our party, we all know that gink Wesley Stowe is in love with you." "I hope he tells me so when he takes me out in his new automobile tomorrow." "How strange, Goldie, Edward Loope and I are going also. We will race you. Here the boys come now. I hope they did not hear us, or they might get conceited. Wesley, how happy you look." "Goldie, come and see my new auto. We will ride around the block; they will never miss us." "Goldie, I must kiss you before I let you out. I love you, little one." "Let me go, I hear my stately cousin calling us." "Goldie, this party is too grand for you to sneak out and take moonlight rides." "Augusta, you look like a beautiful queen at an ancient banquet." "I am Cleopatra; the next time you leave us I will have my pet lions eat you up." "Goldie, dear, you look like a little fairy with your sweet smiles." "Wesley, they will know we are in love if they find us here in the hall alone." "Goldie, I fell in love with you the first time I ever saw you. I have carried this diamond ring in my vest pocket a month trying to get up courage enough to ask you to be my wife. Will you run away with me to Santa Ana tomorrow? I must marry you now." "Why not wait until I am twenty-one? What is your hurry?" "It would kill me to wait. I have other reasons. We must keep our marriage a secret as your mother would never give her consent." . . . "O, Goldie, Edward won the first prize in pit. Why do you blush

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so? Do you love him?" "Cousin, I love Wesley; he is so tall, dark and handsome." "I am crazy over blondes." "Girls, go to sleep or you will not be able to go to school tomorrow." . . . "Loyal, what a perfect day this is. I hate to wake the girls up for breakfast; they look so sweet in each other's arms. Goldie so white with light brown hair tinged with gold in the sunlight; our child so dark with wonderful mild brown eyes and dark brown curly hair."

Goldie shook Augusta. "Augusta, wake up. I dreamed I saw my dead sister Eva last night all in white. Eva was tall and dark and resembled you. She implored me not to leave school. I felt her kiss and hug me as she used to." "Goldie, dear heart, I will be your sister. I never had a sister or brother. I will adopt you and always love you; you look like a sweet angel doll today." "Augusta, will you comb my hair over. I want to look my very best today for Wese." That evening Goldie came home late. "Goldie, I am so glad you have returned. Your poor mother is worried to death over you." "Augusta, if you will promise to keep a secret I will tell you why I was gone so long. Cousin, see my wedding ring. Here in our suit case is our marriage certificate. Cousin, I love my husband dearer than life. O, how precious this paper is. Life seems different to me now that I am a bride. My sweet cousin, I am too happy to breathe. I fell in love with him the day he saved my life. That was a joyous new day to me, dear. O, that lovely night in the moonlight by the sea he kissed me, my soul was filled with ecstasy." "I often wondered why you stayed out until midnight. I wish you great prosperity and happiness, dear heart. Listen, Goldie, I hear voices. It is Wesley." "Hellow, Morris, do you think you can keep a secret?" "I certainly can, Stowe." "I just married Goldie, secretly." "Thank God it was not Augusta. I want her myself soon as I get rich." Above them Augusta was

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trembling. "Wese, I will throw these roses in her window." "Girls, come down stairs, we will sing and dance together." Goldie wore her wedding dress. Augusta wore yellow silk trimmed in pink roses. They danced with the boys until midnight. . . . Morning came. "Wese, wake up! I just dreamed a pretty angel named Eva showed me a gold mine in Arizona. She was dark and tall, with large brown eyes. I will go for Goldie's sake. I will phone her and tell her about the dream." "How strange, Ed, she just told me she has a sister, dead, of that very description. My mother's dreams always came true. I will go with you. Tomorrow night will be our last with the girls for some time. To part from those we love is one of the greatest sorrows in this world." "Wese, that is why I hate war, as it breaks up happy homes. I long for a wife and children. I must have a companion to love."

Goldie's heart beat violently as the phone rang. "Augusta dear, the boys are on the way here. I am glad the folks are gone so we can enjoy them alone."

"Answer the bell, Goldie, I want to powder my freckles."

"Goldie, how sweet you look all in white tonight." "Boys, won't you stay for supper?" said Augusta smilingly. "Yes, if we can help cook it." Augusta started the Victrola so they heard popular love songs as they laughed and worked. The supper went off gaily. "Augusta, will you take a spin in my car while the bride and groom are doing the dishes?" "Nothing would please me better, Edward." Later they were walking in the moonlight on the beach. "Augusta May, I love this place for I first saw you here, caressed by the lucky waves. I brought you here just to tell you how dearly I love you. Will you be my wife soon as I get a home for you, dear?" "Edward, I love you, too, and will marry you. I want the opportunity to

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finish college first. Ed, I know that we will always be happy together." "Sweetheart, you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and so talented in every respect. I am the most fortunate man in the world. I will make myself more worthy of you and live for you alone." "I am cold, Edward, we must return." "Please wait here a moment, doll. I will wrap you in a warm robe and carry you to the machine." At home Augusta entertained her folks with songs and artistic dancing. Edward announced their engagement, then Trix clasped her only child to her heart. Wese cried, "Goldie, come out on the veranda; I want to kiss you good-bye, dear." "Wesley, I long to go with you. I hate to be parted even for a day." "My wife, if I should ever leave you for wealth would you forgive me?" "I will think about it and tell you later." "I beg you to tell me now, Goldie." "I will forgive everything long as you are absolutely true to me. I never could love a man that would be untrue to me. I do hate a flirt, dear." "So do I, Goldie." "Then I am glad we are married, Wese." "Why don't you ask your husband for money, dear, as others do?" "I don't know how." "Here is all I have, dear; make it last long as you can. Don't that sound like an old married man? My sweet little wife, it proves you love me to marry a poor boy like me, honey-bunch." "We married for love and not money."

"I am the happiest man in the world. Kiss me again, Goldie. Here is more money for you." "It seems so new and strange to take money from a man." "Remember, dear, I am your only husband. Soon as I get rich we will buy a nice home." "Augusta, how did you get out here so soon?" "We have been here two hours. Time flies when you are in love." "How do you know, Edward?" "Kiss us good-bye and don't tell my folks we were here for we must keep the marriage a secret."

The girls were left alone. "Goldie, listen, the dear boys are singing to us under the window."

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Goldie, how beautiful the song is,—what wonderful voices!”

“When stars are in the quiet skies then most I
pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes as stars look on
the sea,
For thoughts like waves that glide by night are
 stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light beneath the
stars of thine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light beneath the
Heaven of thine.
There is an hour when angels keep familiar watch
on men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep,—Sweet
spirit, meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams through slum-
ber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems thou shouldst
be by my side.
The thoughts of thee too sacred are for daylight’s
common beam;
I can but know thee as my star, my angel, and
my dream.
When stars are in the quiet skies, then most I
pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes, as stars look
on the sea.”

“Weseley, do you realize how lonely your bride
will be while you are away? Women pine and die
just from terrible loneliness.”

“Ed, those poor little girls never dreamed it was
our last night with them for some time. We will
pack our eats and clothes in this suit case, then
start for Arizona about dawn.” “Why not start
now? I am too broken hearted to sleep, Ed. I am
ashamed of myself for leaving Goldie. I am glad I
gave her all I had.” “Wese, I borrowed some on my

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watch. We can sell the machine soon as we get there."

* * * *

"How fine these roads are." "Not for those who pay taxes." "Look at the sun showing his glorious golden head over the lofty mountains. What a beautiful morning this is. The speeding is fine, the air is delightful, the scenery grand and inspiring. What a change from the noisy city. Wese, I am hungry as a bear. We may as well camp here by the running brook and cook supper. Look at the rainbow trout. Get busy with your line and earn your supper. Wese, here are some beauties. We have plenty to last us for a month. Old man, we will fry them on this flat stone." "Look yonder!" "Hush your face and get the gun,—a fool for luck. There is a big fat buck drinking out of our stream." "Ed, you accidentally killed him; it proves the Lord will provide." "Beau, this is the finest venison I ever ate." Two days later, after driving all the while, they stopped. "Why not stop at this old shack and trade some venison for a good hot meal and some bread?" "Boys, that deer head is a beauty. I will give you grub to last you a month for it." "It is a go, stranger." "Ed, how hospitable the people are in the mountains." It is late, we must drive on." "Wese, I had a strange dream last night." "You are living too high." "Laugh, I will tell it anyway. I dreamed I saw a tall handsome angel with heavy black hair, dark blue eyes, broad face through the eyes, large red lips, fair complexion and broad shoulders. His long blue robes were perfect, gold stars were woven in the rich cloth. He pleaded with a sincere rich musical voice for us to go to Europe, work for speedy and permanent peace, form a congress of all nations to settle all trouble, by money and never by cruel bloodshed. God said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' All nations should love one another and help each other, he said. He beckoned me to follow him to a tall

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pine tree among the rocks near the spring we saw last night." "Ed, when I saw that tree, I thought maybe there was gold there." "We will return to it just to see if there is anything in dreams. We swear that if there is gold there we will sell at once and go to Europe." "It is a bargain. We will do it, Wese. I would give my life to end this awful war." "So would I. It is the most cruel and heartless war the world has ever known. Come to the tree at once, Ed." . . . "This spring water is cool and refreshing after digging so long for gold." "Wese, come here!" "Gold! At last we have found gold! Look, see how it sparkles in the sunlight; after all, some dreams are true; this gold convinces me that the Doctor in my dreams was a living reality; this proves he has intelligence. We will put the utmost confidence in him. I hope he comes again. Let me dig deeper, Ed. Here is gold in abundance." "If it had not been for the Doctor it would have taken us twenty years to find a mine like this." "The Doctor has trusted us and paid us in advance. It is an inspiration for us to do good." "Wese, we had better sell at once and go to the war zone." "We must put our stakes down and hurry on to the next town to sell our claim." "Wese, after all, dreams must be true."

They rode a little way, and suddenly were impressed to stop. "Here is a small town called Williams. We will try to sell here." "We will show these few men the gold. All the town will be here in no time. Look at the crowd, already, Ed." "Gentlemen, we have just discovered a rich gold mine." "We found it by a dream." "Get up on that counter where we can all hear you," cried an excited old miner. "This box will do. The store is too small to hold us all." "Gentlemen, Wese and I want to go to Europe where men are war-mad, where brothers are murdering each other by the thousands. We long to save the noble white race from annihilation. This Doctor in my dreams asked us

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to beg them to strike. A universal strike would bring about peace. Can we sell this rich mine to some of you or all of you? We will name the mine 'Harmony'." "Here is Chris Martin, Jim Berry and Mr. Park who will buy." "Young men, we will get Frank Parker, the only lawyer in town, to make out the papers." "We must see the mines first," said Jim Berry. "Come on, boys, for a glimpse of that 'Har-money, then start to the war-zone at once." "Weseley, the town accompanied them." "Boys, it is the real stuff, the finest and richest ore we ever saw." "The mine is worth a million dollars." "We have given you all we can afford," said Parks. "You get your cash soon as the papers are made out." "I will send Gooldie some. Maybe it is only a dream." "May God forgive us for leaving our loved ones at home alone. In Europe over twenty million good, honest white men have been murdered in this awful war. May God help us to save the rest." "I must go, duty calls me. Through dreams angels have opened the way. They have given us plenty of money to help those poor, dear, suffering souls. They need help now. Wese, I hate war, it is a disgrace to civilization. It is murder, heartless insanity. It is a crime."

* * * * *

IV.

"Goldie, here is a letter for each of us. Cousin, I will read my delightful love letter to you. "My own sweetheart:—By a dream we discovered a rich mine, sold it and will start to the war zone at once to help bring about Universal Peace. My beautiful doll, I had a vision just before I woke this morning. You and I were in a white boat feeding swans on a clear blue lake at sunrise; the lake was up in the mountains close to some big cedar trees. We saw gold and silver fish resting on the mossy rocks below us. You wore a large gold wedding ring and a beautiful crown set with precious jewels. As I awoke the golden sunshine filled the room and a

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new light dawned upon me. I would have given all I had in the world to have clasped you in my arms, as I did in the boat. I know you are mine. I hope we will be married soon as I return. I love you madly. Sincerely, Your Ed."

"Goldie, I hope Ed and I can always live near you and Wesely." "So do I, dear." "Goldie, we will pack your trousseau away in lavender until your husband returns." "I will put it away with lavender and tears, my dear cousin." "Girls, you must cheer up, it will make you old to be so blue. Then your lovers might get a divorce." Then joyfully the women talked over the present and the future. "Girls, we must go into the silence now." For a while Trix lay half asleep. Soon the room was filled with lovely birds and flowers. Gold and silver fish floated on a miniature lake that formed on the table. A large hand materialized near Trix holding a box of valuable jewels. "Trix, we will visit Mars now." "How fast can the soul travel, Doctor?" "Just as fast as you can think, dear, so we can see a great deal." Soon they saw the lovely stars of South America. Trix could almost reach them; to her joy, the sky was clear and azure blue. She could not understand why the eyes of her soul were so perfect. Trix was perfectly happy when traveling in the spirit with her invisible companion. "Doctor, you are my life, my all in all." "You are the same to me, baby doll. I would die for you, love. Trix, I see a great future for this world. South America will progress. White people will settle here. Mexico will be annexed to the United States. The air is pure here, the soul is rich." They floated up again to the war-zone. They saw wicked soldiers shoot a pure young nurse after she had fainted. "Trix, I know another beautiful nurse they intend to secretly shoot at dawn; she is in yonder prison; her lover is a French spy." "Doctor, I want to visit her at once." As quick as thought they were kneeling by her cot in a dark

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filthy cell. "O, Doctor, she is a psychic and can understand all we say. Jennie, Doctor and I will put you in a trance. The soldiers will leave you in the prison chapel tomorrow night. While Alvin keeps the guard asleep you fly to your lover in the guard's uniform. You will find money and a revolver in his pockets." "Jennie, you and your lover must go at once to Paris; there you will be married. Make your mind wake you up tomorrow at midnight. I will be there to influence you to hurry on to the man that adores you. God made you for each other and we will protect twin souls wherever we can find them." Later as Doctor held Trix in his arms near the sweet young girl, who was then in a deep trance, they heard the officers pronounce her dead. As she lay cold and white in the chapel the guard by her side fell asleep. "Wake! Wake up, Jennie! Put on the guard's clothes and take the midnight car to your lover." "Jennie, drink the wine by his side; you need nourishment. Now hurry away." "O, beautiful angels, will you please go with me?" "Certainly, you poor, sweet child. Run along the shadow of this stone wall." They soon saw her clasped in the arms of her lover. Both hurried away and later were married in Paris. "Trix, I am delighted with your missionary work." "O, Doctor, I love to work with you." "You inspire me to do God's will, Trix."

V.

"O, Doctor, everyone is afraid of losing their lives; so am I." "Love, I guess you have forgotten that your physical body is at home asleep. No one can harm you. As I do not wish you to witness such hunger and suffering, we will float to Mars. Come, babe, we will walk by this calm, deep sea. How different the water is here from the Pacific with its high waves eternally washing the coast. The waves gradually waste away your valuable land. There used to be a great deal more land on

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earth than there is now, Doll. Not a wave has disturbed this sea for hundreds of years. Dear, you will have smooth sailing when you come over here." "Darling Alvin, I know that is a fact in every sense of the word." "Trix, my baby, I adore you, my own; you are all in all to me." "Doctor, I worship you. I am miserable when I cannot get in rapport with you, dear." "How beautiful the sea is tonight; it looks as if God had painted all the colors of the rainbow on its majestic surface, and the moonlight has mingled with the sunlight tonight. O, darling, I never saw such a glorious combination of lights." "Love, it never grows any darker here, unless there is a snow storm in the winter." "Lover, it is a little like our world, only more beautiful." "Your world is young yet and rich. Some day, love, the people will progress and there will be no more war and selfishness. They must learn by experience that we are all one universal family. They should learn it is a great pleasure to work for others and make people happy. War is wholesale murder and awful crime. War is insanity and ignorance." "I would give my life to stop the war, Doctor, but I can't." "Your prayers and thoughts help somewhat, Trix; nations must learn by sad experience the sorrows of war and hate. War breeds poverty and crime."

"Darling Alvin, I cannot keep my eyes away from the sea. Its colors are so fascinating to me." "Those lights are caused by the reflection of one of our two moons. We are more advanced in electricity than mortals are." "Doctor, how beautiful and calm this vast ocean; why can I see for miles below its surface?" The soul seems to have a thousand eyes and can see for miles away. God knows and sees everything, the soul cannot be limited after your transmission, love. Trix, my fawn, come with me and I will show you why it has no waves." "Darling Alvin, what ecstasy to float in your strong young arms over this tranquil sea. What is that

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great stone building full of glass windows for?" "Trix, it is an electric power house that lifts the great gate to this canal. Our gate controls the canals like your dams do the rivers." The water flowed swiftly, the waves in this canal were two feet high and miles long. "These canals bring rain and keep our climate temperate. Canals act as a breakwater and keep the land from sliding into the water. Your world would be richer and more perfect if you had canals as we have. Doll, do you see that great round building in the distance?" "Yes, dear." "It is a temple where we worship God in spirit and in truth, Trix, teach a new religion founded on the Ten Commandments, teach all to practice the Golden Rule every day. For example, mortals do not speak to strangers; that is unchristian-like and cruel. Bow and smile to all. Christ did, even to His enemies." "Doctor, even the hills are covered with blue grass; what wonderful scenery, how I enjoy the playgrounds and parks; every one we meet smiles and speaks. A proof of Christianity."

"Trix, my poor child, please don't nurse. Why don't you let Loyal support you, dear?" "Doctor, he spends most of his time and money with other women." "I beg you to leave your patient at once. Go home, take a hot bath and rest. You must sleep, love! Doll, Bill Harris and Lena have planned to obsess you so they can part you from Loyal; they influence him to flirt and swear at you. Babe, look out for these dark ignorant demons that are trying to ruin you." "I will go home now, darling. Doctor, I feel faint, I cannot walk another step." Poor little Trix had fainted alone in the public park. While Alvin ran for help, Bill took possession of this poor helpless innocent girl. While suffering alone in the darkness she heard Bill and Lena swearing at her. She saw many dark forms surround her, she was afraid of them and too ill and nervous to get into Alvin's vibration. She

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knew her darling could come if she could keep calm and prayerful. While Lena was throwing snakes on her and made it appear to her that the lawn was a den of live, poisonous vipers, Bill took possession of her mind so he could get his wicked, insane son out of darkness and despair. Al Harris, his son, shot himself to avoid going to prison after robbing a bank and stealing ten thousand dollars from his mistress. He had planned making a million by keeping innocent young white girls in misery and shame. Al had forged checks to carry on the degrading traffic in girls, for years. Bill brought his low depraved son to poor Trix for strength and light. Soon as Al came, Dr. Bush materialized as a human and carried his sweetheart home while unconscious. Doctor held her close to his heart all night. It was a dark, stormy night; the cold hailstones were the size of marbles. "Thank God you are safe, Trix, my love." A strong young man brought me home in his arms." Doctor smiled as he threatened to murder the young stranger. Later the Harris fiends began to abuse Trix again. It was a mental torture. A silent, breathless struggle ensued. A war of wills clashed about Trix. For hours her mind was strained and beaten about as a piece of iron among many magnets. But there came a moment when calm was hers. She gasped in the cool air. Only God and His holy angels know how poor Trix suffered from this heartless Lena Colby and the Harris fiends. It was their nature to be cruel. "My poor little dove, I will protect you against man or woman. Trix, my sweet child, I am glad to see you look up into my eyes. That glorious confidence you always place in me thrills me to my very soul. God bless your dear heart, pet, sweetheart, you are all in all to me through all eternity. Heavens how I love you." "Alvin, darling, I worship you. You are handsome and the most perfect gentleman I ever knew. Your character is perfect. I admire you be-

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cause you are so cultured and polished." "You are charming, babe, and have a marvellous voice. I want you to learn some new songs to sing in public." "Babe, I must warn you again against the deceitful Harris fiends and their constant companion, Lena. They are worse than black-hand fiends or Satan. By mental suggestion they have influenced men to steal your suitcase and set fire to your old home. They are trying to break up your happy home and part you from myself. In the first place they have no business near you, Trix. You are innocent of any wrong. They have planned to ruin Loyal and you financially. Their worst crime just now is trying to part you and I, who are twin souls. That is the most dreadful crime in existence, Trix, don't think of them for they have secretly planned to make a white slave of you, and your child, soon as you die. Babe, remember they cannot harm you for God has given me the right to protect you and I will. Again I warn you to hold on to your money and husband. Kiss me good night, love, I must go to my office now, most of us are very busy in Mars."

Trix watched his tall, graceful form float out of sight. A great loneliness overwhelmed her. She threw herself on the bed and cried for hours, then earnestly prayed for death so she could be face to face with him. He soon returned with friends to comfort and pet her. He worked with her for hours before he could stop her crying. Soon as he left her the Harris fiends and Lena began to swear at her and abuse her.

The Harris fiends were low cowards to constantly insult and abuse such a benevolent Christian as Trix.

"O, Loyal, I am frightened to death; I am ill from fear; I hear Bill Harris and that wicked dark woman swearing at me most of the time. They have abused me all night long, I cannot sleep."

"Augusta, dear, bring me some water, then go

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for the doctor. Your mother has fainted."

"O, papa, I fear mama will die, she is white and cold."

"My poor little girl, don't cry; I will take good care of her from this on."

"O, Doctor, will mama die?"

"She is very low and must have had a terrible shock."

"Doctor, last night she dreamed a man shot his head off." Poor Trix, being a sensitive, felt the shock as there is no space to a psychic. She was very sick ever after. She, being a medium and too ill to throw them off, took on the conditions of the suicide. Lena and the Harris cowards enjoyed torturing any child.

"I will take her to my sister's at Glendale for a few days' rest." "Loyal, I cannot sleep away from home; it will kill me to leave my child." Lena and Bill hypnotized Loyal to take his wife away as they were determined to part them. They were wicked and heartless to force her from home. Home was her heaven. She was put in a trance by her angel friends.

"Trix, my angel, Lena and her man Harris have planned your ruin. She is jealous of Loyal. Harris is a lazy thief that wants my money. Babe, he will never get a cent, love. Forget them, pet. Go to sleep, love." Soon as Trix fell asleep her radiant soul floated away with her lover to Mars again. Sorrow and fear seemed to be things of the past with her.

"Alvin, darling, I feel at home here even if I must return to earth and live my life out there." "Babe, I wish you would die now." "So do I, darling." "Trix, my sweet child, I adore you; my love increases for you every day." "Doctor, who is that singing and laughing on our porch?" "Look and see, babe." "Alvin, it is my very own parrot." "Here are some new pictures for your room, pet. Babe, I have a new amethyst ring for you." "You

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precious darling. How perfect the blue violet stone is cut." "Trix, it is in harmony with you, as you are my rich jewel."

"Papa, mama needs sleep. Why do you wake her?" "My darling, sweet little Augusta May, I just saw my future home. When my soul travels, supreme joy reigns in my heart. Do not tell your father; he and I do not agree on religion, yet we are as happy as most people are in this world." "I promise not to tell him. Hush. O, papa, you don't understand poor mama. Do please let her rest." "She needs sleep," whispered the voice of an angel. "Loyal invisible demons will not let me sleep a moment." Augusta May, I heard Al say, "Doctor, send me a diamond or a check and I will not insult your wife again." "Never, Harris; we do not owe you, or have never wronged you."

"Alvin, I hate this stupid, selfish doctor and his strong medicine." "Throw the medicine in the stove while you nurse is out. Trix, my love, you are not ill, only tired, pet. Harris has hypnotized you and others to think so. Love, put your pretty, tired head on my breast and rest, babe. You little 'tiddle-de-wee' I will reward you for loving me so sincerely. I adore you, pet. Do not fear the Harris cowards, I will protect you. Love, if you could forget them and not fear them they could not approach you. Yet I love you because you are such a coward, it is a pleasure to protect you. God bless your pure, sweet soul. My poor dove, I feel your little form trembling in my arms. Trix, I pity you. They cannot harm you while I live, dear." "I thank God for you, Alvin. Those demons would torture me if it were not for you, precious." "Dr. Bush, I often hear the cowards beg for mercy after insulting me." "Lena and these Harris fiends are considered the lowest and most deceitful scoundrels in Purgatory. Go to sleep now, love; I will hold you close to my heart until dawn." "Oh, Alvin, again I feel myself floating away among the beau-

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tiful stars in your loving arms. How supremely happy I am to be with you and leave those lazy earth-bound demons far below us." "The red star Mars welcomes us, love." This is Heaven, doctor. How delighted I am to be home again. What an elegant big rocking chair!" "Nestle closer to my heart and I will sing you a lullaby song, babe." "What a wonderfully sweet voice you have, Doctor." "Trix, I see I must continue to teach you how to get en rapport with me. When you are awake on earth keep your body and mind in perfect condition by right thinking and proper nourishment. Trix, love, eat more fruit, nuts, raw eggs beaten up with pure, rich cream. Every night take pure olive oil in lime juice. Drink hot lemonade an hour before you retire or a glass of cream to induce sleep. Never mix them, love, acid and milk will make you ill. Practice classical dancing with Augusta May until you are tired, dove, then pray for our union forever as you always do. My love, know that you are a success now. Trix, my babe, I would to God that your soul would never return to your sleeping form again, so I could continue to hold you in my arms and calm your tempest-tossed soul through all eternity. Calmness is power, babe. I pray that sweet peace may reign in your heart from now on. Some day, my love, arch angels will translate us on powerful electric waves to the Holy City of God, beyond the reach of tempests and low demons, free from all sorrow and death. Now rest, pet, in my arms; be tranquil and calm. I adore you, Trix, my only love. Babe, we must return to earth as it is dawn there now and twilight here in Mars."

"Doctor, I am so happy in your arms I hate to go below." "Then I will stay by your side a few days on earth. I am always with you when you make the right conditions for me, dear." "My daughter Millie, Daisy and your own mother protect you." "Doctor, did you marry your first wife

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for love?" "No, baby dove, you are my first and only love; she is married now to her twin soul." "Doctor, when God is so kind and magnificent to resurrect me I will be too happy and grateful to ever wrong a mortal as Lena and the low Harris fiends have me."

"Trix, my angel love, you know you could not do wrong." "Doctor, then why do they constantly abuse me?" "It is their nature, love. Lena is insanely jealous and wants Loyal. Al and Bill want me to pay them to let you alone as they are too lazy to work. They have not improved any, in fact their past crimes have made them hideous men. Tell Bill Al is growing worse. If he doesn't take care of his insane son he is lost. We must all work out our own salvation. We obtain immortality by complying with God's laws. We must live right and think right. Al still crawls; it will be years before he can stand alone. O if poor humanity could only see this living example of misery, absolutely helpless and alone in darkness. Trix, your husband and an old friend of mine told Lena while she lived in California to return to her good husband and not run after young married men. She was a wicked drunkard and prostitute. Your husband got rid of her and hates her. After her death, caused by over-drinking, she was attracted to Al Harris. They are still living together in sin and darkness. Like attracts like. They fight like cats and dogs, yet she supports him. They are so very repulsive and lazy, people will not associate with them. His own father was an illegitimate son and a drunkard at Al's birth. They are both cowards."

"Alvin, every night these Harris fiends keep me awake for hours. Modesty forbids my telling you how they insult and abuse me, dear." "Why not tell me all, doll? You are my wife in the sight of God." "Alvin, you know my thoughts." "Trix, that is a fact, yet you must tell me everything. You see, I keep my individuality, pet." "Dr. Bush, we

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intend to torment this girl until you give us money." "You cowards, to abuse an innocent psychic." Suddenly Alvin flashed from the elements a sheet of fire in the cowards' eyes. They fell to the ground trembling with hate and fear.

"Trix, you are in a cold perspiration from fear. I must call you 'Faun-Afraid.'" "Doctor, are they dead? Can there be a second death?" "Long as they continue in sin they must live alone in sorrow and darkness. Good angels shun them as they will not take on their awful conditions. They persist in evil; they must work out their own salvation. I gave them an electrical shock for insulting you, babe. My wife they can never harm you while I live." "I hear them beg for mercy, Alvin. My darling, I thank you with all my soul for your protection." "That is only a pleasure, dove." "Alvin, I long to go home." "Babe, I will have your brother call today and take you home. You are not ill, Trix, only hypnotized by the fiend, Bill Harris, and Lena. Don't fear them or think of them; then they will have no power to harm you; forget them entirely. Devote yourself to your home and music, pet. Keep your mind in tune with God and His angels."

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"My darling Augusta, I am so happy to be home again. My sweet child, how pale and thin you look." "My poor mama, I suffer when you do." "Little sweetheart, my invisible companion has entirely healed me. In Mars he is a doctor of the soul and very popular. My soul travels and often visits his sanitarium there. I have discovered that one must obey the laws of God and nature on all planets to keep in perfect health and happiness. Augusta, I am delighted that you study so hard. Your great mind will take you on to higher planes." "Augusta, where is our bank book? I want to buy you some pretty clothes." "Mama, papa influenced me to draw the money out." "My poor child, it was my private money; how deceitful of your

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father. He forced me to mortgage our old home, pet. I refused for your sake. He swore at me. I signed just to have harmony in my home. How happy I would be if he were the soul of honor, like Dr. Bush." "Trix, my love, I thank you for the compliment I just overheard." "I worship you, Doctor." "I think the same of you, love." "Trix, my dove, close your pretty blue eyes. I will show you a glimpse of your future with me, clairvoyantly." "Oh, Doctor, what perfect white rosebuds you bring me. I see myself as a young bride by your side in a spacious new home far away from here. I see you placing a crown on my head; the jewel in the center is a large yellow diamond; you place a wedding ring on my finger and kiss me. You hand me a wonderful casket with a heavy gold key. Tiny Cupids are engraved on the lid, which I open and see diamond rings and other magnificent ones. A pearl and diamond necklace, a handsome sapphire bracelet and ring to match. I see a dainty chain with a lovely locket and your picture inside painted as natural as life. We are walking among fragrant flowers where butterflies and bees come and go. It is springtime in Mars. Peach, almond and apple trees are in bloom. In the distance I see a new home with two children and myself playing on the lawn. As I look up into space I behold many colored lights. I see ourselves in long, graceful white robes floating up, up in a golden white light, and the higher we float the lighter and more radiant we become. The brilliancy increases as we float upward toward a mighty city and Jesus opens a great gate of pearls for us and with a tender smile welcomes us to His home. The lights from a great new sun dazzle my eyes as our sunlight does the newborn babe. The healing force of a strange new electricity keeps us strong and young. The Arch Angels absorb this light; so do you and I. All tears and sorrow have gone forever. Our love and happiness increases in glory forever in Heaven."

"Trix, my sweet angel, your clairvoyance is per-

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fect. Your visions were emblems of your future life with me. Some sweet day all will be realized. Love, keep cheerful, please don't worry. I beg you to enjoy every moment of your life while on earth. You have tested my love and know I speak the truth. I will take your dainty little form in my arms at your death, Trix, and we will grow closer and closer together. No one can part use then, love." "Doctor, I worship you, dear."

VI.

"Wese, look, I see ships on fire in the distance." "Ed, there is a man floating on a plank near us. Ask the captain to lower a boat. We will save him."

They worked over the collapsed figure. "Young man, we have worked over you a long time to save your life. Who are you?" "My name is Charles Ford. I am from dear old America. I left home to establish Universal Peace." "We left America for the same reason." "Boys, I will try again. I am discouraged for all Europe is war mad. It is insanity. May God help us to stop any more bloodshed. If I could only picture the inferno of this war on land, air and sea. My comrades sank with the ship. A sweet voice of an angel whispered for me to dive. I was saved. This plank was in front of me as I rose to the surface. I was saved to do good. I wish we could sail faster. Boys, before our ship sank I saw the 'Queen Mary' blow up after she sank six great German ships. Not a soul was saved, the deadly gas shells killed hundreds." "Ford, you are a noble American. We love you; we want all rulers of each nation to sign a strong contract for Universal Peace. If one nation wrongs another they must pay money instead of precious blood. It is our duty to preserve the noble white race. They need us. I have seen hundreds of nice, refined men die like sheep in those filthy damp trenches. The poor dear souls are suffering in agony and dying by gas bombs and fire brands.

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Some suffer in agony for days without attention, then die from starvation or blood poison. No need of such suffering. God made this world too beautiful for us to mar it by war and selfishness."

The ship made a straight run for shore. I am glad we have landed safely at last. Come, we will drive out to camp. I know some nice nurses there. The soldiers look upon them as angels. I know they work day and night to relieve pain."

* * * * *

"Boys, allow me to introduce you to two pretty young American nurses, Miss Flora White and Kate Burke." "Gentlemen, this is my new assistant, Lily May Loope. We want to help you establish peace." "Miss Kate Burke, you are a noble, good girl; we came here to get your help." "Mr. Ford, my invisible helpers will direct us. Gentlemen and ladies, we will sit in the silence an hour. I know my invisible companion, Dr. Frank, will help us. He has often asked me to help make the world more beautiful. It was through him we are nursing here now. He has often saved my life from flying shells. He directs me to the wounded and dying."

After singing "Sweet Peace" they held each others' hands in silent prayer.

"Friends, I hear Mr. Stead and Dr. Frank talking now." "Do tell us all," they said. "I will, Mr. Ford. Dr. Frank said, please make this camp your headquarters. You will find a lot of uniforms in a country church near here and behind the altar you will find papers and money. The priest that put them there was killed a few weeks ago. He was praying at the altar as a bomb hit him."

"Weseley, if we find them I will do as Kate Burke instructs." "Dr. Frank is here to lead me to the church. We will follow him." "How wicked to destroy this wonderful church. Ed, will you please light some of these candles so we can hunt for the things. In our haste we forgot the matches." Suddenly a large white hand was seen in

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the darkness and an angel lighted seven candles.

They found the uniforms and ran home with them. "Ed, you wear this French captain's suit. Hunt in the pockets for the money and papers." "Wese, here is the money, sure as you live." "You must save some women. O, here are the papers. We will read them together. Flora, you read German; tell us the contents." "O, joy, there is a large wonderful submarine hidden in one of the docks. We will capture it and escape. These papers and uniforms will help us. Dr. Frank said to pretend the rest of us are prisoners. Some dying soldiers gave us a lot of pistols. We will take them. O, here are some English uniforms, don't you know." "In seven days you will return here with a lot of supposed wounded soldiers. We will plan again at midnight when you return." "We will be very busy now working day and night so we can carry out these plans for peace." "Miss Burke, what will I do; there is a man dying in agony in the next tent?" "Lily, give him a little warm cream. I see he is choking; hold him in your arms, pray with him until he passes away, and be sure to keep a light at his head as it will attract good angels. Flora, keep the candles burning around the dying tonight." "There are but a few candles left. I will run to the church and get more." As she started she heard a dear voice out of the darkness say, "Go around the other way or you will be killed."

As she returned with the candles she found a burning shell in the path she had intended to take. That awful night she stayed with many dying souls. She could not sleep a moment. She heard men crying for death to end their awful suffering, and she was surrounded with darkness, misery and woe. Al's constant insults and awful abuse are harder to bear than the hardships in war. Their hate was all uncalled for, she was innocent of wrong and Kate, being a sensitive, took on their

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conditions and suffered and prayed with them as she had done for months before.

"Kate, can't you get some sleep? You look so pale and tired." "Flora, I must work hard now. In a few days we will escape with a lot of poor abused girls. I will hate to leave our poor wounded patients here that are so helpless, some blind and insane from pain, others without arms or legs, all praying for death. I can't blame the poor, dear souls."

"Flora, dear, we must do all in our power to stop this ghastly bloodshed. O, if this awful war could end today. How weak and helpless we are." "Lily, I am so sorry we have not time or money to help the thousands that are dying on the battlefield and the Hun's terrible dark, unsanitary war prisons." "Miss Burke, I am heartsick of this misery. Bread is now ten cents a slice and going up; poor, beautiful little young mothers beg daily for bread as they hold their babies in their arms, with tears streaming down their sweet, pretty faces. What a terrible life for our dainty, refined, pure girls, forced to be the mothers of helpless, fatherless children. What an outrage on womankind."

"Flora, I am glad we have formed classes and taught these dear girls to economize, sew and farm. They seem to love light farming. It keeps soul and body together. I think it is a shame they must nurse these babies when they have only one small meal a day." "Lily, some don't get that. How wicked it is to spend so much to kill men down and let women and little children starve, caused by Kaiserism. Some day, Dr. Frank said, these children will be wives to black men." "Lily, I love white men. I would die before I would marry a black man." "So would I, dear. No one can realize what terrible sorrow this awful war has caused. It was useless and all uncalled for. It has put civilization back a thousand years. How terrible!" All caused by Kaiser and sons.

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"Here comes some more women begging for a crust. O, if I only had bread to feed them. I am heartbroken to see so much poverty and misery. You poor, dear, hungry souls, our food is all locked up. Yonder in the churchyard is a rose arbor; go and eat the flowers. All kinds of flowers are nourishing and will keep you alive. Make a tea of the mint, it is good for you. Clover blossom tea is good for the blood." "We have sad news, Miss Burke. Our husbands, fathers and brothers have been killed in the war this year. We will never see one of our men again." "Look, Flora, there is an airship sailing above us." The poor women and children ran soon as they saw it, afraid they might be killed. Germans abused them shamefully.

"It is descending near us. Our heroes returning." "Mr. Ford, how did you ever get back so soon?" "We captured this fine airship to take you girls away. We must start at midnight for our submarine. Miss Burke, we will help you pack to go. O, girls, we must tell you what we saw yesterday. We saw the Hampshire sink with Lord Kitchener and seven hundred men all lost. We wanted his plans but could not reach him. 'The Princess Royal' sank at the same time. A voice warned us not to go on those two ships. Miss Burke, never tell a soul our plans or we are lost." "Edward, we are all ready to go. I will phone for more nurses to take our place."

"Please don't, Kate; just write a note. The Doctor will find it tomorrow after we are safe." "Lily, I feel like a coward, leaving the sick and dying. Yet it is nobler to save a few while we can. We can't all escape in that airship." "Why not make rope ladders?" "Edward, you are a genius. There are stacks of new rope in the warehouse. Come, we will make a ladder." "Do hurry, boys, it is time to go." "Edward, you run the airship straight for our submarine. Miss Burke, sit close to him."

Mr. Ford, we must hurry. I hear Dr. Frank say,

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"Go at once and sail tonight. If you are caught it is death." We will stand on the ladder and hold the two girls." "Why can't we tie our bundles on the ladder and let me take those two cute babies in the children's ward? I promised their mothers on their deathbed I would care for their sons." "Certainly you can take them. Hold them in your pretty white arms, Kate." "Mr. Ford, put this can of milk in your pocket for our boys; they eat their heads off. I fear this airship will break down with such a burden." "There is no danger, the night is dark. I hope no one will observe us." "O, joy; this is fun, sailing in the dark. Mr. Ford, how dare you to hug me so tight?" "So you will not fall, my dear Flora. I hope this airship never stops sailing. I love you, Flora, will you be my wife?" "Yes, Charles." "Then you really love me, little girl?" "I certainly do or I would never marry you; it is a sin to marry a man unless you love him, dear." "What a beautiful night; just enough moonlight to see your pretty young face. Flo, you look like a sweet little angel floating in the sky; your long white veil floats in the clouds like real wings." "These are all the wings I ever hope to have. Look, we are descending over the waters. O, what a wonderful big ship." "That is our submarine."

"O, Dr. Frank, you are the most wonderful angel in heaven to plan this escape so royally." "We are going to sail away in great style with many noble souls." "Where did you get all these sweet, pretty young girls, Edward, and handsome, intelligent soldiers?" "We rescued some from the reform school, some are the soldiers' sweethearts. We have a minister. All will be married at sea. Now, Charles, tell the captain to sail straight south under water for three days. Dr. Frank says we must or we will be captured." "I thank God we are on the way."

"Kate, my love, have them lower your boat at once and sail to the right now a little to dodge a torpedo." "How did you persuade all these dear

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young souls to escape with you, Edward?" "I lectured to them on Socialism in the basement of a large cathedral. Half of the soldiers took automobiles and ran for their sweethearts. The rest of us held up the matron who abused these young girls shamefully. We asked the girls to marry us and elope. All but a few little ones eagerly came with us to love and freedom."

A sweet girl began to cry and tell how she was beaten and abused. "That old reform school was worse than prison. We all prayed for love and liberty. God has heard our prayers." "We will never regret the step we have taken, not so long as we live," cried the boys.

"Girls, Dr. Frank said tomorrow night we can rise to the surface and be married. Our poor, dear minister will earn his wages tomorrow. He will be very busy for a few days under the circumstances."

"Mr. Ford, I am so glad you married Flora. She is a pure, sweet little angel. Most of us are brides now, sailing on our honeymoon. After seeing all the suffering we have in the war zone it seems like going from Purgatory to Heaven." "Miss Burke, I never was so happy in my life." "Wese, come to our cabin. No place for us here. Every man is making love to his bride; not a soul has spoken to us since the preacher got busy. We will get Miss Burke and plan out our future. Here she comes now, Ed."

"Gentlemen, Dr. Frank wants to talk to us alone to help us plan our future." "Those are our sentiments." "We will pray a few minutes, then sing, to get better conditions. I see Dr. Frank now, and hear him clairaudiently." "Do tell us all you hear, Miss Burke." "Visit South America to get more supplies, then go to New Orleans. You will meet a scientific farmer named Mr. Hall. Mr. Hall has a sweet tenor voice and a fine education. He is a scientific farmer and a king among men. Sell your

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boat at Washington. Buy land of Mr. Hall and start a big colony. Call it 'Ford.'"

"We will do as you say, Dr. Frank." "Be sure and sail under water again tomorrow as the Germans are after this boat. You may travel on the surface nights. Turn off most of the lights and keep south by west." "We will go and give the order to the captain now." "Dr. Frank, I can hear all you say and see you also. The conditions are much better on water." "My love, I see you as plain as day." "Darling, the other girls do not dream I have an invisible companion that loves me." "Kate, they would not pity you so much if they knew I was here most of the time making love to my little wife. Baby, my love, I wish I had married you when I was on earth. I did not know what love was then." "I could not live without you now, Dr. Frank, even if you are a spirit. I love you more than any one in the world. If it were not for you and good that I could do I would kill myself, for the Harris fiends torment me day and night. They constantly abuse and insult me. O, Dr. Frank, Purgatory must be Heaven compared to this war. In dreams I am alone in the midst of death and terror. I work day and night with the wounded and dying. I never see a smile until the Angel of Death has claimed its poor, suffering victim." "My poor little angel, if you kill your dear self we will be parted for a hundred years at least and your sorrow will increase and darkness will surround you. Soon as you are safe in my arms I will punish the Harris dogs for insulting and abusing my sweet angel. If you would forget them and did not worry or fear they could not get in your vibration." "Doctor, I hate them.

VII.

"Wese, we have sold the boat and bought a large tract of land from Mr. Hall. We have the colony started. Everything is going on fine. I want to return to California." "So do I, Ed." "Wese, I prom-

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ised to help Miss Burke establish her new Scientific Church. Tonight she speaks on 'Proof of Our Glorious Immortality' in the schoolhouse at Ford Mission. The house is not half large enough. There will be two reporters there and the lecture will be published. We will help the folks clear up some land until it is time to start for the schoolhouse. Mr. Ford, you have done more work in this colony in the past few days than the natives have accomplished in years." "Our boys think this farming is Heaven compared to the inferno we left in Europe. They smile now and have good health and liberty." "Charles, some of us had better fish in the river yonder for a few hours. We can catch plenty for all. Come back of my barn, I will show you where to dig for bait."

"Thank you, Mr. Hall, we have plenty of worms now for the river." They never caught so many fine fish in their lives before. They saw two great gar fish with silvery colored scales on that were hard as marble. They saw alligators and snakes in the forest on the way home. That evening they all ate supper together under the tall, graceful pines by the river. The girls fried the fish over the campfire. The men kept the fire blazing with heavy pine knots that nature had saturated with turpentine. They had hot biscuit, cornbread, pecans and fruit. They sang love songs on the way to the schoolhouse. How beautiful life now was compared to the past. Each one loved and helped their neighbors along, hence they prospered.

"Flora, dear, how beautiful Kate Burke looks tonight all in white. I like the way she arranged those white geraniums, like a new moon or half crown in her pretty brown hair. Her sad blue eyes express so much love for us."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will speak under the inspiration of Dr. Frank tonight. In other words I will tell you what he shows me clairvoyantly. I also hear him clairaudiently." "It will make the

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world more beautiful if you live as we do in Mars." She cyclometrised all their articles correctly and foretold future events that later came true. "In Mars we have sunshine, birds, flowers, land, water, homes, schools, farms, lovers and animals as you have here. We have no wars, flies, slums or death. On earth and in Purgatory these conditions exist, caused by ignorance, sin and selfishness. We are taught that the highest morality is to love one another. We live the Golden Rule. We never permit an erroneous thought to enter our minds. We keep busy by hard study, work and play. Instead of death we are sometimes translated to a higher and brighter planet. I long to see universal health, wealth, peace and love on earth." Another colonist spoke and Kate held private conversation with her Doctor.

Dr. Frank, I see a large light building on a hill, on a veranda in the rear large red grapes are hanging gracefully among the golden red leaves. This home has many open windows and French open doors. The house and linen closets are well ventilated. It is furnished elegantly. I see tiny little golden birds in a willow cage. A green parrot, a grand piano, and beautiful paintings on the wall. I see the picture of myself painted natural as life, hanging on the wall. In the hall I see a lot of young folks dancing and smiling.

"Kate, it is your future home." "Dr. Frank I can hardly realize such happiness is for me. I love you, Doctor, I am proud to be your other half." "What can I do to make you happy?" "Protect yourself and do good. Encourage the poor to plant fruit and nut trees. The war has ruined some of the grandest forests in Europe; they must be replanted at once or winds will sweep over the land and they will suffer from great famine as they do in the Sahara today. Without trees and birds the sun will dry up the rivers and the winds will make a desert of the once cultivated land. To save our trees all

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homes and buildings should be made of brick with many windows, and painted inside and out every year. Save your valuable trees, they make the world rich and beautiful. Burn all decay and rubbish, burn scale from trees. Eat perfect nuts and fruit. One meal for grown people is plenty, three for children. Study hard and enjoy life if you wish to live long. As it is getting late I will give you some messages and prophesy things that will take place some day." She told them this and continued:

"Edward, I see you and Weseley going to California where your sweethearts are waiting for you. Weseley, your wife's name is Goldie. Now I know why you did not get married on the boat. The Allies will win in this awful war. Black men will marry white girls in Europe. Crowned heads will be institutions of the past some day, and Socialism will rule. Women will vote. Mexico will be annexed to America. Love and peace will rule the world some day. They will build more schools and canals instead of prisons and awful warships. The more good you do and the harder you work, the quicker these things will come to pass."

"Dr. Frank, we rise, thanking you with all our hearts for leading us from death to the land of the free, to dear America. We know all you say is true. We love and trust you. The facts you have given us tonight from our dead our wonderful. Every name and description was perfect. You have inspired us to do good. For your dear sake we will practice the Golden Rule in this new colony, called Ford. We long to meet you in Heaven. God bless you."

"Dr. Frank, we know you are the most wonderful soul in Mars."

VIII.

"O, I wish Alvin were here." "Trix, why work and worry so much over your conditions?" "Darling, I am tired of Loyal swearing at me and abusing me." "Lena and the Harris demons hypnotize

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him against you. They do all the swearing not your husband. They want to part you and Loyal. Keep your husband. They influence your friends and child against you. They try to keep you from work and prosperity. Al is lazy and wants you to be. He takes on the conditions of snakes and wants you to live the life he used to. He said he would not abuse you if I would give him money. He has formed bad habits. He cannot change his former habits. His mind is too weak and depraved to develop character. Al and Lena are lonely outcasts in poverty and darkness here. Their idleness causes people to hate them. Don't listen to his insane babble, Trix. I developed you to see only the beautiful. Doll, go to sleep. I will show you wonderful scenery in Venus and Mars. Our souls will visit new sights away from these earth-bound demons."

"Alvin, I can feel myself floating up, up. O, the ecstasy of being in your loving arms."

"Darling, I am too happy to speak. Doctor, where are we?" "I am surprised at you, Trix, after seeing Mars so many times." "O, yes, I see the hills and canals now below us, the land looks like a thousand little parks. O, if our poor, sorrowing, selfish world could be cultivated also." "If they were all as good as you are it would be the same." "Thank you, Alvin. I am only trying to be worthy of you, my darling, to prove there is no death. It took me years to learn that you are my other half, that God created us for each other."

They walked and talked in a beautiful park and every moment they were together was a perfect day to the lovers.

"Alvin, this brick walk looks something like the bricks do on earth. How graceful and beautiful these trees are. I love to walk with you in this garden. O, Alvin, look at those big cedar trees—such a long row of them. The people that own these grounds must be rich. Why do you smile,

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darling?" "Because I own the grounds." "I never dreamed you were rich, Doctor. O, what a handsome fountain near this pretty lake. How happy those young folks look in the distance; they look too young to make love to each other." "Trix, most of them died from old age on earth. They are twin souls, pet, promenading in Lover's Lane." "I am delighted, they are so young and happy. O, Alvin, what a beautiful new building that is." "It is our future home, Trix." "In the rear I see tall apple trees in bloom. You are a beautiful soul, Doctor, full of romance, poetry and music. I love you, Alvin." "I adore you, Trix. How I enjoy this walk with you under such a variety of wonderful mysterious trees. How old are these magnificent trees?" "The cedars are about twenty years old. Come, love, I will show you our home. The first large building is our sanitarium. The other is our home. The long, artistic bridge connects the two buildings. The bridge was made so you would be a little nearer to me and to protect you from the rains when you wish to visit my office." "It adds to the beauty of the place. How elegant everything looks, dear. How grand and artistic you are, my darling. Doctor, I can never express how much I love you. I am proud of your tall, handsome form, I enjoy your companionship, I always learn so many new and wonderful things from you, darling."

"We will always study together, babe."

"How perfectly grand you are to build such a home for me. Alvin, I love to stroke and pet your heavy black hair, yet your eyes are dark blue." "Come, babe, I will show you more of our future home. Trix, this is the broad driveway that leads to our home." "It is a palace, Doctor." "Trix, I worship you with all my life, soul and being, pet." "O those beautiful words make me so happy I can hardly breathe. Everything is so artistically arranged we will live here in ecstasy together." "Babe, our beautiful love for each other will in-

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crease forever. My little dove, we will grow closer and closer together." "Anyone that would try to part us is lower than a dog, aren't they, Doctor?" "They certainly are, pet. Do not worry, dear heart, I can and will protect you. God has made you for me and has given me the power to protect my little wife." "Darling, how pretty the small shrubbery is just in front of those tall, light green trees. I used to love even the cottonwood trees of Dakota and the box elder that grew in our yard at home, when I was a child living in the land of the Dakotas. I remember how mama would take us to the woods. We gathered baskets of rich, black, wild grapes by the banks of the old Missouri river and we children would swing in the long grape vines. Once I went boat riding all alone at sunrise; yet no harm ever came to me. It is strange I should think of childhood scenes here in these beautiful gardens in Mars."

"You will always have memory and keep your individuality, love." "I admire the golden sunshine among these trees and flowers. This is a grand and glorious home among the fruit and flowers. Home is Heaven when you are in my arms, Trix." "This warm, golden sunshine makes me feel so slight and happy, here the sun has a richer hue—so mellow a gold and blue. This planet seems like Heaven compared with earth, dear. What an elegant home you have prepared for me. It proves that you love me. How perfect the architecture is. What a large, beautiful door that is, with windows all around it. Why does it suddenly turn into gold and open by itself." "I made it appear golden as an emblem that I adore you, Trix." "Doctor, you have a wonderful power of making me see things in a golden light. My darkest clouds you line with gold." "Just look at the lining and never the clouds, love. Dove, I only developed your clairvoyance to see the good and beautiful." "What a pretty porch! I love this elegant hall and furni-

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ture. This big leather rocking chair is big enough for us both." "That is why I bought it." "O, you have turned on the rose-tinted light. This hall carpet is a very pretty golden brown with perfect violets woven here and there. It looks as if some fairy hand had just picked them and gracefully scattered them all over the pretty carpet." "They did, dear, just for your dear sake." "Who bought the carpets, Alvin?" "My mother and daughter, pet." "What a big, grand piano." "Trix, you must practice every day as soon as you come. I wish you would die tomorrow, love." "So do I, Doctor. I hate to go back to earth." "You must go, babe, it is a dreadful crime to kill yourself or another. If you should ever kill your dear self you would be two or three hundred years parted in darkness away from this home and me." "I could never be so foolish, Doctor. I love you too much." "I will never change." "How perfectly grand you are to build such a home for me."

The handsome young man took her in his strong arms and kissed her soft pretty red lips a hundred times. "I am wild to come over here, so I can enjoy this elegant home with you, dear." "Do good, keep very busy and the time will soon pass, pet. Come, love, and try on your pearls and rings." "Doctor, I look like a rich princess in all this expensive handsome jewelry. I never dreamed they had real jewels like these in Heaven. Alvin, I love this necklace, it is worth a fortune. How lovingly you clasp it around my neck." "A kiss for every pearl, young lady." Trix tenderly kissed each ring as he placed them on her fingers. "O, what a wonderful gold crown with that yellow diamond in the center, Doctor. Where did you ever get such a big perfect diamond? I wish you had it made into a ring for yourself." "Jewels are for ladies, pet." Again and again she tried on each ring and bracelet. "A locket with your dear picture painted on the inside! I think I love this plain wedding

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ring the most." As she looked in the long, perfect mirror at herself she fell in love with her own spiritual body clothed in bridal robes. She seemed a young queen and Doctor a tall handsome king pinning orange blossoms in her hair. The rooms were all decorated in white rosebuds and forget-me-nots, and lilies-of-the-valley grew in golden urns on the mantel. "Come, love, into the hall. Our guests are waiting for us to lead the grand march. Remember every waltz is mine tonight. If you dance with another without my permission, I will cut off your pretty ears, you little fairy elf." "How dear of you to pin on this beautiful bridal veil embroidered with perfect pure white butterflies and lilies. Butterflies are emblems of immortality. I am very fond of them. Doctor, darling, please may I dance with this lovely veil on?" "If you will dance with me you may, Miss Vanity." "What inspiring music to dance by. How elegantly you waltz, Trix." "I just take on your conditions, dear." "Tonight is a little sample of your future life with me, my little pet." "How light I feel in this dainty fluffy dream of a dress. Doctor, I hope I can always dress elegantly just to please you." "You may, love." "How gracefully you dance, Prince Charming. I think the same of you, dove. Every moment I am with you is Heaven to me. My pretty little Cinderella, it is past midnight; you must turn into a mortal again." "And rags compared to this wedding gown." "Don't pout, love; some day these visions will be a reality. You have had a taste of your future life with me. Trix, my love, some of us are going to concentrate for peace while we form an electric cross in the moonlight just over the war zone." "Doctor, may I go with you?" "After you rest you may, love." "What a band of angels follow Jesus to form this cross of fire. Doctor and Trix floated with them. Jesus walked and prayed among the soldiers; some saw him; others felt His presence. By the con-

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centrated thoughts of His angels a grand cross illuminated the sky near the pale moon. Trix noticed the ghastly faces of the poor soldiers as they saw it. Each man threw down his arms and in silent supplication prayed to God for peace. Trix silently cried in Alvin's arms. The great cross was formed by many perfect minds condensing electricity in the form of a perfect cross to prove to the discouraged soldiers God still lives and loves us. He will punish the instigators of this awful cruel war severely. The hard, set faces of the ignorant rulers looked like insane brutes murdering innocent helpless lambs. Strong evil thoughts kept the men fighting on and on. "Doctor, darling, I would give my life to stop this wholesale slaughter." "Trix, the poor men are destroying themselves." She sensed great sorrow among the angels as they floated slowly up to their homes. "Doll, you must forget this suffering, as you and I are helpless in putting an end to this great disaster. Babe, my poor love, I will take you in my arms and show you a white race that once fought on these very grounds. I will show you the remnant that escaped after suffering a thousand deaths. They looked like tiny love birds floating away in the distance seeking oblivion from the distress of a fallen race. They crossed the ocean, then floated northward in a strong current of electricity. Soon they saw the beautiful lights of the North. "The aurora borealis," another phenomena wonderful as the cross just witnessed. The brilliant aurora looked like a magnificent rainbow in the horizon. Toward dawn the colors seem to blend together and assume a wavy appearance. A wonderful variety of colors were present—blue, yellow and a red or blood-color. "O, Alvin, these white Eskimos resemble the Russians that are fighting now. What baby blue eyes and fair complexions those girls have that are dancing on the ice!" "Trix, I thought the same, but did not dare to tell you. What long

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golden hair they have. Look how gracefully they dance around fire made from whale oil." "Doctor, darling, why do I see so many handsome colors?" "My pet, it is charged with electricity, even if it is so far from the sun. The southern horizon is not half so beautiful, yet there is light there that is charged with electricity. My love, the belts of Saturn are radiant with electricity. Years ago these white Eskimos escaped from war in mighty airships. Angels planned their escape and landed them safely here; at that time this was a productive land—corn, wheat and apples grew here. Intense cold has caused this terrible devastation. Canals would have prevented this ruin."

"Doctor, I learn so much from being in your company. I am proud of you, darling."

"Trix, I adore you. Kiss me, pet, and I will take you to the South Pole. Trix, you are the sweetest girl in the universe. Cling closer to me, doll, you sweet angel. I love you more than ever. I would die for you, Trix." They floated on and on in charming ecstasy. It seemed only a little way that they had floated. But in reality they had traveled miles. "Trix, my love, why so silent?" "Darling, when I am in your arms I am too happy to speak." "Babe, you are like a child that loves to be rocked." Again they saw dazzling lights, not so brilliant as the ones they just left. They discovered a vast area of land and found a dark race south of the Pole. "Trix, dear, some day this land will be under cultivation if they build canals to melt the snow. This is fine, rich soil. There is lots of land in the world mortals have not yet discovered." Trix saw clairvoyantly as in a day dream that the prayers of suffering humanity were heard. She saw that universal peace and prosperity ruled the world. In her vision the whites and blacks lived in harmony. New canals flowed through the land, and the earth blossomed like a perfect rose. Love and peace overcame hate and war. How beautiful this new earth

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seemed. How happy the people were. "Darling Alvin, will my vision ever come true?" "Yes, doll, soon as there is universal industry and education." "Doctor, I worship you and pray that God will never let anyone part us." "I would rather be annihilated than parted from you, Trix, you benevolent little soul; kiss me." "Doctor, it is heaven to hear you say those precious golden words. Darling, I wish everyone were as happy as we are." "Soon as they discover their spirit mate they will be. Trix, my love, I thank God we are made for each other. I could not love another but your own little self, dove." No one knows how she prayed so she could be with her twin soul. Every day seemed an eternity to the sweet soul. "Doctor, I want to die so I can be with you. The conditions are so that I just hate this world. I see selfishness, cruelty, poverty and awful war about me. I will be glad when I can leave it forever, and can live with you in that dear new home." "Trix, I would love to have you wake up in the morning contented to live and do good a few years longer, pet." "Tomorrow I hope I will remember all that transpired tonight. I often wake up thinking it is only a dream." "You know, dear, it is a reality. I love you. When you are in perfect health, your dreams are true." "I know they are, Doctor; that is why I want to die. I would love to go to you tomorrow. Loyal lacks romance and soul, he supports me, and is kind in his way, yet so thoughtless and ignorant compared to you, darling. He is often cross and swears at me without any cause at all. He has made a slave of me. I long to study and improve my talents." "You shall as soon as you come to me. Trix, I have helpers in our home for you, so you can enjoy life and do as you please, after you get your music lessons. Trix, don't blame Loyal, he is obsessed by Lena and the Harris boys; they are trying to part you. They influence him and others to abuse you. When he is angry, change the subject, pet. Loyal

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doesn't swear; it is Bill and Al obsessing him. Stay with him. You need his support. Enjoy your home and friends. Keep cheerful and make others happy, pet. Good-bye, love, I will return as soon as you wake." Trix woke up and saw a large diamond like the one in her crown of the night before. Doctor placed it in her mouth. She felt it and saw it. "Dear, have I proven to you the dream is true?" "Yes, I know it is a fact." "Trix, we are more alive than you are." "I thank God there is no death, dear. How perfectly grand to love and be contented forever."

IX.

"Augusta, how pale and cold your mother looks. I will telephone for the Doctor at once." "Mama, are you better, dear heart." "My heart hurts me, baby doll. I have made my will in your favor, Augusta. I know I will pass away about twilight tonight. I see my mother with my ascension robe. I see many angels watching over me." "Papa, I am going to stay close to mama all day; she thinks she will die tonight." "She may live for years yet." "Augusta, bury me in white with orange blossoms in my hair and white rosebuds in my hands; keep lights around my head for two days. Bury me on the fourth day if you can. My soul may not be resurrected until the third day. Don't cremate me. I am so sensitive I would feel my own form burn. Take my rings now and keep all my jewels, this home and money. All is yours, my sweet child. Stay and keep house for your father, pet. Think of me so I can return to you often. Develop, love, so you will understand all I say by mental telepathy." "I will, mama." "Keep calm, busy and cheerful after I am gone, for you know I will be young and happy. In just a few years you will be united to me in Heaven. Look upon my death as something beautiful, don't wail as the heathen do, for I will often return to you. I see Doctor smiling down at me and mother with my new white robes.

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Good-bye, Loyal and Augusta, the darkness obscures this lovely azure sunset, so please place lights closer to my head. Remember I will always be perfectly happy. Doll, my sweet child, I love you. Good-bye."

"Doctor, is my mother dead?" "Yes, dear." "No, but it can't be. Why does she smile so sweetly?" "Because she died so happy, my child." "How sweet and happy she looks. Papa, please put more lights around her bed. Mama! My mama—"

* * * * *

X.

"Goldie, I would give the world if I had my mother back; it is only a few months since she died, yet it seems like years. I am so lonely." "Augusta, we will go into the silence and develop together, so you can hear and see her, dear." "I see her often, Goldie." "Then why do you cry, dear?" "Because I want to hug and kiss her. I long to hear her talk. I will get some paper and a pencil. Maybe she can write through my hand, dear. You hold my left hand, while I try." "O, Goldie, dear, don't try, just go to sleep so she can come quickly. Your hand is moving now. Now we will read all she has written. "My sweet children; sit a few minutes every other night and write. All that is on the paper is true. Augusta, love, I am often with you to love and protect you. At my death when you were crying those beautiful big brown eyes out, Doctor held me close to his broad chest, with his loving arms clasped around my waist. It was the happiest moment of my life. We floated up, up in love and ecstasy, through wave upon wave of ether, rising higher and higher in infinite, glorious space; he was master of the air, as a good strong swimmer is master of the sea. Goldie, Doctor is my twin soul. I felt him clasp me to his heart again and again with a savage sob of wild delight. There is no greater heaven than our perfect love for each other, no artist, pen or

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tongue can express our new happiness. O, if I had the power to thank God for this living ecstasy, how I thank Him for an eternal, noble, ideal companion all my very own, mine forever. The bridal tour is through the spheres. Eternity the honeymoon.' ”

“O, mama, dear, I see your pretty young face close to my own. Tell me, mama, was my dream true last night?” “Yes, Augusta pet, most every night you come to my home, I hold you in my arms and pet you, just as Doctor used to do to me when I was with you on earth. It proves that the law of attraction is stronger than ever. Love draws you to me, Augusta dear.” “Mama, I am sure I was in your home some time before you saw me. You and Alvin were singing at the piano.” “I was singing, but did not know you heard us. Augusta, your soul travels to mama because I love you. My sweet child, keep a diary of all you see in the soul-world and all I tell you of this beautiful planet, Mars. Write a book of facts to comfort those that suffer where my poor child must live a few years yet. Write so that honest investigators will know the truth about other worlds, Augusta doll. I have a swimming pool of our own made of marble. Beautiful stone steps lead down to it. Love, you swim so beautifully you will enjoy it when you come over here to mama. Enjoy life and keep young and cheerful. It is wrong to grow old. Thoughts and wrong living make one old. People think they must grow old at a certain age, hence they do. We are young and happy here, pet. Doctor and I walk, swim, drive, dance and study together. I take music lessons from him. Augusta, I am delighted that my own husband can teach me so much. “He must be wonderful, for you are highly educated, mama dear.” So are you, pet, my daughter, don’t cry any more, your grief is my only sorrow. Rejoice because I am so happy. Dear, do you remember the poem I used to love on earth?

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"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark
And may there be no sad farewell
When I embark."

Darling, the day of my death was the happiest day of my life. For I was united to my twin-soul, the man I worship, and to my own sweet little mother. She and I live near each other. My love is stronger than ever. I am more sensitive. A mother's love never dies. Some night I will take you to see our magnificent new home." "O, mama, I saw it. A beautiful angel took me all through it. I saw a great handsome rose light in the parlor. You and Doctor were singing at the piano." "It was my mother that showed you our home. All that you saw was real, love." "O mama, I saw cute little, tiny canary birds, horses, a little black dog and a green parrot with red in his wings, and I saw wonderful robes and jewels." "They all belong to your mother, dear. Doctor gave them to me. Isn't he noble and grand." "I am glad you are so rich and happy, mama." "You will be just as rich and happy some day, Augusta. All that I saw of Mars clairvoyantly I now realize is a fact. I know now that all planets are something similar. Things here are real. We are more alive than mortals." "Mama, your hair is so heavy and beautiful." "Augusta, I am young, strong and slender. I will never die again or grow old. Be happy and do good, now, that you know the soul is immortal. Some sweet day you will come over here with mama. After you come we will never be parted again." "Mama, will you show me your jewels. I long to see them again." "Yes, doll, come with me." "Augusta, how do you like my lovely furniture, upholstered in blue, pink, silver and gold cloth? Our opera house is in rich red velvet. Doctor gave me all these jewels the day we were married. He placed this beautiful crown on my head and lovingly clasped these valuable pearls around

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my neck. He wished these handsome rings and bracelet on. Here is his picture in this locket he gave me. His daughter painted it for me. My little sweetheart, you may try on my robes." "Mama, how can you afford such rich, elegant gowns?" "Doctor is young, rich and handsome." "I must not cry for you any more when I return to earth." "O please don't, Augusta dear; it hurts me so when you cry. Let me show you one of my husband's robes. Did you ever see such a wonderful shade of blue and such perfect gold stars woven here and there? Here is a star and crescent on this purple sash, emblem of his rank. Doctor is very popular and loved by everyone. I worship him, Augusta darling. I know that two boys will soon make your home happy again. Cupid will soon linger by your side. He will bring sunshine in your life. Enjoy his companionship, pet. Doctor is working in the colony at Ford. They obey him. The new colony is prospering wonderfully. They have just finished a new Scientific Church and a large school house. Classes are held in church. Make yourself as attractive as you can and take better care of your health. Enjoy life more, for you are talented, attractive and beautiful. Visit mama often, dear." "Mama, sometimes my spiritual body travels to your elegant home, and you do not realize I am there, you are so interested in listening to your husband. Then Addie and Eva bring me back to earth without disturbing your new happiness." "Augusta, you only add to my great happiness. I love you more than ever, my sweet pure loving little girl. I would never come to earth only for your dear sake. I return to develop and protect you. I love to pet you now, more than ever. Every day you grow sweeter and dearer to me, my angel child." "Mama, dear heart, since I cannot hug your sweet form I miss you so much." "Augusta, my little pet, soul or mind is all there is to love. Mind is immortal, it is that which loves and lives. My

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sweet child, if you wish to keep young and happy send out good thoughts and love everyone. Love is health, life, power and happiness. Remember, my child, God is Love." "Mama, dear, I often visit you here, you and your companion are so in love with each other you do not see me. I thank God you are so happy and silently return to my home on earth." "My sweet daughter, enjoy your future husband the same as I do Alvin, for he is your immortal companion, your twin-soul. Be his sweetheart, my love." "Mama, I am tickled to death, I always was crazy over him. Good-bye, mama dear, you don't know how happy you have made me."

"Trix, love, permit me to put on your sandals and wrap; we will take our daily walk. Trix, I dare you to climb that hill in the distance with me." "Darling, I would climb any height to be alone with you." "We are always alone, pet, when I wish to make love to you, you little sweetheart, I adore you. Look at this beautiful azure sunset. Our pretty lake has turned to silver, blue and gold as the sun sinks beneath its water. I hear the band playing on the shore. Come, Trix, we will dance to the music." "Darling, I love to dance with you, because you are handsome, tall and graceful."

XI.

"Goldie, dear, I dreamed last night your husband came back with Edward. Please wear your wedding dress and look as nice as you can." "Augusta, I dreamed the same. We will run downstairs and bake a cake and some pies; then return and dress up." "Goldie, I will pick some beautiful roses and decorate our home. Dear, help me arrange a handsome centerpiece on the table of white rosebuds and little forget-me-nots. Now, Goldie, doesn't that look lovely?" "I will make the pies if you will make the cake, Augusta." They worked like bees. "Now that everything is finished, we will take a

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warm bath and dress up." "O Goldie dear, how sweet you look." "Augusta, if I were as pretty as you are I would be happy." "Goldie, I hear mama say for us to wear flowers in our hair. O Goldie, look. I see two men coming up the walk. It is true what mama told me a few days ago." "My darling wife forgive me for being away so long. Don't cry, Goldie, are you ill, dear?" "O, I have been so lonely without you, dear." "Look, Goldie, Edward has your cousin in his arms!" "How pretty they look together; she so dark and slender; he is fair, with blue eyes and golden hair." "Just like your own, my little wife." "Augusta, we have been parted so long I am crazy to marry you at once." "Soon as I can get my clothes made I will, Edward." "You look as sweet as any bride in the world in that dress." "With Goldie's help, I can get ready in a few days, dear heart." "Here is the postman, Augusta, you may read the letters to us." "I will read the one from Ford first: 'My dear good friends: We don't know how to thank you for our miraculous escape. Our colony, "Ford," is prospering. We fish, farm and own a large saw-mill. We live happily with our young wives and babies. We trade among ourselves. Some of the farmers trade us fine pecans for rice and vegetables. We have plenty of everything. Most of us have money out at interest. "Ford" is a large town now. We will never fight our brothers again. We have learned to love our wives and homes too much to ever leave them. We pray that all nations will enjoy the peace and comforts of home as we do. Life is beautiful to us now. We love our homes and hate war more than ever. War creates poverty and hate. It destroys happiness, it deprives us of manhood and love. We have the privilege of developing our minds now. If the soul is not developed men become brutes and degenerate. We study and keep busy on the farm. The result is we have perfect health and happiness. Some of our

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colony have gone to Alaska and have found rich gold mines. The colony in Alaska they have named Burke. In the center of this town is a large sanitarium and school. We have a fine new temple where we hold seances three times a day. We have ten good psychics we keep busy all the time. The church pays them a good salary. Towns near by spend their evenings drinking, eating, fighting and gambling. We sing, pray, communicate with angels. After each seance we dance an hour; then retire perfectly happy. We own some very valuable gold mines discovered by our invisible friends. Dr. Frank is a wonderful soul. All has turned out just as he said it would. Dr. Frank and our invisible friends help us and those in Alaska. They sent us enough money to build a new schoolhouse. We send you a check of one hundred dollars. We feel as if we did not pay you half what your services were worth. We owe our liberty and happiness to you and Kate Burke. Charles Ford and Flora have a new home and a little son, George.'"

"What a glorious, satisfying letter. I would love to see them all." "Perhaps you may some day, Goldie."

"Why can't we dance here anyway?"

"A waltz!"

"A one-step!"

"No, let's have an old-fashioned Virginia Reel."

Gaiety rang through the house till late that night. Two tired, but very happy girls closed their eyes shortly after midnight.

Three days later witnessed a holy marriage.

* * * * *

"I call mine own—Oh, come to me!

Love answers back, I come to thee, I come to thee."

* * * * *

"Goldie, how sweet Augusta looks in her filmy, fluffy wedding dress standing under that magnificent wedding bell, covered with tuberose and

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orange blossoms. It hangs just where our dear old Christmas tree used to stand." "Goldie, I am glad you are her bridesmaid; how sweet you look in your wedding dress." "I bought her that large bouquet of lilies of the valley." "You are extravagant, Goldie." "I earned the money myself, Weseley." "The music has started." They saw the aviary door slowly open, yet not a soul stood on that side of the house. Two little canary birds flew on the Bible the minister held, then on Augusta's flowers, and began to sing sweetly. Her friends stood spell-bound. "Run for some water, Weseley, Augusta has fainted." "My poor little wife, I am sorry I was in such a hurry to marry you. You have overworked sewing and must rest now." "I did not faint. I was only in a trance. At least I felt mama hug and kiss me. She influenced the birds to come to me." "Augusta, my sweet little bride, I am the happiest man in the world." "Goldie, dear, will you help me pack our suitcase? We are going up in the mountains on our honeymoon. You and your husband come and go with us." "My sweet cousin, as soon as I take off your pretty long wedding veil I will ask my husband if I can go." "There is plenty of room in our automobile for us all." Goldie hurried to find Weseley.

"Weseley, we are invited to go to the mountains for a few days; will you go, dear?" "No, Goldie, I hate the mountains; run and get supper now. I am hungry for these swell eats." "O, Cousin Goldie, how delicious your dinner is. I am so sorry to go without you."

* * * * *

XII.

"Augusta, little sweetheart, another year of happiness has gone; our little son is a month old today; he looks just like you, Edward. He is the cutest thing I ever saw. He is a little pig." "Augusta, dear, as I woke this morning I saw our

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AUGUSTA MAY

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invisible friend, Dr. Frank and mother looking at our child." "Ed, I often see mama smile and kiss our baby. I know our baby sees her; he smiles at her. Mama told me he could see her." "How wonderful that he is born with clairvoyance." "That is because he is mother's little angel. I know he is hungry again, mama's poor little abused darling child. Maybe he cries because he is going to cut a tiny tooth." "Pet, he is too young yet." "Edward, I worship you and our baby." "Which do you love the most, dear?" "You, of course, Mr. Jealousy." "Augusta, my sweetheart, those words have made me perfectly happy. Tomorrow I will buy you a new ruby ring." "And tomorrow I will hug you to death, Mr. Darling." "Dovie, never wait until tomorrow." "Ed, I am as happy here with you as mother is in Mars." "That is because God made you for each other," softly whispered Trix. "My dearest child, you can be perfectly happy anywhere with your soul-mate. Do enjoy each other and get all you can out of life. Say your prayers, my sweet child, and sleep peacefully, knowing angels are watching over you and protecting you, pet." Trix prayed earnestly that God would hear their prayers and that they would be a united family in Mars. "Trix, now that your child is sleeping, I will take you home again, you little runaway. Babe, you must not forget your music lesson again." "I will make up for lost time, my darling husband." "Trix, my own, I want you to be my companion in every sense of the word, my beautiful wife." Alvin, you are just the kind of a husband any woman would worship. I am proud of you, darling. I love you more than ever."

"O, Edward, please wake up." "What is the trouble, my little wife? Is our baby sick or hungry?" "I dreamed mama came back and pointed to a large oil painting that covered one side of the wall. I noticed her little white hand was covered with precious rings. The painting was called Love

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and Hate. In the sky of this wonderful picture I saw the Holy City, painted in silver, gold and blue. It was slightly veiled among the white fleecy clouds, and the city and the clouds blended softly together, over the mountain-tops. The sunlight from the city shed its beams below on the mountains and valley. In this picture my mother wore a crown, dressed in white silk and soft lace; she looked up and smiled in the face of a tall, handsome gentleman with dark heavy hair, large dark blue eyes and a broad pale face. His lips were full and large. He wore long flowing purple robes with gold stars woven in the wonderful heavy silk cloth. A bright soft light mingled around his well shaped head. He held my mother close to his broad chest. Her long white veil floated in the breeze. Gold butterflies clasped her white embroidered sandals. Soft lights floated around their crowns. Two little children were playing by the marble fountain nearby. A long canal flowed in the distance, its foaming waves were winding in and out the hills and among the tall green trees. In the bushes by the large gate two hungry beggars held out their hands for food and clothes. A small ragged tunic was all they wore. Sin and deception marred their cruel hard faces. Their wicked thoughts were revealed by the dark aura around their heads. The woman was small and dark, the man light, with small gray eyes and a long narrow face and large nose. I could see ignorance and crime written on their ugly faces. The three beggars stood outside the gate crying to come in, long green and yellow snakes crawled around their feet. Light had vanished from them; good angels had forsaken them. 'O, mama, what does this painting mean?' I cried. 'It means to raise your children to be Christlike and do all the good you can in the world. Teach your children all you know. Keep them at home, close to your loving heart. Augusta, my darling, you are perfect. I only want to impress on your

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mind to raise your children just as perfectly, so that we will be a united family after your transition.' I said, 'I will obey you, mama, and raise our little Charles LeRoy to be Christlike.' 'Come and visit us often, Augusta, love, I know your soul has learned to travel alone. Good-bye, my pet, you dear, sweet, pure little mother.' Edward, I am going to give all my time to you and our son." "Dear, I intend to give him a fine education, Augusta, my beautiful sweetheart. Rest now, I don't want you to overwork. What a charming little beauty you are, pet. "I begin to think it is true; my angel mother often tells me the same." "I admire your psychic powers, sweetheart."

And the next night, Augusta said, "Edward, last night I visited mama again in spirit. She is so happy I must never cry for her again. I could not disturb her happiness. I remember all she and Doctor said." "That is because my little queen is highly educated. I married you for brains, Augusta, knowing that our children would be perfect." "I am glad you were too modest to mention that before marriage, Edward. I think a man should be just as pure as a woman." "So do I, dear. Sweetheart, tell me all your mother and her husband said." "Their conversation was something like our own." "Augusta, I wish I could have heard them. I am so anxious to know just how they live in other worlds. My precious wife, I will hold you close in my arms while you tell me all they said." "Doctor was sitting in a large, handsome rocking chair with mama in his arms. They were alone in their elegantly furnished home. Doctor held a book in one hand. He said, "Babe, I adore you more than ever. I am delighted with your music and studies. I love to hear you sing to me, Trix." "I never could sing like you do, Doctor, even if I should study a million years." "Our love is immortal, we will never be parted again. Lena and those wicked Harris fiends cannot harm my little

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wife now. I thank God and His angels for your glorious resurrection. How divine and angelic you looked after your transmission. My own, my doll babe, you are all in all to me. I adore you more than ever. The sunshine seems all the brighter after the darkness and sorrow you once suffered caused by Lena and these Harris demons." "What a royal dear husband you are. What sweet memories are mine for you made love to me while I was on earth." "Dear, our love is unchanging and more beautiful than ever, dove." "My darling husband, I don't know how to thank you for this elegant palace. O, how I enjoy you and this lovely new home. This is the dearest home I ever saw. I am so glad this is a real material home. My happiness is greater than I ever dreamed of." "Trix, I would give my life for you. I went down in darkness and purgatory to protect you from the insults of Bill and Al. In my waking fancies I dream of you. In my study I write poems to you. In my office I work for you. I see your sweet face among the flowers, trees and sunshine. Your companionship is Heaven to me. I would not accept Heaven without you. There is no sorrow or darkness with you, only radiant sunshine. How glorious this love is. Your devotion is paradise to me. Your songs are sweetest music that lulls my soul to rest. Your breath is fragrant as roses, your golden brown hair retains the sunshine. All our sorrow was nothing to this great happiness. It seems like a dream now." Trix kept rocking to and fro in the golden sunlight among the birds and flowers that her husband had placed there to make her happy. She was sewing on some dainty little garments that are so dear to every woman's heart; her husband was reading to her. He closed the book with a sigh and silently rocked her in his arms. "Trix, now that I am rich, I will promise never to leave your side again, my sweet wife. I adore you, babe, my poor dove."

"Babe, love is the greatest gift God has ever given to man. The eternal companionship of his *spirit mate* is immortal happiness. The union of

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spirit-mates is a holy sacrament. Their love is the secret of youth and immortality. Our great yearning for each other is in the past. God has heard our prayers. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." My wife, my love, we will take a pleasure trip to Venus today."

Then I cried out, "O, mama, may I go with you?" Edward, she stepped back, surprised that I was in her home. "Augusta, love, I was so happy listening to Alvin I did not know you were here. When he talks or sings to me I am spell-bound and all attention is his, my daughter. You and Goldie may visit Venus with us." "Mama, her soul cannot travel yet." "Augusta, Goldie often goes to Venus, but she is not far enough developed to remember her travels. Her spirit-mate takes her there; he has prepared a beautiful home for her in Mars. Some day we will all live in Venus or Saturn. Then we will never be parted again. Great souls are always united."

Alvin spoke to Trix's mother: "Adelaide, you guide the two girls. I will take Trix while we visit the dark side of Venus. We will visit the brighter side later." As quickly as a thought they were there. "It is not nearly so dark as we thought it would be. O, Adelaide, look as the aurora borealis." "Girls, these lights are around the ice. Both sides of the planet are inhabited." "Alvin, I can see everything here clear as day. I see more people floating than we did on our previous visit." "Trix, my doll, you often forget your transition from earth to Mars." "O, the canals are like the ones in Mars. I feel the electricity in the air. I enjoy their graceful flying in the air. They have no wings, yet they swim in the ether faster than fish." "Trix, the Venusians have more light and energy. They are nearer the life-giving Sun. I will be glad when you and all our loved ones are translated to this planet. These angels work for knowledge harder than mortals do for money. The cold

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country or what astronomers call the dark hemisphere, is lighter than it seems from earth. It is lighted by electricity." "Alvin, this trip to Venus is just another honeymoon." "Your bridal tour will last forever, love. Trix, we will always live in perfect rapture together from this on." "Alvin, my darling, I worship you. All my past sorrow on earth seems like a dream that lasted but a moment. Trix, it did not last a moment compared to eternity. Forget your earth-life, it was too short to think of." "I have forgotten all but Goldie and Augusta. I only live for you, Alvin; it is Heaven to be near you." "I adore you more than ever, my beautiful Trix. Come, we will express our love in song. Today words fail to express our great new happiness, babe, my wife, kiss me, pet." "I thank God for you, Alvin, my darling."

They floated to the sunny side over a long narrow canal. They saw gigantic pumping stations which were run by electricity. It pumped the cold, sweet water down from the snowy mountains to the sunny side. The cold water flowed on to a clear blue lake. This lake supplied the city below them with pure, cold mountain water the year around. These highly intelligent people were masters of Venus. Some of these Venusians were angels that once lived on earth; they still retain their individuality and memory. Soft velvet-like clouds floated over their heads. The canals caused it. The ground was carpeted with sweet-scented flowers. "It is night on earth. I am going down and get Kate Burke," said Adelaide. Dr. Frank was praying by her bedside. Kate smiled in her sleep. Her soul soon drifted away from its sorrow and she and Dr. Frank joined us in our pleasure. "O, Dr. Frank, what a beautiful land of sunshine and flowers. Kate, my sweet angel, you will need this recreation after working so hard among the poor soldiers and the colony." "Kate, my child, why do you worry so much since you have rescued so many

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souls from that awful war?" "Adelaide, my pure angel, I want to leave the world forever to be with Dr. Frank. I think he is the grandest man in the universe." "We know he is your spirit-mate, Kate. Here he comes with a delicious beverage charged with electricity; it was a tonic, better than champagne, yet not in the least injurious. "Kate, you dear soul, will you take a pleasure trip with me to our future home?" "Yes, dearest one. In a few minutes they were in a white palace surrounded with every luxury. In the aviary she saw a large cage of canary birds feeding their young. In one apartment of the cage were a tiny yellow singer and little mate not over an inch long, and about one-fourth of an inch thick. A Japanese nobleman gave them to Dr. Frank. He also gave him a set of wonderful blue dishes trimmed with gold. Gold was used for jewels and the home, but never for money. "Kate, permit me to introduce you to Goldie, my assistant's fiance. Roy often attracts her soul to his own, as I do you, doll. Come and see my library. Look, Goldie, I will press the button." A large glass window opened by itself, at the same time sweet music began to play. Suddenly the room was filled with electricity and warm sunshine. They all felt like dancing to the music. The music came from a large pipe organ in the adjoining room. The pipes were made of gold. The woodwork looked like golden oak. Off from the great parlors was an assembly hall for opera and all kinds of entertainment. Another magic button was pressed and the great hall was filled with a yellow radium light that made the rich purple curtains look like burnished copper. "Roy, you must be wealthy to afford all this luxury." "Goldie, my sweetheart, we learn the different uses of electricity in school. Venus is alive with it; I just borrow a little from the Sun. There is a great, vast wealth in space. We all should enjoy it abundantly. In every planet there is wealth enough

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for all. Goldie, life is too short on earth to worry and fight over money. To develop the soul is wealth of mind. Education is the most valuable jewel in the world. Money is nothing compared to it. Darling girl, I beg you to study hard as it develops the soul and makes the face beautiful."

"Roy, dear, now I will study hard just to be pretty." "Goldie, I owe Dr. Frank a great deal more than I can ever pay; he educated me, he is the most marvelous man I ever knew. His spirit-mate is Kate Burke; she is an angel that has done all in her power to make the world more beautiful."

"Roy, I am jealous of this angel as you call her."

"No cause to be, dear, she worships Dr. Frank as I do you. God has created an eternal companion for everyone. Here we only want the one that belongs to us. You have no reason to be jealous."

"I know Wese and Ed looked up to her as an angel of Love and Mercy. I hate to see you admire anyone but myself. I know she is good and pretty. I am selfish, Roy."

"Goldie, shame! When you are fully developed, you will regret such thoughts."

"Roy, you are tall and finely proportioned. I think you are handsome. I admire your black hair and perfect blue eyes. Why do I see so much light around your head, Roy?" "It is my soul you see, Goldie. Light and love is life, dear. Without you I could not live, but a few years. Goldie, some day you and I will be like Trix and Alvin. Their love is the most perfect love I have ever seen."

"Roy, their devotion is perfectly lovely. In spite of past sorrows and the demons that tried to part them they are united and perfectly happy. I hope God will let me come to you soon, Roy. I long to live happily with you in this eternal sunshine surrounded and loved by such beautiful intelligent angels." "You and I will be an angel as soon as you come up here. An angel is man and wife. All angels are spirit-mates, dear girl." "Roy, don't you think it is time to return to earth with our girls?"

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"Yes, Adelaide, it is past the time they should wake up." "Trix, we will stay and see this gigantic machinery all run by electricity. Babe, here is a great steel pipe that pumps ice cold water down from the cold mountains thousands of miles away. Mortals could do the same if they would study more and fight less. All the war money, if used properly, would make the world about as perfect as Mars is, the glame and radium keep the angels young and energetic. People are more intelligent and Christlike here. The more we progress the more Godlike we are. Dearest, all sin is ignorance or illness. The soul that continues to sin will surely die."

"Come, Trix and Alvin, back to my home. I want to show you our city, then our home." "My children, when I go on to Saturn I will give you this home. I have another place near Dr. Frank, who is a great missionary to Earth and Mars." "Why is Saturn your next planet?" "Because we go where we belong. Christ went from Earth to Heaven, a greater distance than I am going. We go to the place we deserve, whether it is Heaven or Purgatory. Our mind takes us just where we belong. We cannot escape the conditions we have made on Earth. Many millionaires in Heaven were beggars and prisoners on Earth." "Willard, why are you and your other half so rich and happy?" "Because we have done good and love God and His angels." "Trix, my pet, I yearn to go on, to learn more of God's ways." "I, too, pray for wisdom, Alvin." "I will help you in your studies, little girl. My little wife, our love exalts our souls to realms Elysian. It is Heaven to have you by my side, pet. God bless your pure soul." "Alvin, I thank God we are now en rapport with God and Archangels. How gloriously happy you have made me, my darling husband. I worship you." "Babe, if you don't, I will get someone else to. Don't cry, love, I was only teasing you. Accept this check

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as a peace offering. I will place the precious paper in your little yearning palm soon as you kiss me a few times." "Darling, I enjoy kissing you far more than spending your money. I am going to buy the most elegant robe in the city just for you to hug, Alvin." "You may, dove. My wealth is to make you happy, Trix." "Alvin, I enjoy your wealth for it keeps us together. It would kill me to part from you." "Don't worry, love, that is an impossibility now. Heaven is ours, dove."

"Trix, my love, I am glad we are home again. Now I shall work hard to make our home like Willard's." "Doctor, I love this home and don't see how you could improve it. Doctor, so long as I am with you I am perfectly contented. I noticed you resemble the men in Venus. You are tall, intelligent, with the form of Apollo. You are divine." "Life is Heaven to me, yet I would rather die than be parted from thee, Trix. My affection is stronger than your own, love. Trix, my pet, it is marvelous how beautiful the planet Venus is, both hemispheres are utilized." "Doctor, I cannot understand how they can raise such large red apples and so much perfect fruit where it is so cold." "Trix, don't you remember the hot houses heated by electricity?" "Yes, darling, I wondered how they could make the glass so thick and clear." "Men in great airships take the glass there, and return with gold, silver and fruit. Goods are exchanged, hence the cold and hot hemispheres are equalized. Those wonderful canals are the secret of their wealth and perfect climate." "Even the mystic caverns and subterranean lakes were illumined by electricity." "It takes the place of sunshine, even if most of the current comes from the sunny side of Venus." "O, how I enjoyed visiting those wonderful glass homes surrounded by snow. How beautiful and warm a little radium made each happy home. We will call them Angel Eskimos, love." "Yes, they were very white and pretty and could com-

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municate with friends on the sunny side by thought-transference." "Some were educated on the sunny side." "They visit back and forth the same as we do. They were younger and poorer in the frozen region, because the winters were long. The sun's electric field is greater than we can conceive of." "I admired those wonderful great cement pipes that carried the ice water to the sunny hemisphere." "Trix, the Earth could be made more beautiful if the people would do the same as they do in Venus and Mars. I hope they will follow our example some day. They must build canals in order to save their land and make the deserts valuable farming land. My darling, I wish we could make the poor old world more beautiful." "So do I, love." "My wife, the world needs universal education. Only a few of the millions on earth have a distinct aura and they are the educated, the religious. They are those who study and pray." "Alvin, I thank you with all my soul for teaching me how to think good thoughts." "Love, if your thoughts had been wicked, or you had killed your dear self, we would not have been united for hundreds of years. Continue to love and obey me, pet, and you will wear diamonds and be happy. If you don't, I will cut off those pretty little curls." "Alvin, I can see beautiful lights around your handsome head. I wish my aura was as perfect and distinct as your own." "Trix, our mind is a powerful electric dynamo capable of marvellous expansion. Our bodies have their full growth now, dear. Our minds will continue to improve through all eternity." "Alvin, darling, my greatest desire now is to cultivate my mind, so I can be a perfect companion to you." "My sweet little dove, that is why I have accumulated this wealth for you, so you have nothing to do but study books and music. I will teach you, pet. My wealth and love is all yours, Trix." "I worship you, Alvin. I only want your love. I am proud of you, dear."

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"Trix, that sweet woman, Kate Burke, is dying. Dr. Frank has called me to assist him to drive away those Harris dogs." "Alvin, may I go and help you? I love her for she has done so much good in the world. Please may I go, darling?" "No, dove, it is not safe for any lady to be near those low, insane Harris fiends. You may finish your book while I am gone. Don't worry, pet, I will not be away long. I will take you out swimming tomorrow and buy you another new robe if you do not cry." "They use such obscene low language I hate to have you go." "Roy, please come and help us to protect an innocent, noble soul. I am on my way now. I will meet you at her bedside." "Alvin, there are the Harris demons and their relatives." "Roy, you whip Bill and I will knock Al down every time he gets up." "Dr. Frank, I should judge by the looks of him he will never be able to get up." "You are a coward, Al, to try to mar this pure soul. Your parents and relatives should whip you instead of encouraging you in your insane crimes." "Adelaide, I will call Edward to help." "Augusta, he is at home, sound asleep with your dear slender form in his arms. Listen, Augusta, and learn how twin souls worship each other. Augusta, love, teach the world how sacred and beautiful the philosophy of soul mates is." "Dr. Frank, I am dying. I thank God you came to save me. Did he really create us for each other?" "Doll, don't worry, I know He did. We do not make any mistakes over here, my own love. Your fear and suffering is all over, place your pretty head on my chest, and I will carry you home, my sweet, pure angel." "O, Doctor, how lovely death is! Words cannot express my new happiness." "Thank God, Dr. Frank has floated safely away with that noble soul, Kate Burke."

"Alvin, my darling, see, doesn't she look sweet in her modest ascension robes? How sweetly she smiles, nestled safely in Dr. Frank's strong young

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arms." "Roy, I thank God Kate is safe and happy with the man God created for her." "She has suffered persecution and abuse for years; all her suffering was caused by Lena Colby and those lazy Harris fiends. She can never suffer again with Dr. Frank's protection."

Dr. Frank's joyous voice rang out in the distance, a melodious new song:

"Now the mantle immortal around is thrown,
Thy soul thrilled with songs that invite to our
zone,
And thou greetest in rapture thy 'bride' all thine
own,
Then listen no longer, beloved, for me,
Now I am ever forever with thee."

"Kate, my sweet bride, I thank God you are safe at last. Yet you are so weak from fear, you little coward. I will have our helpers apply electrical music over your new spiritual body. How slender and beautiful your form is. Rest your pretty young face on my breast. Cast away all fears from your mind. Kiss me, love." "I hope you enjoy your first bath in Mars." What a wonderful plunge. The blue water was clear as crystal, the marble steps that led to the perfect fountain were polished white marble. After the bath electricity from an organ was applied over her hair, face and form. She had never experienced such ecstasy as when the pulsing music penetrated every cell of her being. She felt so light and young. Her happiness at this new treatment knew no bounds. Kate's mother dressed her in a new fluffy white lace dress and led her back to Dr. Frank. As he clasped her in his arms she cried for joy. "My darling Kate, don't cry, it will spoil your pretty eyes." "How beautiful you look, my sweet queen. I adore you. You are all in all to me. Kate, if you will hug and

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kiss me I will permit you to see the most beautiful child in the universe. Now you may look in the mirror, love, and you will see her." "Dr. Frank, is that beautiful young girl myself?" "We are alone, so it must be you, dear. I would hate to be so small. I would not like to wear such long, heavy hair as you have." "Death has made me beautiful. I thank God for this new face and form." "Kate, your past beautiful thoughts have made your face young and pretty. Our mind keeps us young and beautiful." "Dr. Frank, you must have a wonderful mind. You are handsome." "I worship you, darling." "What a lovely home you have for me near the lake, among the trees and flowers." "Come out in the sunshine, Kate, I will row you on the lake."

"Hand in hand the lovers go,
Every nook of nature through;
Each for other were they born;
Each the other best adorn."

"Dr. Frank, I wonder what caused my death?" "Fear and constant abuse from the Harris fiends. Your fear of them and constant worry attracted the scoundrels to you. My little wife, your tumultuous thoughts kept me away. I had to fight my way to your bedside. Mentally we will make a deep grave in the earth far below us now, and bury all the sad past. We must never think of our sorrows again. They have all passed away forever. From this on you will be my bride, love, always close to my side. Nothing can ever part us now. Our minds have lifted us up out of darkness, prosperity smiles on us. God's Sun will forever shine on us. Cupid will be our eternal companion. We will grow closer and closer together. You are my life, Kate, I adore you. God has united us."

* * * * *

"Trix, my love, permit me to put on your new white sandals. I want you to witness the most glorious sight you have ever seen." "O, what will

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I see, darling?" "Something new and gorgeous, love. My wife, you remember while on earth the most beautiful adventure in your life was death." "That is true, because you protected me from those wicked Harris demons. How divine of you to clasp me in your loving arms and soar up, up on electrical waves to this beautiful home, where I am always safe with you. My precious darling, I worship you for what you have done for me." "It was only a pleasure to protect you, doll. Here we are, babe, just in time for the translation of our good friend Elizabeth and her twin soul." "How sweetly they smile at us." "Trix, they have gradually prepared their minds to ascend in radiant light and glory." "Alvin, it is a shame for them to leave this grand and expensive home." "I know it is a gorgeous home, love. Think of the grand new joys they will experience in their new mansion away in the Central Sphere." "O, look, Alvin, their son and daughter who are twin souls are going to ascend with them. I hope our children will go with us when we are ready for a higher plane." "Our little pets must learn to talk first, darling. All they can lisp is Da and smile. They are something like you, dear heart." Soon they heard a band of angels from Saturn singing softly near the couples that were soon to go to a higher plane. They embraced them with a radiant smile. "Trix, we will return to visit you often and communicate to you from our new home of homes." Gradually a brilliant light from Heaven enveloped them. In a twinkling of an eye they ascended, their perfect forms lighter and brighter than ever. As they watched the golden pathway of light they knew God's Holy angels would carry them on on to the great electric Central Sphere, there to dwell in a new mansion of Light and Glory, to live in perfect ecstasy and sweet harmony forever. "My pure sweet wife, that was the grandest and most glorious sight I

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ever witnessed. It proves the power of God is greater than we ever dreamed of or could realize. I commend our souls to Him forever, my dove. Our own divine translation will be just as sacred and beautiful as the one we have just witnessed dear. Our minds are growing more powerful every day. Our forms more ethereal and lighter. Trix, my angel doll, some day we will be all light and powerful." "I think you are now, my darling husband, my life, my all." "Trix, my sweet wife, how would you like to take another bridal tour to Venus?" "Just so we can be alone, Alvin." "We will kiss our babies and their nurse good-bye and go for a few days." "Look, Alvin, she is pulling his hair." "That is because he wants her doll." "They are too sweet to leave a moment." "Just as you say, Trix, we will stay at home." Trix began to cry, then both of the children cried because their mother did. "Why do you cry, love?" "Because I want to take our babies with us." That would be impossible; they would not have the proper care. You must go with me alone if you will not cry, love." "I want to go at once, Alvin." "You may, doll; permit me to put your sandals and cloak on." "How sweet you look, Trix. You are the biggest baby I have, love; the next time you cry I am going to beat you good and plenty." "If you do I will tell your mother." "I am in a hurry to go, Alvin." "What a perfect day this is, darling. I am so happy when we can float alone together. Just you and I, dear."

"Alvin, I will get even with you for rolling me in the snow." "You may, doll."

It is now winter in the coldest part of Venus. "Trix, I brought you here so you would nestle more closely in your husband's arms." "Alvin, I always get just as close to you as I can, you precious treasure." Winters are very short here; on the frozen side of Venus is to be found species

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of infinite warmth, for it is the trysting ground of a host of lovers. "I can hear our babies crying, Alvin; take me home so I can rock them to sleep; then we will return." In a few moment, Alvin was rocking his tiny son, and Trix her baby girl as the pretty nurse stood by thinking how foolish they were to return. Soon as the babies were sound asleep and kissed, Trix and Alvin again circled up from Mars in a great electrical wave of golden light to visit Venus' mighty white plain. From afar it looked like a sleepy frosted moonstone set softly into the brow of night. In an instant they approached it. To Trix still unused to heavenly descents alone, a mighty ocean of pure white seemed to shoot out and engulf the universe. Alvin laughed merrily as she caught and caught at a breath that would not come. "How, how can I ever learn to float as gracefully as you do?" she whispered finally. "Alvin, I have no desire to learn long as you carry me so easily." His great voice laughed and echoed over the white plain. Trix looked curiously about, fearing someone would see her learning to float. Alvin smiled at her as he kissed her repeatedly. In the greyish white plain, white and smooth to the rim of the horizon, were literally millions of shadowy forms. The silence seemed broken, if she listened oh so carefully, by a series of gentle vibrations like the beat of a choir of humming-bird wings. "That is the audible result of celestial love," explained Alvin. "Here on the plain of absolute silence and smoothness, the rapturous and complete soul-mates meet in one accord like many sweet-toned bells." Trix only stood fluttering by his side in the mystic waves and billows of all Heaven's love. "They are not ready for us yet." Alvin caught her up before she could think and they hovered above the multitude of lovers. "Oh, but Alvin, we have lost the pulse beat of their loves." "Babe, so I have not lost an

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atom of your love I am happy." He hugged and kissed her fondly, then she seemed satisfied. Slowly, gently they circled the edges of the frozen country arm in arm. Sometimes resting on their backs, then changing quickly to the side and floating, floating, floating. On and on they drifted among the soft silvery clouds like two white swans on a moonlit lake. Then a flare of light shot up from the plain; they were flooded in a million brilliant colors. It seemed as if all the rainbows since the beginning of time had been broken to bits and flung into that great white expanse. It was the electric current that leads to Saturn. "They are ready," he whispered. As they drifted back in place he told her the whole meaning of the event. Here, newly joined soul-mates often give thanks ceremoniously for their union, and here perfected angels bid adieu to Venus in passing to Holy Saturn—the golden land of perfect love and happiness. "There, we aren't merely on-lookers, we, you and I, Alvin, praise God with them for our eternal heavenly marriage. We are as happy as they are." His face glowed with the love that filled each angel there. Trix was still wondering at him and his marvellous beauty. Trix thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. Alvin was considered the most intelligent and Christlike soul in Mars. Trix was extremely proud of him in every sense of the word. Gracefully and lovingly they drifted softly through the crowd and many smiled kindly at them. When their blue robes dragged across a great beaten gold cross which marked the exact center of Venus' frozen hemisphere they stopped pulsating gently in the prayer that every heart uttered for their new union. Trix was lifted out of herself in ecstasy, her loosened golden brown hair lowered to the cross, as she bent toward Alvin in joy, lost in the first big reward of a perfect love. Then Alvin guided her from the cross to

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join the circle of quiet onlookers. Trix saw many noted forms glide to the center of worship, pause as she and Alvin had done and pass on, but her own experience was so overpowering that she could not remember, she could not discern who they were or what raiment they wore. Alvin roused her from the depths of her reverie with a kiss on her small, parted lips. There is to be an unusual event take place. An Archangel from Saturn is to claim his own, for she although newly arisen from Earth, will pass to him after a brief sojourn in Mars." "They must be divine." "Partly, my love. So are you. They came to such an exalted state through their earthly spirituality. He was a pure monk and psychic among the highest Alps. She was all her life a pure maiden and prophetess. Neither loved for they had never met and they were noble enough to repulse all save what God should bring together." "Oh, how glorious." "They are coming. See, there he is, all alone before the cross." Trix watched the golden ringleted angel as he stood waiting with his eyes on the Eternal God head. He stood in profoundest meditation and soon toward him from the outermost edge of the planet crept a spark like the flash of a diamond. It came swifter, swifter, growing larger as it tore on till he clasped her tightly in his arms. The angels were silent, not a vibration disturbed the peace till he loosed his arms and looked deep into her midnight orbs. "Thou art come at last." The angel pulsing commenced and together they rose over the great golden cross. Jesus guiding them on. He held her closely to his panting breast. His mauve robe floated about them like a common drapery. In a golden pathway of prism lights, her clinging robes looked like jewels showered on her from the caskets of angels above her, till all could be seen was the glitter of diamonds which absolutely covered every portion of her clinging ascension robe. As the holy pair

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neared Saturn a joyous burst of music welcomed them and the songs were heard even to Mars. A pure and intense white light suffused their bodies as they finally disappeared into the gloriously tinted rings of Holy Saturn. Alvin in an ecstasy of delight caught Trix to him and joyously wended his way back to his children in Mars.

The End.

Ruth's Marriage in Mars



A Scientific Novel

By

REV. MRS. CHARLES WILDER GLASS

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Rev. Mrs. Charles Wilder Glass

RUTH'S MARRIAGE IN MARS

DEDICATION

It gives me great pleasure to dedicate this book to all my readers. I also dedicate it to my dear father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Perkins. To my two brothers and three sweet, lovely sisters; to my dear friends Dr. Willard P. Burke and his brother, Dr. Benjamin Franklin Burke and his only son, Willard Franklin Burke, and only daughter, Millie Burke. To my husband, Charles Wilder Glass, and to my only child, Jennie May Glass. All these dear souls have been a great comfort and blessing to me. In my darkest hours they have thrown their sacred influence around me. I dearly love all these and many hundreds of others. I wish I could express in this little book my love for all humanity. May my daughter be as great a blessing to the world as she is to her father and mother. My earnest prayer is:

May God protect her,
Love be true to her,
Joy draw near to her,
Home a joy to her,
Health stay close to her,
Wealth find what you can do for her;
Search your treasure house thro and thro for her.
May God and His dear angels, and our loving
Saviour guide her steps forever, is my prayer.

PREFACE

I am a Catholic-Psychic, and believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints (this is a fact to me for I have often seen my saints and heard them), the forgiveness of all sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. I write this little book to prove man an immortal being, to comfort all those that suffer. My saints have proven to me there is no death. I long to prove

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this to my dear readers, for it is a fact. May this little book always be a comfort and blessing to you. May all my dear readers have this same beautiful experience; all learn for themselves life is immortal, life is beautiful. Please earnestly investigate and find this fact out for yourselves—I did. If you will go into the silence every other night and pray, then be calm, very quiet, relax the mind and body, in a short time you will see or hear, or feel some of your loved ones, as I have seen and heard them. After you have heard these sweet heavenly voices, or have seen the dear faces of your loved ones, please tell the world these beautiful facts, as our sweet saint Jeanne d'Arc did; we can all write and teach facts now without being burned alive. "As freely as ye receive, freely give."

Dear readers, this little romance is founded on facts. All journeys to other stars are true. The names are fictitious. The gist of this story is all true. It is wicked to write a lie, even in a novel. This book is written to inspire more love for each other. May we all love one another more, comfort others as our Saviour and His angels have loved us. As you read this book please remember I love you all dearly. God rules and watches over you; He sends your loved ones to comfort and protect you. Please try to always bear this in mind, and may you always be happy and contented. If you wish to develop your souls, and keep in harmony with God, you must keep sweet, cheerful, prayerful, and love one another. Love, Divine love, is the secret of salvation. So pray for love, peace and happiness.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

—Lowell.

It was a lovely twilight evening at Lytton Springs, India. These famous springs were very

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high up in the Araville hills; Mandavee was the nearest city, situated on a small island in the Arabian sea. The great red sun was slowly sinking as the bells were ringing the Angelus from an ancient Hindoo temple. The sacred chimes pealed forth melodiously, the sweet sounds echoing forth the harmony of those bells. Inside of this ancient temple sweet incense was burning on a beautiful golden altar. A dark, handsome prince and his family were praying around this sacred altar. Here they would often see beautiful visions of angels and their loved ones who had died in this same faith years ago. This faith was a strange, mysterious, mythical religion, handed down from the ancient Indians. It was a mixture of Catholicism and Hindooism. The Prince and his family were highly educated and great musicians; they were all great Psychics, and often spent hours in this old temple praying. They lived in constant communion with their saints, who constantly watched over them and protected them. At the other side of this altar a strange veiled princess was silently praying. After sunset they all left the temple with bowed heads. They went to their summer homes in the hills. Sita, the Prince's only daughter, felt sorry for the lonely stranger and invited her to their lovely home in the mountains.

"May I ask the name of my lovely hostess?" asked the lonely stranger.

"My name is Sita, dear. My father is Prince Cresto. We spend our summers here in these lovely mountains. Won't you please come home and spend the evening with us?"

"I, too, am a princess from Southern Egypt. My name is Princess Kezia. If you love me, just call me Kez for short."

"I fell in love with you at first sight, Kez. Please come and dine with us this evening. Come just as you are!"

"I will, dear Sita, for the hotel seems so far

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away. Sita, what a dear, lovely home you have
way up here in the hills."

"Father and mother, this is Princess Kezia. Kez, this is my father, Prince Cresto, and my mother, Princess Mara; this other young gentleman is my brother Persus; he has just graduated at Delhi as M. D., and now has charge of a large sanitarium here at Lytton Springs. Kez, he is also a mental healer and many come just to get well mentally. He has great success in healing the body through the mind. He and my father have a large class at the sanitarium just to develop the soul."

"Doctor," said Princess Kezia, "I would love to join your class. I came to these hills just to develop the soul."

"Princess Kezia," said the doctor, "we have a small class to meet here in our library tonight—some are here now. I will let you sit here in this big easy chair close to my own, so you will not be afraid."

In a few minutes the large library was filled with lovely, refined, highly educated people. The library was lighted up with many candles, held in lovely gold candlesticks. These lovely gold ornaments were handed down from one generation to the other.

These dear friends formed a circle with their chairs. They held each other's hands, and sang and prayed, then all were silent for a few minutes. Suddenly there were many strange lights, the lights looked like stars; some had many colors. One light near the doctor and I was a soft blue, another red, another yellow. The blue light came close to me and grew larger and larger. I saw in this wonderful light a lovely angel, all in white. By this time my fear had left me. I looked up and asked her name.

"My name is Hope, dear Kezia, I have been with you for years. Always loving and protecting you. It was I that influenced your mind to come here,

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just so your band of angels could develop you. Kezia, dear, are you willing that we should?"

"Yes, Hope, I am very anxious."

"In order to learn we must study hard, and get in perfect harmony with our Father, who is all mind. We get into harmony by work, by prayer, and doing His Divine will. Prayer without works is in vain. Great love to others brings great reward. My dear, keep very busy and cheerful. Take better care of your health; illness, melancholy, and idleness is the cause of most crime, sorrow and suicide. All rich should hire more help, study more, encourage universal farming—farming is a beautiful art. A lovely home on a perfect little farm is heaven on earth. Kezia, dear child, I must let others talk now. Try to remember every word that is taught in class by these dear angels."

Another bright angel of light spoke next. He was a tall gentleman, over six foot, wearing long flowing robes.

"Dear friends, all honest work is beautiful and elevating. We should encourage and uplift all work. In Venus, where I live, farming is the most popular art; a farmer is just as good as his banker, he should be treated so by all classes. All farmers should be highly educated, and go into the very best society. In all higher planets, farmers are the aristocrats; they are all true Christians and live up to the Golden Rule. In seeking real happiness we must first realize we are all one universal family; all part of God, all made in the image of God. We are all Divine, as long as we keep in harmony with Our Father. We must say, 'Thy will be done,' before we are His children. We can't live without Him. It is getting late and you all need sleep. We will repeat the Lord's prayer and retire."

Princess Mara put her arms around Kezia and invited her to stay all night. "Kez, you may sleep with my daughter, so you will not get nervous."

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CHAPTER II.

All God's angels will say, "Well done!"
Whenever thy mortal race is run.
White and forgiven,
Thou'lt enter heaven
And pass, unchallenged, the Golden Gate,
Where welcoming spirits watch and wait
To hail thy coming with sweet accord
To the Holy City of God the Lord."

The next morning I heard these words sung by the family in the library downstairs. I heard Prince Cresto's rich tenor above the rest. They kept on singing in perfect harmony as I went down stairs. The doctor met me in the big hall and invited me in to family prayers at sunrise. After this sacred service was over, I said good bye to my new friends and walked quickly to my room at the hotel. I promised Dr. Persus to go back the next evening to another class.

I spent most of that day roaming those lovely Araville hills, and praying in the old temple.

Twilight found me again at the home of Princess Mara. This lovely mother was very tall and dark, also having dark brown hair. As I entered the door she held out both slender hands to welcome me. Prince Cresto and she invited me to stay with them as their guest that summer. After studying the matter over I consented. She called us all to supper. I was surprised at this simple repast; dates, nuts and grape juice was all that was served. This was served on a lovely hardwood table inlaid with pearls and white ivory. A lovely large butterfly was carved in the center of this expensive old table; the butterfly was made of pure gold and silver, all filigreed in this beautiful hardwood. The eyes of this wonderful golden butterfly were two bright red rubies. My surprise and delight was great happiness to me.

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"Doctor, what a beautiful and wonderful butterfly!"

"Yes, Princess Kezia, we had it inlaid there, for it is an emblem of immortality."

"We only eat a light supper, so we can develop our souls. We could not see clairvoyantly if we ate too much. We only eat two meals a day, morning and evening. Instead of eating at noon we rest and pray, as they did of old."

After supper was over the doctor offered me his arm and we all went to class again. It was about the same as the night before; only there was more music, and the angels sang with us, and their sweet voices were so perfect that for a moment I thought I was in heaven. O! such music there among the flowers and trees, by the hillside! Their sweet voices sang in harmony with the beautiful pale, golden moonlight. No sunlight was ever so beautiful as this to me! After the music had ceased we were all silent again. Prince Cresto's guardian angel spoke tonight. His name was Eno, and he came from Neptune. Eno was over six feet in height; he had large, soulful blue eyes, and light brown hair. His hair was heavy and wavy and seemed about two inches in length; it was parted on the left side, just as he used to wear it in earth-life.

"My dear brothers and sisters, I was the poor priest that laid the corner stone to your temple," he said. "I was killed in a war—religious war—against the Jews. We never think of war now, we know it is a sin to even think a wrong. We just love one another and are perfectly happy. In Neptune we teach all how to be happy. Our first duty there is to love one another and be happy. We have great, broad and massive temples there to worship the Lord and His Holy Angels in. On Sabbath we all pray and sing the same as you do here. There they all practice just what they preach. In Neptune our sermons and prayers are

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very short and our songs very long. The hymns at first would remind you of a grand opera, only a great deal nicer. All their splendid sweet voices have been trained for years and years before they can sing in those wonderful temples. Even in Neptune we find talent is only the result of hard work. All learn to sing there sooner or later.

"In all the country towns there are many smaller temples where all sing lovely. It is at the capitol where these glorious songs are heard. All can go to hear them if they wish; church music is always free to all. Our church doors are never closed. It is selfish to close them. In many of the other stars we teach God is immortal and independent without us. God can destroy all that He has created, and live on forever and ever without us. Hence we should be grateful, prayerful, humble and Christ-like, and always happy in serving God. We should place great value on our physical bodies, for it is the temple of our souls. If our bodies are perfect, it is easy to get in perfect harmony with our Creator. Life should be all ecstasy! Life is beautiful on earth or any other planet. I enjoy life with all my soul—we all should.

"What a divine privilege of having the sweet pleasure of loving all humanity as our dear Saviour did. I know He loves us now more than ever. How beautiful to know He still loves us. As we love our Father He loves us. You and I know there is no death. I know I was once your priest; now I am your servant from another star. I only come back to help and serve. I will give you a few plans to lay up treasures in heaven, and give you greater happiness here. It is more beautiful to adopt children instead of dogs, cats, and monkeys. They can hunt their living in the woods, our dear little ones are helpless. Each little orphan has hundreds of good intelligent souls from heaven to guide it. Angels protect you a thousand fold as soon as you adopt a helpless child. Our Saviour said, 'Feed my

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sheep, if one little lamb is an outcast or lost on the rugged hillside, let the other ninety and nine run quickly to save it.' Here we fly quickly to save a lost soul. It is Christlike and generous to adopt a lame or blind child. Love is all there is in life. Universal love and education will make heaven on earth the same as it does in other stars. You need more schools. Your churches and halls should be used for free schools, day and night, and only used for religious services Saturday and Sunday. All should have a chance to be highly educated. I would not have been killed if the soldiers at that time had been highly educated; they enjoyed killing me by inches with their cruel swords. I thought death would never come. Lovely, intelligent angels took me home to peace and happiness. I never have suffered since and never will, for now I live in a land of immortal love and sunshine. I beg you earnestly to teach and preach love. All your parks should be used for kindergartens and rest. Let all children rest more, and study more, and swim more. Good night."

CHAPTER III.

"Some god hath cast me forth upon this land,
And O, what land? So thick is the sea mist."

The next morning Princess Kezia was up before sunrise. She dressed quickly so she would have time to pray all alone in the dear old temple before the others were up. On the way up the hill she accidentally met the doctor going in the same direction.

"Princess Kezia, I was just going to the temple to pray also."

"Doctor, how did you know I was going there?"

"I can read your thoughts, Kezia. Could you guess what my prayer could be?"

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"No, Doctor, I am sorry that I am unable to read your thoughts."

"Come, and I will tell you on the way. I was going to pray that you would be my wife, all my very own, forever. Do you love me well enough to marry me within a month? I could not stand to have you leave me now. My darling, I loved you the first time I ever saw your sweet face. Dear, you are different from others, so fair and light. You are all love and sunshine. Most girls I know are dark and all alike, you are different. Have I the power to make you happy, dear? Will you marry me soon? I want to own you as quickly as possible. Answer me, please."

"Doctor, I love you dearly. It is so strange I loved you, too, the first time I ever saw you. I have been afraid someone would guess my secret. For fear someone would read my very heart I was going to pack up and leave for my home in Southern Egypt. My poor old parents live in Pibeseth, an old city of Bastel. My folks live a few miles from the city on a dear, lovely little farm, all fenced in. My mother is small and dark, and was, when a girl, very beautiful. My mother was a beautiful dark Indian princess. My father was a tall, light complexioned, Egyptian king. I look like my father."

"Yes, dear, but you haven't given me my answer yet."

"Doctor, we will be married as soon as you say. So I will do all in my power to make you happy."

As they stepped inside of the church, he held her passionately to his heart. As they walked to the altar he kissed her a thousand times at least. They both bowed their heads in silent prayer and gratitude for such perfect love and happiness. In looking up they saw Hope (Kezia's lovely angel), holding out her little white arms, blessing them.

"Now, dear Kezia, do you see why we brought you here? God has made you for each other. You

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are both one. After death you will meet again never to be parted."

The Doctor took off a beautiful ring from his little finger and gave it to the Princess.

"Sweetheart, this ring my mother gave me when I graduated at Delhi. You may call it your engagement ring, if you will?"

Hope kissed the ring and kissed her brow as the Doctor placed it on her finger.

"O! what joy, what heaven, to be kissed by an angel like Hope; and to be always loved by such a gentleman as the Doctor. Hope, dear, your sweet lips feel just like a real mortal. Why not?"

"I am more real than you are. I am more alive than you are, as I am in perfect health and I am immortal. I ask you both to continue praying in the temple for a few hours without any food. Tonight we want to take you to Rome, Paris, and Monte Carlo. If you don't eat much your soul can travel at will after you are well developed. I will guide you on the way and teach your soul how much missionary work is yet to be done on earth. Goodbye, dear children, you will see me again tonight. If you can't see me you will know that I am with you."

After prayers the Doctor took Kezia home, and announced their engagement to his folks. They all received her with open arms as one of their very own.

"O, Kezia, I am so glad you are my very own sister now. I always wanted a sister to boss, and do as I pleased with, and you just fill the bill."

That night all the household retired to rest peacefully. That night two hearts were overflowing with love and happiness.

Kezia took Sita in her arms and kissed her fondly. The two lovely girls went to sleep with a new sweet smile on their pretty young faces.

Soon Kezia's soul seemed to be free, floating away in space. We visited the Pope of Rome first.

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He was on his knees talking to his saints in sweet love and harmony. We soon knew that he saw all of us clairvoyantly. Part of His Holy saints joined with us. We soon saw the bright lights of gay Paris below us. Down, down, we went into the very heart of the city. The first sounds that reached our ears were the prayers of the poor and broken-hearted. We saw the old and young begging in the streets at midnight. They begged from those that were dressed in the latest fashion. I never saw such lovely clothes, and so many bright colors in the moonlight. Those clad in rags had more light in their souls than the rich that would now and then toss them a copper, just to make a display in the eyes of their mistresses. Many poor, cold, hungry, suffering creatures had no beds to get a moment's rest on. Many were never inside of a real home. The misery was awful! When we could not stand it any longer we went to Florence, Italy; there the suffering seemed about the same. Here we found great wealth and great poverty and suffering. Wherever we find great wealth we found great poverty. Hope said our love for all souls prevents great poverty in other worlds. Our great schools of industry prevents poverty. We are taught to give the laborer all he earns; each has all he can earn, all are paid in checks and no money is ever used.

We soon went to Monte Carlo. We saw many men and women gamble for money, as they smoked around the tables. We could see they were money mad. Many lost great fortunes that night; many won. We noticed one short, dark, little woman they called Lena, win every cent a light, tall blonde had; they called him Alo Lamar. He offered her his hand and smiled. We could read his thoughts and knew the reason. She invited him to her room a few blocks away. He began to make love to her for her money only. She coaxed him to write a

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short note to his mistress, Ada, telling her he had left her forever. Soon they were both sound asleep, drunk. As we watched them, our souls could read their thoughts, which were awful. We could see very little light around them; this proves their souls were undeveloped. The man called Alo Lamar soon awoke, staggered a moment, then reached under the woman's pillow and took all her money and jewels, went over to the table and took up the carving knife and killed her! He covered her up, and with a cruel smile washed his hands and surveyed himself in the glass. There were no stains of blood on his clothes. He smiled, locked the door and went out into the darkness. We saw angels near him recording every act he did; we also saw fiends grabbing Lena's dark soul and dragging her down, down! Alo Lamar walked back to the banks of Monte Carlo. He began playing cards madly. He lost every cent he had stolen from his wicked mistress. He reached over the table, took up a revolver and blew out his brains; blew his very soul into eternity, all because he lost money. We all felt the shock from the awful shot! We saw his dark soul go down, down! His astral form was much smaller now. Again we saw awful wicked fiends drag him down to Purgatory. His mind was absolutely insane now, and would be for years to come. If any one shoots their minds away it ruins the soul. This is a scientific fact, the Doctor said.

"Please let's go home," I cried. "I can't stand to see any more crimes."

Our angels at once took us up, up, on electric spiral waves; up we went into the pure fresh air, up into the lovely soft moonlight, away from all darkness and crime.

"O! how lovely to float in space like this. O! Hope, my sweet saint, can the dear angels in Mars,

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Neptune, Venus, Saturn and Jupiter float in such wild ecstasy as we do?"

At this question they all laughed, their merry voices of silver filled the air.

"What is the matter, Doctor?"

"Just look back of you and see!"

I looked back, and saw two lovely angels, male and female, holding me up by a long, strong, silk sash that I had not noticed until now. They smiled and said: "We have carried you all the way."

In all the higher planets they soon learn to float alone, as it takes some people a long time to learn to swim, it takes some angels a long time to learn to float. It was about dawn the next day when our angels left us at our own home. I woke Sita up and told her all I had seen.

"Kez, my darling, how strange! I had the very same sad experience."

After Sita and I had combed each other's hair we went down to breakfast. What a lovely sight met our eyes! The table was loaded with lovely fruit and beautiful flowers. A beautiful venetian gold filigree vase of lovely dark red roses was placed in front of the Doctor, and he took one of the perfect red buds and pinned it in my hair.

"This beautiful morning is the dawning of a perfect love for us, dear. After breakfast we will go for a long walk."

We had many kinds of fruit and nuts, and instead of grape juice, we drank a cup of warm new milk. We saw the boy milk the cow at our doorstep as we began to eat breakfast; we knew the milk was pure.

Everything tasted delicious. The longing for bread, cake and meat had gradually left me. I had to give up my old habits of eating candy and hot bread in order to see clairvoyantly.

Doctor and I were soon walking alone in the mountains together, talking over our future life.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Kezia, my darling, we will sit here under this old juniper tree. Dearest, I want to tell of my experience last night. My soul left the body and traveled away; far away, down into darkness. I was taken to the underworld in the very depths of Purgatory. Darling Kezia, there is no everlasting Hell, but this place was about the same. I talked with a lost soul, his name was Alo Lamar. I read the electric aura around his head, and saw he had just killed a wicked, low, heartless, negro woman, called Lena Williams. Alo left his sick wife, Odal Lamar, in Rome, starving; later he became a robber and bought and sold pure young girls, some of their names I could read in his aura—his aura was black. Lena and Alo Lamar had sold a poor girl called Minnie. Others named Ada, Bertha, Fannie, Maud, and two named Georgia and Josephine, both were insane now."

"O! Persus, darling, I dreamed I saw him kill Lena and then himself at Monte Carlo. My vision was awful!"

"Kezia, my poor little dove, your words prove all I saw was a fact. I saw him judged by the severe courts of the underworld. The Priest who read his sentence wore long black sombre robes. This priest spoke in a subdued, but deep, cold, stern undertone, his word was law there.

"Alo Lamar, you and this low Lena Williams will be insane here for over one hundred years. Every day will seem a thousand years. After the time expires you may both work your way out of here by degrees! No soul shall ever be permitted to love or help you two fiends in any way; during this time neither you or that wicked woman shall ever see one ray of light. Come, black insane fiends, and obsess these cruel souls for one hundred years and more! Dark spirits, take these two low fools! Cast them down into prison; bind them down with

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thorns and snakes!" I saw Lena and Alo Lamar severely punished for selling the souls of sweet, pure young girls.

"O, woman! woman! when to ill thy mind is bent,
All hell contains no fouler fiend."

"Alo Lamar and Lena had ruined the happiness of good women for years. Why shouldn't they suffer all they caused others to suffer? Kezia, dearest, it is only justice! They must reap as they have sown. Kezia, my love, forgive me. You are pale and trembling like a leaf. We will talk of our wedding day, then you will be happy again."

"My darling Persus, next Sunday we will be married."

"My sweet Kezia, will you wear my mother's wedding veil? My mother asked me if you would honor her by wearing it. Will you, sweetheart?"

"My own darling Persus, I would love to wear it."

"Love, soon as we are married, we will work together for good, dear Kezia, my pet, we are so happy together now that we will devote all our lives to making others happy. We will prove our gratitude to God, by working for Him. I love Him for He has joined our hearts together in perfect love and immortal happiness! It is a pleasure to serve Him with you by my side. May God help us to love others more; the world craves it. Above all things we need now is universal love. Sincere, brotherly love.

"The soul that loves, forever sings,
And feels as light as though it had wings;
The heart that trusts, forever prays,
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good or ill,
Whatever today, tomorrow brings,
It is His will.

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"Kezia, my own darling, promise me that you will be brave, if we are ever parted; will you, little sweetheart?" We Indians are taught from childhood never to fear death. 'Death is better than one's birth. If we are true, good, sincere Catholics.' Remember, pet, our love will live beyond the grave. Love is life. 'God is love.' Love is all there is in life, little girl."

"Persus, darling, how lovely and perfect the world is to us. If we should be parted now, it would kill me. Doctor, I love you fondly. I worship you madly."

"My own Kezia, little sweetheart, I love you more than you do me; I will always adore you with all my heart and soul. Long before I saw you, I often dreamed you were my wife, my only love; sometimes we were picking beautiful flowers on the hillside; sometimes I would see you in a lovely home playing with my children. My only love, will all those dear dreams ever come true? Pet, I know in heaven these dreams will all come true, if our prayers are not answered here, God will answer them just over there. My little dove, I will love you through all eternity. I worship you, Kezia! My life, my love, my one idol! My only happiness. Sweetheart, I wish every one was as rich and happy as we are now, dear."

CHAPTER V.

"The king then asked, as yet the camp he viewed,
What prince is that, with giant strength endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest."

The king of Rajpootana, was a tall, broad shouldered, ugly Indian. He was black as night, and had heavy, short, straight, black hair; his eyes were

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black and piercing. Anyone would fear him as soon as they looked into those wicked, fiery eyes. He had eyes of a demon, his face was large, broad and brutal. He seemed to be a great, strong, powerful animal without a soul. This wicked king owned a great palace in the northern part of the Araville mountains. He ruled over a large tribe of fighting Indians, who did just as their king commanded. One of his favorite spies told him of a rich prince who owned a large gold mine; the richest he ever saw. The king was wild with delight and gave his spy a new sword, and many lovely jewels. King Pootana soon armed his tribe, then moved south to capture this rich mine. The king accumulated all his wealth by stealing from other kings. The drums were beating weirdly, as the dusky tribe moved stealthily down the mountainside, hiding safely now and then in the deep, thick, dark, dense forest which was the home of many kinds of poisonous reptiles. The wicked spy led his king's tribe safely up the hillside until they came in sight of the old dome on the temple, then they crawled on their hands and knees for miles for fear of being detected. They crawled safely among the trees up to Lytton Springs. Here they rested awhile in the forest.

Higher up in the mountains a Hindoo ceremony was being performed by Terah, the high priest. Two young priests who graduated at Delhi the same time the Doctor did, assisted in the ceremony. One had a temple at Ellora, the other at Loodiana, two large cities in India. The old temple was decorated with gorgeous tropical flowers. The altar was one massive bank of red and white roses. The bride and her maids carried large bouquets of lilies of the valley. Kezia wore long white silk robes, the sash embroidered with lilies of the valley. She wore Princess Mara's wedding veil, also a long string of large pink pearls that Prince

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Cresto gave her at the ceremony. A slave carried a large casket of precious jewels for the bride. The guests were all of high caste. All were merry, congratulating the bride and kissing her. The gentlemen were throwing lovely buds and flowers at the happy couple. The high priest, Terah, is telling of his secret marriage when he was a young priest in Nizagapatum, a lovely city on the Bay of Bengal.

"My dear old high priest saw in a vision that Sizuna was my soul mate, that God had made us for each other. This ancient seer told me I would find her in the province of Bengal, a mile south of the capital of Calcutta. He described her, told me her name, age and all about her people. I went to the place and found it just as he foretold. All was just as he prophesied. Our King opposed the wedding, so we were married secretly. We went to a small isle at the mouth of the Ganges. There were four lovely little islands here. I took charge of a temple on the one called Sundee; the names of the other three were Hattiah, Dakhin, and Shaboz. I was the happiest priest in the world. We loved and served the people day and night, never growing tired in doing good. We gave all our wealth to the poor in Calcutta and to our temple. She named our dear old temple, 'The Temple of the Soul.' And it was in every sense of the word. You, my dear children, could not believe the wonderful things that happened there in our circle. In that lovely temple we had three large golden symbols inlaid in our marble altar—the cross, triangle and circle; the circle representing God, the Universal Soul. India is the birthplace of all religions—the Eden—the conjugal circle of soul. The soul is everything to a true Hindoo. Some priests in India almost starve in order to develop the soul.

"One dark night Sizuna and I were praying in our lovely little home near the temple, which was

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surrounded on all sides with grapes, fruit, lovely birds and flowers, and was near the temple, when at midnight we heard an awful cry in the darkness, 'The waters! The waters!' A great cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those four lovely isles, and a population of 340,000 to 350,000 people were drowned, only those being saved who had climbed to the tops of the highest trees. Did you ever hear of such an awful cyclone? I pray God you may never see what we saw that awful black night of sorrow. For hours I held Sizuna on the housetop. I kissed her cold, pale lips and soon saw she was dead. Cold and fear had killed her while she lay in my arms. I gave up, broken hearted, and sank in the waters. When I came to the top again, two tall, lovely angels with light around their beautiful heads held me firmly out of the waters. They floated me gently and lovingly to a tall tree. There I clung until the waters receded into the sea. Every day since that sad night my twin soul, Sizuna, has been with me. I see her and hear her talk the same as she did before the flood. I have always been true to this one sweet soul—my only love—I never can love another."

After the sad story Prince Cresto and Princess Mara moved slowly up the isle and shook hands and shed tears of sympathy over his sad fate. Terah asked them to dry their eyes and be happy, for he could see his bride with them now just as lovely, young and happy as our beautiful Kezia was this moment. The Prince and stately Mara moved down to the door, and all the guests started for home, where a great feast was all ready for them. He closed the massive doors and kept the great crowd inside.

"My poor brothers and sisters, keep close to me as you can, for a wicked tribe is here to kill us. I have a secret gold mine near here that in some unknown way they have discovered. That casket

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of jewels with the others we all have in our possession, will hire us a ship at Mandavee. Rich Jews own many big ships there and will do anything for money. I will direct you to a secret door in the rear where we all can escape."

They all followed the prince to the door. The Doctor dashed away from his folks to save the poor patients. Kezia ran after him, crying; saying, "I will die with you! I would rather die than ever be parted from you."

Pootana's spy saw him and drew his bright new sword on the Doctor. The Doctor quickly caught his wrist and broke his arm in the struggle. Then he ran the blade through the wicked black heart of the Indian.

"Come quickly, Kezia dear, we must get to the Springs at once. Darling child, why didn't you fly with father and mother, where you would be safe from all danger? My wife, my love, forgive me for not going with you while I could escape. I see it is wicked King Pootana and his fierce tribe, who worship the goddess Kali, otherwise known as Devi or Durga, the Hindu goddess of destruction, and consort of Siva."

Persus took the spy's new sword and ran to the head of the army, he and his men killing one-third of the enemy's men. Devi whispered to Pootana to kill Persus and steal Kezia. King Pootana saw the lovely bride in the distance and sent his men to capture her. She was caught and carried to their king, fainting as they took her. Persus fought like mad. Pootana's men outnumbered his ten to one. Pootana took lovely Kezia for his own bride. This cruel, ugly, black Indian held the fair Egyptian bride in his arms, then told Persus he had won a sweet, handsome, white bride as well as his father's gold. Persus was permitted to kiss Kezia goodbye. As the young husband held his bride in his arms, he quickly reached for his dagger—he

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always carried one,—and plunged it in Kezia's soft white breast. She fell forward and died in her husband's arms without a pain—there was a wonderful poison on the dagger that killed instantly. Doctor Persus had discovered this strange poison in a flower of the forest. The king reached for the dagger—not knowing it was poisoned—and the Doctor thrust it through his heart. The black king died at his feet. The revengeful black god, Siva, and his Hindu goddess, Kali, now influenced the minds of the rest of the king's tribe to take the Doctor prisoner. The men obeyed Siva, also carried all the gold and jewels they could find in his home away. Later the tribe marched with Persus to Mandavee. The men gave the Prince of Mandavee part of the gold and jewels to put our poor Doctor in a narrow cell half filled with dirty water from the Arabian sea,—this was against the laws of India, all men had a right to protect their family and property. Our poor, good, innocent Doctor was taken a prisoner on his own land trying to protect his wife. Our forlorn Doctor was cold, ill and hungry; slaves would abuse him shamefully when he would ask for food and water. Later Terah, the priest, came to the prison; he had walked all the way disguised as a slave. They cast him in the same cell, or little dungeon, and then told the poor Hindu to starve to death with his master, not knowing he was a priest of high caste. Terah took from his breast a bag of dates and nuts and bottle of wine. Persus ate and drank a little and handed it back to the dear, kind priest.

"Persus, child, my guardian angel showed me clairvoyantly I would soon be with my twin soul. I will tell you the vision as I, an old man, saw it. As I lingered a moment by the altar of roses, I saw my own long lost bride in all her pure white robes, her lovely flowers and long white lace veil, standing by my side, with her beautiful pink and

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white arms full of pure fragrant lilies. My bride pictured me on a bier near the altar. She scattered all her sweet flowers on my shroud, then held up a wonderful jeweled crown over a pure gold cross; then again showed me clairvoyantly, a big sheet of black samite on which was written in white letters showing plainly on the black, 'Go quickly to Mandavee!' The letters vanished, then I saw, on the black sheet, yourself, on the right hand of you I saw your Kezia in her bridal robes beckoning me to come to you. I saw my own wife put her arms around your bride and smile. I knew at once they were together on the astral plane. Doctor, did she die peacefully?"

"Yes, dear father, I killed her without a pain. The Bloody Black King took her for his own. I implored to just let me kiss her goodbye. To my surprise he did. I killed them both rather than see her live a life of shame and constant misery. I could not live and know that she would be his slave, then in her old age be killed by inches."

"You did right to kill them both; for God made man to protect woman, if it is just—in your case it was, it was just!

"Persus, my child, I came here eagerly to save your life. In three days I will die, for it is my time to go. I heard a voice tell me so. They told me the same again and again. I know it is true. As soon as I am dead your band will put you in a deep trance. They will think we are both dead and put us in one big bag, then throw us together into the Arabian sea. You may have my cross and gold. Your angels will take you out of this trance while in the sea; an old fisherman by the seashore will take you to his home, if you make the sign of the cross; then press his hand three times, firmly."

The Doctor waited three days and every hour was heaven to them both; they learned so much

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together. Our dear old seer died just the hour he said he would. Persus got his money, dagger and clothes. Then a little later he heard footsteps in the hall and at the same time felt himself sinking into a trance. He found the old fisherman by the seashore. Persus went home with him. Many weary days he spent with the good old seaman recovering from the sickness of the dungeon. Then he went back to the noble Prince of Mandavée and proved his innocence. The good prince of Mandavée took his tribe up the hills of Araville. Persus recaptured his father's rich mineral possession and gave the prince half of all he had. The Doctor became a famous author, and died a priest in the very temple where he was married. Many hundred years have passed and still his books are read all over the world. The story of Persus has taught the world that many innocent souls have been cast into prison for the sake of their money, then shamefully abused. It is a terrible, cowardly crime to abuse a person deprived of their liberty. If we wrong or abuse others, God will punish us severely later. How beautiful it is to treat humanity lovingly and tenderly at all times. Prince Cresto, with his wife and daughter, met the remainder of his own tribe that escaped from Lytton Springs. The Black King had killed most of Prince Cresto's men. After experiencing great difficulties we managed to get to Mandavée, then hired a big ship and set out to sea. That night the ship sailed slowly — sailed away from all that was dear to them. They left sunny old India with broken hearts. Their lives would never be safe there after they discovered the gold mine. Big fish eat up the little ones on the hills of India; one king robs the other. There is no such thing as the equality of man there. After a long voyage they rested a few months at the Philippines. They formed classes and taught their religion. Most of the natives be-

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lieved the same as they did. Later they bought the old ship from the cold-hearted Jew. One man owned as much of the boat as the other did; they were all one family and shared alike. Poor Princess Mara and Sita had charge of the casket, and all the valuable jewels, only half of the jewels had been sold. They left the Jew and his crew on the island and set sail again. The old ship seemed like home then for it was their very own. In a few weeks they came to a narrow neck of land,—that which joins the two Americas,—which was pierced by a narrow strait of water. The two massive rocks that towered above them on either side as they passed through made them feel how Infinite God was and how finite man. Scarcely had they passed through safely when a sound deafened them; a noise like a peal of thunder rent the air. The ship trembled like an aspen leaf from prow to stern. They looked back. The mighty rocks had clashed together and filled the strait of water with rocks and gravel. They bowed their heads and thanked God for His love and protection. They sailed on to the Gulf of Mexico and entered the harbor of New Orleans. It was so low there, they left and sailed up the Mississippi riven, then up the Escawtawpa. Here they sailed into a raft of logs; the old boat was wrecked, every persons sank in an awful storm, excepting two young slaves of the tribe. They have handed this story down from one tribe to another—from father to son to this day.

CHAPTER VI.

“And God will make divinely real
The highest forms of their ideal.”

—Chapin.

Ruth was a lovely, tall, dark-eyed Southern girl. Her family and most intimate friends called her

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Dolly. She had heavy, light brown, long, curly hair, that hung below her waist in six perfect curls. Doll was very slender and graceful, her mouth a perfect cupid's bow, her head well poised, and small. Her most charming feature was her large, wonderful, soft brown eyes. Everyone loved those lovely eyes. The soul seemed to express her thoughts, and yearnings through those eyes. Ruth was a lovely Christian and inherited her mother's sweet, cheerful, sunny disposition. She also was an exquisite violinist, and could paint, sketch and cook. Our heroine is just sweet sixteen. Ruth is sitting by a big window watching an awful southern storm rising from the Gulf of Mexico. She and her young companion, Cathy de Bathe had been dear friends and schoolmates. The girls were now visiting Ruth's grand-parents in Mississippi. It had been raining for days in Escawtawpa,—a small country town on the Escawtawpa river. The Indians and darkies called this strange river haunted; this is a fact also. Every night weird music came from the river bed. The ghostly musicians had chosen the large hollow reeds for their musical instruments. It sounded as if they were practicing the scales on a golden, magical flute. This weird music would often end at sunrise in a low, sad funeral dirge. People came from all over the world and hired darkies to row them out at night to hear and investigate these strange magical sounds. The music became more weird and much louder about midnight. Ruth and Cathy often wondered if the river was truly haunted.

One calm, beautiful night, while she was sleeping soundly, Ruth dreamed her soul was transported to another world. She dreamed this beautiful world was Mars. It was a world of love and romance instead of war. The dream seemed real as life. At first she was surprised to find herself carried as if by magic so quickly and safely through

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space to this lovely new world,—it seemed like a lover's paradise. This strange new world was the world of the soul. Ruth wondered how she came there. As she looked around she saw a tall, dark, handsome young stranger, who spoke, smiled, and bowed to poor little surprised Ruth. He was very courteous and gently told her that once he was an ancient Indian prince. He said an old Indian living near her grandfather's home would tell her the same truth, and this would prove that all he said was true, and no dream at all. "Remember, Ruth, many dreams are true and real—soul facts. A wicked Black King drove us away from India many years ago and captured my son with his lovely bride, and took all our wealth except a few jewels. Mara was then my princess yet did not belong to me, and is now happy with her twin soul. They are now wealthy and live in Neptune. We made a mistake then, as many do now in marrying the person not intended for us. In India we taught the immortality of the soul. This wicked and powerful king, Pootana, did not believe in the Communion of Saints or would not permit it to be taught, if he could help it. We taught one God, one love, one wife; he had many wives in those days. He killed good priests. His soul now suffers in Purgatory, and will for some time. My tribe and myself were drowned in a terrible storm on the river Escaw-tawpa."

"O! Prince Cresto, an old negro we call Aunt Mary told grandma this same story. She said it was all true, but we all laughed at her. Is it a real fact?"

"Yes, child. I can remember the storm, and the rain pouring down on us; how terrible it seems now. The old raft sank slowly down, down, to our death. On that very spot where our ship sank these magical reeds grew. In love and immortal sympathy and pity they sway, they sing their sad,

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doleful hymns. These musical sounds are the sobs and groans of a great tribe mourning for their Prince and loved ones."

"I have often dreamed of you, Prince Cresto, and now I see you face to face. Are you truly alive?"

"Yes, I am a real live man; asking you if you would like to visit some of the scenes and wonderful sights in Mars. Would you, Ruth?"

"I would love to!"

Cresto (they had no titles in Mars), sent a mental wireless message, and soon a boy came with a lovely little airship called "The Golden Butterfly."

"Oh! How lovely! We are sailing far above the Martians," Ruth cried. The air was pure and bracing, the ride very exhilarating. They descended slowly—for Ruth was afraid to descend; the lovely little airship alighted in a public park. Many little children were playing here. She saw lovers strolling down the walks in perfect peace and happiness. There were lovely beds of flowers everywhere. They soon came to a beautiful blue lake. On this lake they saw pretty, tiny boats with large white swans, beautifully carved, in front. These little boats, at a distance, looked like graceful, white swans; couples that row in these boats seemed to be lovers.

"O! Cresto, what perfect little love-boats!"

"Ruth, the couples in the boats are soul-mates; they have been married for years, and will always be lovers."

The longer they had lived together the more devoted they seemed. Many were swimming; all seemed very fond of the water. Cresto took her to the immense bath house, hired suits; they went into the plunge first, then to the lake outside. No one called him Prince Cresto over there. No one can take a title or any more to another planet. They are all brothers and sisters, all one big fam-

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ily, all humble and Christ-like, yet they seem to have plenty to live on. They are very busy and happy; they all play as much as they work, and study. Ruth could swim well and gracefully on earth, so it did not take her long to swim there.

"Ruth, when we learn to swim or dance well on earth, we can do the same on any planet. If we can learn to sing and become great musicians on earth we never forget it. We begin here just where we left off on earth. We never go backward, but forward—unless we are punished for some sin."

"Cresto, I wish we could go and visit other places of amusement?"

They walked on and on, each spot seemed a garden of Eden. They often saw lovely angels—always two together.

"Ruth, these couples are spirit mates. I suppose they look strange to you, for they do not fight or get divorces here; they are contented and are industrious."

Ruth soon learned that they carried on their daily conversation by thought transference. They also talk the same as we do and sing the same as we do when together, when parted they use thought transference—for husbands go to work there and wives attend to the home as on earth.

"If our loved ones visit another planet we can send them messages quickly, by thought transference. This can be done on earth or anywhere. Ruth, thought transference is only reading another's thoughts and answering mentally."

"Cresto, what a wonderful fairyland Mars is! I hear beautiful music everywhere; everyone singing in perfect love and harmony, their sweet, dear voices are soft, tender and melodious. Oh, I am in a magic world of love, music and beauty. Mars is a world of love and peace instead of war."

"We think too much of our lives and sweethearts to ever go to war. War is a sin. All trouble could

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be settled by arbitration on earth. We only fight to protect dying souls on your planet. This is a mental fight to protect our loved ones from enemies. Ruth, my dear child, can you guess who I am? After seeing all you have just seen?"

"No, Cresto, I can not!"

"You are only a child, but so highly educated you can understand, you are my other half, my twin soul, my very own. I have watched over you and protected you since your birth. Darling, I would not have been parted from you so long, if I had not married poor Princess Mara for her wealth and caste. I have suffered a thousandfold for my ignorance, selfishness and sin. It is a sin to marry without love. All true marriages must be founded on love and honor. Love without honor and respect is only misery. Ruth, my darling child, do you trust me now?"

"Yes, I do, Cresto, dear; I love you, for you seem to be the soul of honor. You are my ideal of a gentleman. I never have had a lover in all my life. I don't like the young men on earth. I do not know why."

"You are only a child and are too young yet."

"Cresto, I long to give up my life to good, instead of accepting the attentions of admirers as other young women do. I don't care for society, it is only wasting my time away."

"Please make me one promise, in answering this question, I know you will not break your word. Which will you choose: Society and idleness, or doing good and hard study? Please do not let me influence you; do as you please. There is no sin in going into the social life if you do not wrong anyone."

"I choose to do good. I long to develop my mind and help others."

"Dear, if that is your choice, we will begin our good work now. My darling doll if you will fast

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and pray for a few days I will take you to Purgatory. I only take you so you can prevent others from going there. Just so you can save lost souls. I take you only to show you how cruel, wicked, heartless, souls suffer. My dear, pray sincerely and try to fast until I see you again. There are no children in Purgatory, love. I will protect you and keep you close to my side. Many saints will go with us,—for it is not safe to go alone. Darling, if you see the underworld as it is, you will be better able to do good and prevent others from going there. First, my pet, promise to forgive me for taking your pure, sweet soul to such a place? O! you don't answer me? I will keep you here in Mars until you do, love."

"Yes, I forgive, I want to go. It will be a wonderful new lesson for me to go. I can hardly wait for the time to come. Please take me now."

"No, dear, you must fast and pray first. I will get angels to protect us. I must make everything safe for our visit there. Please light all your candles after I take you home. Pray, go into the silence; later I will return for you."

CHAPTER VII.

"Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken
Nor any sound or sight.
Nor wintry leaves or vernal
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night."

Ruth had fasted for three days. All she drank was a cup of warm milk twice a day—and drank this very slowly. The third night after saying her prayers she fell into a sound sleep. It was darkest midnight when Cresto, with many of his friends,

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came to protect Ruth. All were dressed in disguise—in long black robes. Ruth gradually felt her soul gently and silently carried away in space to the underworld.

"Cresto, dear; were you ever in this awful, dismal, dark, place before?"

"Yes, dear; all souls from earth are taken here at death and judged. I was here a few days until I was judged for every act I ever did. No soul can escape this court. Darling girl, when you are taken here, I will come with you. I beg you to live such a perfect Christian life that our dear judges will not keep you long. Some stay thousands of years in this one place; others, only a few days. Christ descended and remained here two days Himself. He was perfect. The third day Our Lord ascended up to Heaven. He rose in great power and glory. Dear Ruth, if you follow in His footsteps, you need not fear to go where He has been. Jesus has surveyed the narrow road that leads to the gates of Heaven. He is the one who will light the way for us. Here our Lord and His hosts of angels judge the living and the dead. Christ and His own followers have been judged here, so that they may be just to the wicked. He obeys and keeps all laws that He commands us to keep. This is Divine justice to all. Praise His Holy name. He is most Divine! We are one universal family and every soul is treated alike. We all get our reward here, whether it is good or evil. Hades is surrounded on all sides by awful, grim, ghastly rivers of woe. Millions upon millions of firm, silent boatmen carry the dead here to be judged. They row you safely and silently to the great wide gates of Sheol, these cold stone gates are broad and high. Justice alone holds the keys. Souls at death cannot fly—they gradually learn to later. Those living here are all earth-bound. Sin has weakened their souls to such an extent that they cannot fly,

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and have not life enough to try. Constant sin is slow death to the soul. Here life has death for a neighbor. The great gates of Purgatory are daily and nightly thronged with millions and millions of angel guests. Just as the earthly prison should be thronged to see that justice rules! It is our business to see that no innocent soul stays in prison on earth. No one should be cast into prison on circumstantial evidence; this is an awful crime. The prisons on earth should be as good and just as the ones are in Purgatory, but they are not. You can change the laws and make them so in time if the people of earth all work hard. To understand Heaven and Hades we must study the last two chapters in the Bible. Read Revelations 22:15. Study all of Revelations."

They walked on deeper into the woods of lonely darkness. It was misty. The angry dark gray clouds above them would not admit a ray of sunlight. We saw great monsters among the cold gray rocks; in the wide crevices were huge, long, green serpents, with mad, fiery, red eyes. These snakes were the companions of low men and women, of drunkards, gluttons, and former prostitutes. Snakes and all ugly animals have ugly thoughts. They are on a low mental plane.

"Ruth, dear, your sweet disposition, your constant prayers, have made your face beautiful. Some of these poor, ill, low, ugly, fallen women tried to console themselves with ugly dogs and cats on earth. There were no babies, or children in Hades to pet, and as these poor, half clad, half starved women would try to pet these dogs, they would growl and snarl and bite them. All animals were cross; there was no love or harmony there."

"Cresto, why are these hungry dogs and snakes with these poor, sad, ugly men and women?"

"Dear, like seeks like; love attracts love; enemies that hate each other most, must live together. The

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wonderful power of gravitation draws them together. Look well, dear, and remember the result of hate. It is as strong to attract as love is. All animals have souls and thoughts the same as we have, only they are undeveloped. Men and women having the same thoughts as animals and snakes are attracted to each other; here is another lesson on the law of gravitation. It develops the soul more to adopt children instead of dogs or cats. The soul of a child is Divine. Every one must live in the soul world or live in this underworld to suffer with dangerous animals in Purgatory, until developed out of this state. It takes intelligence, strength and energy to get out of Purgatory. Science proves this. You see, dear, how easy it is to get here? How hard to get out?"

As they went deeper and deeper into the lonely forest they saw a large, filthy, dead sea covered over with green slime. The odor from this stagnant water made them all ill.

"The only fish here is the ugly octopus. These poor, weary, tired men and women catch them and cook them on the rocks and eat them."

They did not see any fruit in the forest. These folks were too angry and lazy to cultivate the ground or make the most of their punishment. All they wanted was revenge and an excuse to get out of work. They all seemed to be cowards and indolent. The awful rivers and lakes were green and slimy. The air was cold, misty and damp all the time. No stars or moon mingled in the dark gray clouds above. There were no flowers or birds or lovers here. The land was full of muddy green swamps. They saw them bare-footed, walking in the mud up to their knees. Some took on each other's conditions; all looked mean, blue, cross and ugly; they would fight, groan, swear and curse one another. We could not find any real love there. It was all cruel hate. Angels often came down

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when they were fighting to part them. Then some would cling to their robes and hold on like mad men. An electric shock from these high angels' minds would throw them onto the ground again. O! the power of mind or soul! Every time they would hurt or abuse another, they were forced to stay another day in Purgatory. Men or women who had tortured or helped in any way to torture any prisoner or helpless child or insane person, or any one in their power on earth, were tortured seven-fold there; their innocent victims were permitted to come here and torture them. This is a just law and is followed out to the letter in the underworld. One cannot escape justice any more than they can escape life. We all live on and on whether we go to Heaven or Hades.

"Ruth, here is another proof that the wicked are punished just as the Bible teaches. Here in this underworld the souls of the wicked groan and moan and are tormented day and night. Here the awful blackness seemed touched and blended with green and blue fire, the air was poisoned with awful furies. Ugly long, yellow and black, fiery-eyed serpents are everywhere driving the inhabitants here and there, 'there was no rest for the wicked.'"

The serpents were even climbing the trees. The trees all looked dead, old and withered. All the men and women seemed lost; not one could find their loved ones. All were parted! All lonely! Their only companions were those they hated most. Many had been in this awful place for years and years. Many would stay years longer, because they had made slaves of lovely young girls. These poor, helpless girls had gone on to Heaven, and the men that ruined them were still suffering here. They suffered more than their former victims ever did. Ruth was so glad to see these men suffering. Young girls have a right to honor and sacred love and homes. These men and women who once sold

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sweet, lovely young girls for money, prayed for death; but there is no death in Hades! It was awful to see these souls live on and on to suffer and groan from remorse of conscience. There would be no justice without this great mighty underworld court, or Purgatory. The sins and crimes of darkness, of all the universe, are concentrated here. This is a terrible and dismal region of darkness, misery, despair and sorrow! Hades is a place in space down in the opposite direction from Heaven. It is God's mighty Court of Justice. There is no money or bail given there. You cannot bribe the Judge or jury. Their souls are laid bare! Their hearts and very thoughts are judged. All their past acts are recorded. Justice reigns supreme. Every act and thought is pictured in space. Every sound ascends and is recorded by our angels. Science is a perfect photographer. All acts and thoughts are retained on the lens of the mind.

"Cresto, is that why these men and women seem so insane?"

"Yes, dear, their minds are all darkness from sin and ignorance."

"Cresto, please take me home out into the fresh air, I cannot stand their awful looks and misery."

"Come, we will go at once. I should have taken you back sooner."

"O! what happiness to fly from darkest Purgatory, out into God's lovely star light. To soar like a free bird in the sweet, pure fresh air. What a contrast from that awful place!"

"Ruth, are you not glad you have chosen missionary work instead of idleness."

"Yes, dear, from now on I shall be perfectly happy in doing good. I must commence my work at once. Now is the time. How lovely it is to float like this among the stars. Away in space! To float like a bird among the stars and clouds is per-

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fect ecstasy! Each star looks like big, bright double balls of light; one was blue, one was white. Cresto, this is a heavenly sight!"

"My darling, I will hold you closer to my heart and fly on and on with you just to please you. My greatest happiness is in seeing you happy. All you need to do is to put your lovely head on my breast, and take long, deep breaths."

"Darling, how grateful I am to you, Cresto, dear, to be able to float as the angels do with you, just for tonight. O! this lovely, perfect night. Cresto, I love you!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"All night she dreamed and wondered with the light
Her lover came—and then she understood
The purpose of her being. Life was good,
And all the world seemed bright
And nothing was, but right."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The next morning, early at dawn, she saw this Indian prince clairvoyantly. At first she could not believe her eyes! She thought the trip to Mars and Purgatory only a dream.

"Cresto, are you a true, living soul? Was my awful dream last night all true?"

"Yes, poor child, your dream was all more than true. Our souls often travel together. It is a fact that our souls can travel, while our bodies sleep. Love, there is no limit to the soul's flight. Our souls are made in the image of God. Doll, long ago I was once a real, live Indian prince. I came from another star to watch over you and protect you, dear. Dreams are often true. I have given you many facts in dreams. I will also develop you to a higher degree clairvoyantly. You hear me now, love, clairaudently. True visions from the other world will often be revealed to you. Ruth, please

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remember all that I reveal to you in visions; dreams, or strong impressions will be real facts,—soul facts. I develop you to help you make poor, sorrowing humanity happy and teach you to help others to higher planes.”

“Cresto, why do you spend so much time with me?”

“Dear, I will always be with you. I am your twin soul—your soul-mate. I am your other half. Darling child, without you there is no life or happiness. You are all my very own, my twin soul. God has made us one. I love you with all my heart and life! I will often take your soul away in vision to visit and enjoy other planets. Souls from other stars will come to teach you and reveal beautiful facts to you. We will help you to keep busy, happy and content, dove. Ruth all things are dual—all souls dual. My darling, do you love me?”

“Yes, dear, I love you. I do not know why this new love is so strange to me; so different from anything I ever heard of or thought of. Cresto, am I the first mortal ever loved by a spirit? Is this a real fact or am I still dreaming? Please, dear, tell me?”

“Ruth, do you hear me?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Are you sure?”

“I am positive, Cresto.”

“Now, do you see me?”

“Yes, I see you.”

“My own darling little angel, kiss me.”

Ruth felt his warm kisses on her lovely red lips.

“Now, dear, if you hear me, and see me, and feel my kisses, don't you know that I live?”

“I know now that it is true!”

“Doll, you are all my very own. You are the complement of my self-love. Dearest, there is no individual spirit, male or female, exists without its one eternal complement. The law of attraction will

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sooner or later bring them together. Our souls have always been brought together. According to science we were once two tiny flames of light. You were a dim, tiny, soft, white light. I was the stronger and brighter one. We could not be parted then. Your soul was then effeminate, my own always masculine. Dearest child, you will always be a lady, I a gentleman—man through eternity. We had no bodies then, we were all soul, dear. Just two little lights, imprisoned with a tiny globe of light, floating in a circle near the lovely, bright Pleiades. So the dear angels could watch over us and protect our souls. They have protected us ever since and always will, dear. Some day, darling, we will protect others. There is lots of work to do in our Master's vineyard. We will love to work together; all angels do. In Heaven and all other stars where true soul-mates are united in holy marriage, they are called angels. In Mars we almost always see the two together. Sweetheart, our souls were living and shining in space together for centuries. All others are the same. God loves us more than we love Him. Our souls are very dear and can never, never be lost—that is an impossibility. We are one with Our Father in Heaven. Love, He has made us one for our immortal happiness. Our souls crave and constantly pray for eternal loving companionship. You are mine, for you and I, dear, were in embryo in a globe of light, blended in harmony, and kept together by magnetism for our own protection; until the angels were sure our souls were perfect and would be immortal. Our immortality is very expensive, let us prize it and be grateful, prayerful and always happy. After our souls become very sensitive, strong, and highly magnetized, we are carried to earth and become human for the first time. All the rest of the time, our souls have been taking on immortality, and gradually growing. God created us, then magne-

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tized us, in the beginning so we could find each other, and be united now. I have found you again, love, by the law of attraction. Dear, I will explain more clearly that angels send these sacred little twin souls encased in globes of light to your earth by electricity on waves of ether through the heavens, down, down, safely to earth to live in mortal forms in order that we may obtain experience and knowledge. You are my immortal wife, my only love from this day on. Your dear guardian angel left you in America and me in India. Dear, angels sent the stork from door to door with you; mothers were all too busy to keep you long; they did not know your value. Your mother longed and prayed for a child just like you. She has loved you and kept you close to her loving heart for sixteen years. Dear, I can see a light around your sweet, pretty head. Our minds or souls are still light. If mortals could only see the light. Many can see it clairvoyantly. Good night."

CHAPTER IX.

A year has passed away. Ruth has not heard from Cresto, or even dreamed of him. All this time she has been doing all the good she could with her pen and dear old violin. Cathy de Bathe had gone to California to study music. Aunt Mary had just brought Ruth a letter from Cathy.

"Here, honey, is a fat letter from youah sweetheart, Miss Ruth."

"Thank you, Aunt Mary."

"My Own Darling Ruth:

"I was so glad to get your last letter. I am very sorry you do not have any more visions. I do. I keep it a secret, for my husband and his folks are all Adventists and do not believe as you and I do.

"Forgive me, dear, for not telling you of my marriage before. I married for love and money; all California girls do. We are not so sweet and good

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as you are. My young husband is tall and handsome, with brown eyes, light curly hair, and weighs over two hundred pounds. You see, my dear, he is a dainty little California boy. His name is Addison MacRay. Addison gave me a lovely, modern bungalow. We have a smooth, velvety lawn in front. A great variety of hanging ferns on our large stone front porch; around this porch are many kinds of lovely roses, violets, ferns and other plants. There are two broad stone steps; on either side of the steps are massive square pillars on each of which is a drooping tropical plant. There is a great, large oak door, with four pretty small windows. We have a long living room, with a sturdy old mission fireplace. Addison bought beautiful furniture for every room. There is a large dining room, and a cute little breakfast room. Our room is a dream—all in blue and white. Off from our little breakfast room is a large, sunny aviary filled with canary birds that sing all day long. My husband bought the birds in Paris. We have fruit, flowers and vegetables growing the year round back of our home. We gather fruit and flowers every day. We have imported chickens, doves and horses. We drive in the country every day. Please come and visit us for a few months. I want you to enjoy our new home. Ruth, come and see it for yourself, I haven't time to tell you how beautiful it is. My dear, I have a few friends that come to our home twice a week, just to investigate the immortality of the soul. The name of our class is 'The Divinity Club.' I have two new angels in my band, Asa and Ione. Asa said he used to weigh two hundred pounds; now he only weighs seventy-five pounds. Now he and Ione have a lovely home in Mars. His twin soul, Ione, is sweet and just as pretty and young as you are, Dolly dear. They both worship each other and look alike; only Asa is much taller. Ione told me a man on Mars would be eighty-three

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times stronger than a man on earth. And she said there was plenty of water from the wonderful canals to supply everyone. The red planet, Mars, is very interesting to me. Do you know much about it? Please tell me all you know about it; will you, dear?

"Lovingly,

"CATHY MacRAY.

"P. S.—Please write soon, love."

Addison and Cathy MacRay were the happiest couple in California. They were going to visit friends on Catalina Island.

"Darling Addison, I hate to leave our new bungalow even to visit our best friends."

At San Pedro they found passage on the boat Cabrillo. The water was calm and brilliantly blue. They enjoyed watching the silvery flying fish on the way. Their friends were at the pier to meet them; Artemus Dawson, the inventor; Lemanuel Schwarze, Flora Thurston and her daughter and son were in the party; Ana Marie Thurston was pretty, lively and full of fun. Mr. Dawson drove slowly up the steep hill to his quaint little home. All were tired and retired early. All of the guests were up early the next morning and ready to view the submarine gardens. Mr. Dawson owned a wonderful glass bottom boat—his own invention. Artemus used electricity as motive power. By touching a key the boat shot forward through the foam, producing strains of music.

They looked down through the glass and saw every variety of fish—even gold fish. It was a fairyland of beauty, and we wondered if these fish had intelligence. These gardens are wonderful. They enjoyed their beds of stone and lovely green, lacy blankets of soft, fluffy moss. Long, hanging ferns grew from their castles of rock. God has made a beautiful world for the fish to live in. The fish enjoy their wonderful homes. They obey the

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laws of Naturee, hence they still live in the garden of Eden. The ugly fish were not jealous of the beautiful gold fish. They seemed to enjoy each other's society and live in harmony. How could they fight in such beautiful gardens? They enjoyed viewing these lovely gardens of the sea until nearly sun down. By the time they reached home they were all tired out.

Ana Marie Thurston was a sweet, cheerful little blonde. She resembled her father, who was killed for the money he possessed, when she was a small child. Albert Thurston was a psychic before he was killed. Ana Marie had a beautiful sister who died in New Orleans at the age of fourteen. Eva Thurston was dark, tall and beautiful. Eva and her father developed Ana Marie until she was a wonderful phychic. Mrs. Thurston and Ana Marie were broken hearted when Eva died.

Her friends began to plead with little Ana Marie to go into a trance, or see clairvoyantly for them. "My father and Eva tell me I can go into a trance and then I must retire."

All wrote down everything she said. Ana Marie was controlled by her sweet, pretty sister Eva. "I am Eva, and my little sister will not remember a word I say, so please tell her all I say."

"Eva, dear, we will write every word and show her the notes."

"Thank you. Please tell my little sister that my father and I love her and mama more than ever. My father and I live in Mars now. I died a true Catholic. The first angel I saw was my father and his sweet companion. Mama, in a few years you and sister will get married and be happy. Mama, please don't cry so; it hurts us and ruins your own health. We are with you the same as ever, and are not dead at all.

"Mr. Dawson, your mother, Mary Dawson, is here and sends you all her love.

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"Mrs. Schwarze, your son George is here. He says he is in a fine school at Lastriste, a large city in Mars. He loves his school and companions.

"Dear Cathy, I see many angels, with bright lights, around you and your husband. Eno, Cresto, Daisy, Asa and Ione are here. Daisy is a lovely blonde, with very large blue eyes; she has charge of many circles in California. Daisy is bright and cheerful, and does a great deal of good in the world. She lives with her grandparents in a lovely home in Mars. This home is a wonderful mansion, all stone, and furnished elegantly. She is a wonderful little artist. Her home is filled with beautiful paintings that she has produced by herself. She inspires many slightly talented people on earth to paint wonderfully. Daisy used to visit Cathy often. Once she gave Cathy a lovely pearl ring. Cathy saw this lovely ring, clairvoyantly."

"I do not know how to thank you for that beautiful ring, now, Daisy dear, please keep it for me until I go over there."

"I will, dear Cathy. Cresto wants to talk to you now."

"Cathy, it will pay you to go home in a month. Pack your trunk again and visit your friend, Ruth. In a few months she will be killed by fear or lightning, in a terrible storm. The child needs you there; later you will need her; then she and I will come back and protect and help you. Can she go, Addison?"

"She may go as soon as we get home. I must go and look after my mines, anyway."

"Addison, you will find a rich gold mine, one mile east of the one you own now. Keep that mine all for your own. I give that to you for your kindness to Ruth."

"O, Cresto, I thank you with all my heart! I promise to go to Ruth as soon as you want me to."

"Enjoy your visit here first."

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As Daisy loved painting, Ione loved poetry. The poetess began in stately verse:

"I have fed upon manna from heaven above;
Have tasted the fruit of a wonderful love;
I have looked on a land where the sun ever beams,
And talked with the angels in mystical dreams;
And though some visions may die in their birth,
They still leave the trail of their glory on earth."

Ione read us other poems she had composed. Daisy asked if any of the clairvoyants could tell the color of their new dresses? Cathy could see that Daisy wore a pale blue silk, with fine lace trimming; Ione a light yellow silk trimmed in heavy, rich lace. Both wore rich jewels and golden sandals. The maidens from Mars were beautiful, and had long heavy golden hair. They wore lace undergarments of almost cobweb-like delicacy, so very fine that it cannot be pictured or imagined. Long white opera cloaks swept from their dresses. Their snowy, soft white veils looked like floating clouds in the sunshine. Daisy wore daisies in her golden hair and at her waist. She was a perfect saint and did all the good she could on earth. We all adored her. Daisy said there are no hats in Mars, to make the hair come out; they never wear or make corsets or high heels. There are no shoes there. They dress beautifully, with long robes, jewels, crowns, laces and sandals. They do not wear stockings. There are no fat, ill men or women there. They only eat one meal a day, and have not time to grow stout. Cresto now told Addison MacRay all his past. Addison was converted that night. He saw many bright lights.

"Now that I have told you facts about your past, I will tell you some facts about Mars: Mars is a land of beauty—a land of love and sunshine, and music and flowers. We have two softly lighted

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moons, and many large, bright stars. We have no dark nights, our nights are only soft twilights. Our planet appears red from the earth, for we have more sunlight, more moonlight and electricity. We have our seasons the same as you have, but our days are longer than yours. Many of our flowers and vegetables are red in color. Our wonderful electric lights appear red from your world—they are all colors.

"I weighed over two hundred pounds on earth; now I weigh seventy-five. We do not need any superfluous fat here. We must be very light and intelligent in order to fly. We float in the clouds and swim in real water; dance, laugh, ride, talk, and sing in the same manner as you do. As a soul advances from star to star, each one has a grand surprise awaiting them. I was surprised and happy to find out I could learn to float after my resurrection, and to know God has made an immortal companion for each of us. Think of such infinite love! Adam and Eve were soul-mates. I soon found out here there was no eternal Hell. Some of the places in Purgatory are as terrifying. After death, if one has lived a life of sin or idleness, he is cast into prison in Purgatory and bound and chained down for years away from all his loved ones. No one is kept in prison after death unless that person deserves to suffer.

"Many of my old friends are now living happy with their twin souls in Venus, Mars and other stars. I love to hear them tell me of their homes and work. Gentlemen in other planets never wear beards, as it takes their mental strength; but they can send their double—a picture only—and appear with beards the same as in earth life. We have about one thousand wonderful canals, and over one thousand oases with little farms on them. Our great canals all have wonderful, large stone gates about every one thousand miles, so we can control

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the water. After harvest is over we let the water go back to the poles. The snow in winter keeps the beds of the canals pure. In this way we can live in Mars over one thousand years before we are transferred to a higher star. We must take good care of our health. We pray and keep in harmony with Our Creator's Divine mind as near as possible. Our minds rule our physical condition. 'As one thinketh, so is he.' We are eighty-three times stronger than our loved ones on earth. Our atmosphere is pure and bracing and adapted entirely to our use. It is hard work for us to breathe on your earth. Eva has gone home to rest, while others take her place. All the conditions must be perfect for us to converse with you. Earth-bound spirits can talk longer, but they do not often give truths. It is a fact, we have all the water we need. We have all the wealth and land we can use. We do not use money, but give checks which amounts to the same thing. Every person gets full wages for their work. There are no peculiar vegetables or men on Mars, as has been stated in your papers. No immense eye grows to watch over us. God rules all worlds with His mind and with the help of His Holy angels. There is nothing crazy or odd where God rules. All insanity, all strange vegetables, trees, etc., are in Purgatory, or on earth. Awful things happen where ignorant souls disobey Our Lord and sin. Good night."

CHAPTER X.

"I heard one night a whisper
Of an angel, sweet and fair,
Of a glorious, beautiful treasure,
Of a lovely child of care.

"She was mine, so the angels told me,
I knew it over there;
I heard it once in evening
So gentle and so rare."

—Frank Burke.

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Addison and Cathy were at home, having just returned from their trip, when both heard this song in the air close to them.

"Cathy, dear; I hear the song, but I do not see the singer."

"I saw Cresto singing near us."

"Addison, that is a song I composed for Ruth. Cathy, please do not wear black at her grave, or mourn for her; she will be so happy with me. Please try to remember this little verse:

"There's no destroying death frost here,
To nip the hope buds ere they bloom;
The bridal tour is through the spheres;
Eternity the honeymoon."

"Addison, you will be too busy to get lonely while Cathy is gone. Your new mine will keep you very busy, and in time will make you a very rich man."

"I will give one-half of all I have to my Cathy to do as she pleases with."

"You will both put the money in a good cause."

A week later Ruth was holding Cathy in her arms. "O! Cathy, do you love me so much as to leave your husband and lovely new bungalow, just to visit me, dear?"

"Yes, Doll, I love you just that much, and a thousandfold more. Ruth, dear, let's spend a month in talking and laughing our heads off. I have been so busy the rest and fun will do me good."

"Cathy, I wish I could tell you how happy your visit has made me."

"You dear little sweetheart, I love you!"

"My sweet Cathy!"

"Here is a letter, honey, for Mrs. Cathy Mac-Ray."

"O! thank you, Aunt Mary."

"Ruth it is from my husband. I will read it to you, dear."

"Please do if it is a love letter."

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"My Dear Cathy, my own darling wife:

"I was very anxious to find out if Cresto knew about that mine. So after I kissed you good-bye I took the next train out to hunt up the mine. I found it just where he said I would. I find the mine very rich. All he said is true. Finding this mine is a wonderful test for me. Please have a good time and enjoy your old friends. I will send you five hundred dollars to enjoy with Ruth; so go where you please and be happy. I am very busy now. I will write more next time. Please write soon. With love and a thousand kisses,

"Your husband,

"ADDISON."

"Ruth, isn't he a darling to send me so much money without my ever asking for a cent? We will spend this money together, my sweet Doll. Tomorrow we will go to New Orleans and buy some pretty dresses and get some new books. I am so tired I must go to sleep now."

Ruth was only partly asleep when she heard this song in her room. Ione had taught the sweet song to Cathy and she was now singing it softly. The sweet tune was more beautiful than the words. She never had heard such wonderful music:

"I sat anticipating, yet awed, with that instinct alert,

Dreading but longing for I knew not what;
While he with the still swiftness, that bespeaks
the All stirred within,

Glided beside me;

And with tender arms around and about me, like
the will o' the wisp,

He drew me closely to his loving breast;

And he kissed me, and he kissed me,

In that gentle way,

Till the magic thrills, one after another

Opened wide all the closed up avenues of my soul.

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And in a delirium of ecstatic joy,
My being heaved and heaved like the billows of
 an ocean roused from its rest,
As if the elements had loosened their festive
 whirlwinds in a game of life and death;
O love! O joy! Immortal bliss!
This was a kiss—a kiss!
That stirred the nerve fluids till they seemed like
 ruby wine aflame in my veins,
And he grew so tender and loving, that it was as
 if an abyss had swallowed us up in its
 mystic fold;
The hazardous past was forgotten,
Faded away from the hallowed now;
The present enough, O love's tremulous ecstasy!
Life was veiled in a rosy mist of enchanted bliss.
O glory of glories!
The fairies had transported us to their love para-
 dise center, uniting our souls with a kiss!
A kiss!"

Ione sang and prayed with the young girls until they fell asleep. Ione was a perfect saint.

Cresto came again to Ruth that night in her dreams. I, Ruth, felt myself being lifted up gently. I saw dear Cathy there below me sleeping soundly. I wanted to take her with me. Cresto said she was not developed enough to go this time. I reached out my arms to take her anyway. Suddenly I was forced rapidly up, up, into terrible space again. Soon I saw the light again. Cresto asked me if I would like to go with him and see some of the beautiful homes and see more of the canals?

"Yes, I would love to go."

"Doll, you may tell Cathy all about your visit, dear, tomorrow; she is not strong enough to be away so long."

We stopped on one of the farms in Mars. I saw a lovely swimming pool, a big, fine home, and many beautiful flowers in the front yard. Lovely fruits

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and nuts, and vegetables in the back. Some of the tops of the vegetables and many of the flowers were red. All the farms we saw looked perfect. I soon saw that honest scientific farming was fashionable in Mars.

"O Cresto, dear, our own Luther Burbank will be in his glory as soon as he comes here."

"Dear, there are many Burbanks in other worlds, and many Edisons, too. The pure, cool, fresh air feels so refreshing and invigorating. Doll, the mountains used to be very high here but for years the Martians have cut the top off to fill up the hollow places."

"Our mountains are valuable cultivated hills now. There are only a few high peaks left. The grass on the hills looked lighter than ours. All flowers are more beautiful here and have more colors. Lovely birds sing sweetly early and late. O! Cresto, look at those lovely bright rainbows in the distance!"

"Darling, you see the lights of a beautiful city called Lastriste; it looks from here as if it were many beautiful rainbows—the rainbows looked as if they had a thousand different colors."

I saw new shades of blue, green, violet and red, all mingled in one grand, glorious glimmering light. It is all lighted by wonderful electric lights. In this large city there are lovely flowers and trees around the temples and each home. No two houses are close together, even in the large cities.

"Ruth, my darling girl, the sun rises in beauty here and sets in more grandeur and glory than you have just witnessed. Our sunlight is bright and more vivacious than on earth. Our nights seem like twilight. Our darkest midnight in summer is only a soft, calm, gentle, subtle, twilight. Our clouds float very high; we see each beautiful design distinctly. Science and our many trees cause the rain to come periodically. We have summer and winter, seed time and harvest, the same as you do.

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We live a simple life here. We love one another and help each other all we can. All those who own farms here are educated; they study agriculture, and gradually work their way to wealth and happiness. A farmer here is loved in the same manner as a banker or king on earth, only more.

"Our temples, our schools are free. We are happy. We have no slaves. Work is an honor here. Most commerce is carried on by means of these wonderful connecting canals—many great minds have worked on these perfect canals for years. These canals are the direct causes of our great wealth. The rich could control the waters of the earth the same as we do, in time. The money used for war alone would do it. Our big airships, our boats, our cars, are all propelled by electrical energy. Our airships carry from ten to one hundred people at once. All airships can sail very high or low. Many airships are made just for two,—just for lovers. I will order a little airship for two now, mentally. Darling, you see I do not need to hunt up a telephone. All Martians carry their own telephones in their heads. Long distance doesn't cost us a cent. There are about ten beautiful live salty oceans here. Remember, dear, there is a natural law in all spiritual worlds. All water and land here is now under perfect control. Now, babe, I will show you from our airship the mighty network of our vast great canals running from pole to pole, from north to south. Near the center of Mars they also run from east to west to irrigate little farms. High gates control these canals. Our Martians are wonderful engineers. These great gates are raised by wonderful machinery and operated by electricity. Doll, our public schools are still more wonderful and more numerous than the canals. Why not? We are a little higher than the earth; a little nearer Heaven. Dear, we are traveling at the rate of 186,280 miles a second, about as

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fast as wireless telegraphy. We are floating in space on electric waves and can travel as fast as thought. Earth-bound souls cannot travel at all beyond the first plane; they are wicked and have wasted their energy in sin and idleness. Come, Doll, my sweet child, and put your pretty, soft arms around my neck and kiss me, and I will show you the lovely sacred temple where our own future marriage ceremony will be performed as soon as you come home to me. Without law there is no happiness."

"O Cresto, I wish I could always stay here in your arms."

"Some day you can, pet. Your future happiness is very sacred to me, love. Here is the temple."

"O! darling, is it a real, true church? What perfect Christians you must be to build such a lovely high temple to worship in?"

"Darling child, there is no temple in any star, no matter how beautiful or rich that temple may be, perfect enough to worship God in. Doll, next to my Father I love you—my own love, Doll! I hold the perfect mating of two souls.

"Through blended love, to the sum of bliss;

Long as Eternity rolls."

"My lovely child, my own Ruth, I will take you to my mother's home and introduce you to her; her name is Helios; my father's name is Rupert; my mother is a sweet little blonde. I am the perfect picture of my father. She is keeping a few jewels I have bought for you, pet. The others you may select for yourself when you come."

We soon came to a lovely, large country home, with beautiful flowers and a lawn. The side porch was covered with large black grapes. On the back porch hung dark red grapes, among yellow and white roses. On the left is a driveway, on the right is a small lake, a bath house, and a large swimming pool. We found Helios feeling the graceful pet swans and ducks on the lake. She was a

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pretty, dainty little woman, who led us into the house to her private rooms. Helios took out a small casket from her large cedar chest, and handed it to Cresto. He showed her a lovely diamond engagement ring,—the stone was perfect; a rope of large pearls with a brilliant ruby pendant. Cresto wound the pearls around Ruth's small, white neck several times; a marvelous little watch, inlaid with emeralds and diamonds, Cresto's picture was engraved inside, the watch hung on a delicate, long gold chain; there were all kinds of perfect rings, a handsome ruby bracelet, two big butterfly ruby pins, a beautiful yellow amber colored diamond necklace; at last a stately, pure gold crown inlaid with pink pearls and diamonds.

"Doll, I will place the tiara on your lovely head soon as you are my bride."

Cresto took a heavily chased bottle and asked me to drink to our health and wealth. It was a large, heavy quart-sized bottle. As soon as Cresto removed the crystal stopper it foamed like liquid air. It was full of electricity. It was sparkling and had the piquant taste of champagne.

"Babe, you will drink this as a tonic here instead of hot tea and coffee. Doll, my love, please drink some more of this new ambrosia. We have different kinds of ambrosia here, dear."

"Cresto, I never tasted anything so delicious. We also have a liquid copperas that is used as a tonic. It takes a highly educated chemist to make these mineral beverages."

The paper napkins were soft as silk—they burn all paper napkins and handkerchiefs when soiled. They only eat one small meal a day. The bread is slightly like our cakes in taste. It is airiated sweet bread, filled with ground nuts and dried fruit.

"Ruth, my pet, we eat all kinds of delicious fresh fruit and nuts. We drink milk and use lots of eggs. Sweetheart, you have been gone a long time. I must take you home."

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We began to float upward in space. O! it is heaven to soar so high.

"We use mind power to float. The more intelligent the spirit, the better they can soar," said Cresto.

It was a strange new happiness to float in space with a man you respect and worship.

"It was long and long ago our love began;
It is something all unmeasured by Time's span;
In an era and a spot, by the modern world forgot;
We were lovers, ere God named us Maid and Man.

"Like the memory of music made by streams,
All the beauty of that other life seems,
But I always thought it so, and at last I know,
I know.
We were lovers in the land of Silver Dreams.

"Oh the land of Silver Dreams, all about us shines
and gleams,
Where we loved before God fashioned night and
day.
We were souls in eerie, minds made of light;
Our love wings could speed from height to height.
All was glory, love and light, light without a
night."

Cresto sang these soul-stirring words to me while he was holding me in his strong arms and carrying me home.

CHAPTER XI.

Will those Visions come again
O, I long to soar back to Mars,
To live in a better land than ours;
To be loved by him always the same.

"O, Cathy, what a lovely, impulsive bride you are!"

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The girls were deeply in love with each other. Ruth was reading to Cathy on the front porch, both being seated in a low-swinging hammock.

These dear, sweet companions had been laughing and talking over their new dresses, and reading all day. Cathy wore a dainty blue lawn; Ruth was dressed all in pure white—she felt happiest when dressed in white.

Suddenly the clouds turned black. An awful storm was brewing. The lightning came down in fiery forked tongues, and lighted up the awful darkness. The tall, graceful pines swayed and moaned. They bowed their haughty heads nearly to the earth. At times the whole country seemed on fire with brilliant phosphorescent lights. The storm blasts were furious in their battle with the pines of the forest. It would seem that the storm fiends were angry at the stability, solidity, and placidity of mother earth.

Ruth and Cathy had just finished reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*. As they were seriously discussing this masterpiece, there was a sudden, terrific flash of lightning that blinded the girls a moment; it shocked Cathy, she was afraid and could not speak or move. She remembered now all Cresto told her on the island of Catalina. Half-stunned, she stared wildly about her, grasping the edge of the hammock for support. Slowly her head turned with ominous foreboding to a white heap on the porch. Poor Catherine's bosom welled within her. The emotion seemed too great for human endurance. She sank forward on the body with a heart-rending sob. She remained a helpless, convulsed heap on the dead. Fear alone had killed our delicate little Ruth, who had been suffering for days from heart trouble, unknown to all. Again the lightning flashed. Cathy saw in front of her as plain as a human, a tall, dark, handsome young gentleman, with lovely, flowing white robes, full of light, bend over Ruth's lifeless form. Another

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bright flash of lightning and she distinctly saw the lovely Ruth all in gauzy, fluffy, shimmering, pure white, her robes full of light, too—by Cresto's side, smiling.

"O! I never saw such dazzling, clinging, beautiful golden white robes on any one as Ruth now wore. She looked like a fairy bride, much smaller than she looked yesterday. I wondered if any angel in Heaven could dress more beautiful? It is worth a fortune just to see this wonderful sight! I am glad I came to see this resurrection of Ruth. I thank God for my clairvoyance now. O! how lovely to know there is no death! Cresto and his sweet mother wound a thin, long white silk veil around her head and shoulders. For a moment Cresto held her close to his heart. He kissed her tenderly and lovingly. Then the two smiled and waved their fairy hands good-bye at me. For the first time I saw Ruth and Cresto were not alone. Cresto's mother and many angels were leading the band. I saw them distinctly rise higher and higher, up, up, into the dark clouds. They floated away from life's storms and the clouds and all darkness; away from cold death, to immortal life; away into God's bright blue sunlight!"

As she watched the lovely golden white robes float away in the distance, Cathy raised her arms in prayer.

"O! my Divine Heavenly Father and His Holy Angels, Will Thou resurrect me to immortality! Will Thou protect me and those I love, and keep my soul pure? May I prove there is no death to others and serve Thee, My God, faithfully through all eternity? Amen."

That lonely, dark, stormy night Cathy cried and sobbed for her lovely Ruth. O! how terrible to be all alone at the hour of death!

Cathy's great sorrow was darker than the night. Absolutely exhausted from crying she fell asleep and dreamed she saw Ruth's sylph-like form. She

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was dressed the same as she was that night of her glorious resurrection. Ruth, pale and trembling, stood gazing vacant-eyed, on the immensity of nature. As each stroke flashed, Cathy shrieked in terror. Ruth stood pale and motionless with head uplifted and nostrils dilated in the ecstasy of the moment, the light of heaven beamed across her soulful face. Her body became brilliantly illuminated, the pines could be dimly seen through her almost transparent figure. She lifted her fragile arms heavenward and slowly ascended, the glory shining around her.

A month later Cathy went home to her husband, to love, to comfort and to happiness. There is no happiness like a husband's immortal love; perfect love never dies.

CHAPTER XII.

"This told somewhere in Eastern story
That those who loved once blossomed as flowers
On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers;
And that, though parted oft by fate
Yet when the glow of life is ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended."

Addison MacRay was now a very rich man; he and Cathy are perfectly happy in their bungalow. They took charge of The Divinity Club and held three large circles every week. The members of The Divinity Club were all highly educated and refined. It had been a long, long time before she ever saw Cresto and Ruth. At the club that night Addison and Cathy were overjoyed and surprised at once more seeing Cresto and Ruth. The club soon learned to understand Cresto by thought transference.

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"O, Ruth, dear, why have you stayed away so long? My Doll!"

"My darling, sweet Cathy, we came here often but could not make our presence known. You did not make the right conditions for us to show ourselves and talk. Your club is lovely and we are regular members. My dear child, if you keep the conditions like this we will come often and help you. Darling Cathy, after my glorious transmission, Cresto and I were married in a lovely temple on Mars. Cresto showed me the very temple once in a vision. He often took me to Mars on long pleasure trips before my transmission. In my visions I saw all things dimly, compared to all I see and know now. I see all the beautiful scenery more clearly now. Cathy, I wish you could see our lovely home in Mars, and all the lovely jewels Cresto and my friends gave me. I cannot begin to tell you how happy and busy I am. I often see my old schoolmates. We have so many dear friends we enjoy with all our hearts. We love more in Mars than you do on earth. In Mars we daily practice our Saviour's words to 'Love one another.' My dear friends love and work will bring wealth and heaven to all dear, precious souls on earth. Cathy, dear, Cresto wants to tell you more about our marriage in Mars."

"The great, tall, massive and handsome temple was decorated in long white rosebuds, and pink and white primroses, their fragrance filled the temple. The pure white altar was banked with fragrant lilies, mingled with cool, delicate ferns. Little above the altar hung a large white cross of perfect tuberose, interwoven with tiny white and gold candles; each little candle was lighted with many-colored lights. Hundreds of our old friends from India and America were there, singing around Eno, who was playing the immense pipe organ; their dear voices sounded as sweetly as those of the

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cherubims. The great organ was partly played by electricity. After the music the ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest.

"We sailed to our new home in white aluminum airships, decorated with white roses and golden butterflies, and long, narrow white ribbons hung down from the airships and floated gracefully in the bright sunlight. My beautiful little mother entertained us with music, dancing, and a perfect feast of fruit, nuts, cakes that looked like snowy ambrosia from heaven; sweet, sparkling nectar, made from the juice of red grapes filled the glasses. The long tables were richly decorated with rosebuds and light green ferns. Ruth wore her gold crown for the first time; she was dressed in her ascension robes and a long white, dainty bridal veil. The veil was pinned on her long, heavy curly hair with little diamond butterflies which Helios gave her. Ruth was a dream of beauty and looked about sixteen,—all are young after their transmission. Friends, our wedding ceremony was beautiful and very sacred. Our priest was a very high angel, he had once been a Pope of Rome; he was perfect.

"We had our marriage certificate framed just like your own. That day was a perfect golden day of love and sunshine. That day our souls were overflowing with joy. Such happiness and love is never experienced on earth. That beautiful day the birds sang sweeter melodies than ever, the heavens were brighter, hearts were lighter. Souls were dearer than ever to us, the music more melodious. We could feel the presence of our dear Saviour and His Holy Angels sweetly smiling down upon us. All hearts are linked together over there in one grand, strong immortal golden chain of eternal love. Perfect pure love is the most sublime emotion that man or angel ever experienced.

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Saints pray for love, love, love,
To give us sunshine from above;
They hear our prayers with loving smiles,
Tenderly helping in all our trials,
Praying for us to love, love, love.

The stars are shining, love, love, love,
Souls are pining for love, love, love;
Mind is linked to mind as one for all time,
Hearts beat in love-rhythm sublime
Singing love, love, love.

May we love, love, love,
As they do in stars above;
If we send an earnest prayer from the soul
To own our own, to love and to hold,
God will send us LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.

The End.









